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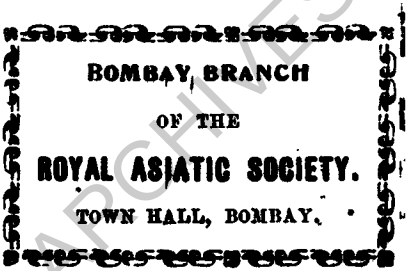

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NOTICE.

Owing to circumstances beyond his control the Author cannot issue the parts of Vol. III. as regularly as those of Vols. I. and II. As heretofore 12 numbers of 48 pages each will form the volume, and they will be issued as nearly monthly as circumstances will permit.

Cases for Binding Vol. II. uniformly with Vol. I. will be issued as before to subscribers at Re. 1 each.

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The following Legends are in the Press:—

No. XXXIX.	Mirzâ and Sâhibân.
No. XL.	Sassî and Punnûn.
No. XLI.	Prithvî Râj and Malkân.
No. XLII.	The Legend of Harî Chand.
No. XLIII.	A Story of Shams Tabrez.
No. XLIV.	The Legend of Shâh Qumes.
No. XLV.	Sarwar and Nîr.

The order in which the remaining Legends will appear will be advertised later.

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THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

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BY

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BENGAL STAFF CORPS,

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ASSOCIATE OF THE VICTORIA INSTITUTE, ETC.

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PREFACE TO VOLUME II.

A second year of work has enabled me to add twenty-one fresh legends to those already published, and brings to me the task of writing a second preface.

A work of this kind grows upon its author. When I commenced printing I expected to have matter enough to fill some 1,200 of such pages as these volumes contain, but now that this much has been accomplished I find that not only is the work very far from complete, but that the lists so far do not by any means include even all the *celebrated* legends. Matter sufficient to fill Volume III. is already far advanced in preparation, leaving still bulky undigested MSS. to be gone through. Even as I write information comes in of more stories locally of much celebrity, though hitherto unknown to literature; and it is becoming apparent that the comprehensive collection of the Panjâb popular legends is a question of opportunity and patience.

Personally I am much encouraged to proceed onwards, and to do what in me lies towards placing the traditions of the Panjâb populations before European students by the very favourable reception that was accorded to my first attempts to grapple with this heavy task. When the former preface was written my other essay to bring Panjâbî folktales to public notice was yet in the press, but it has been now published some months, and I have been gratified to find that the views I put forward in *Wide-awake Stories* met with a ready acceptance in many places. These views the present volumes are intended to emphasize. Briefly they are as follows:—The collection of folktales should be as comprehensive as possible, detailed, accurate and systematic: the tales thus collected should be separated into two parts—themes and incidents: these parts should be held to be capable of a separate analysis and treat-

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ment, and to have a separate history, though a temporarily joint existence: the method of treating them should be the historical, in order to arrive at the facts of which they are the phenomena: and the manner of investigation should be the collection of these phenomena under fixed heads as they appear at certain ascertained and unquestionably connected eras.

Mr. Gomme in the *Folklore Journal* has strongly advocated the view that Folklore should be held to be a 'science,' and the reviewers of his statement seem to be of opinion that though the Folklore Society may accept this the general public is not at all likely to do so. Whether Folklore, like Religion, Language, Mythology, and so on, is a 'science' depends entirely on the manner of study, and that it should be studied as a 'science' cannot, it seems to me, be too strongly insisted on by all earnest students. The serious study of Folklore is a new matter, and at the commencement of all such there are always to be found a certain number of *dilettanti*, who will take up a subject as long as it is light, as well as interesting, and capable of rewarding them with an easily acquired reputation for learning, to drop it the moment others better equipped for the work make it deep enough to be troublesome. As long as the result of the labours of the careful have not reached very far the *dilettante* can easily keep pace with the best of them, and is sure to make much more show; but the force of the old fable of the hare and the tortoise gradually becomes apparent to him, and in time he sinks further and further out of view, as he realizes that the race is not to the swift. Sooner or later then it surely comes about that the student properly so called—the man of science—is left to himself. The early 'collecting' period is the heyday of the light-hearted and the enthusiastic before what is most obvious has been all recorded, and it becomes a laborious task to add fresh matter to the pile, and before, too, it behoves the collector to be careful as to what he puts into his store, lest critics point out that he is accumulating rubbish. Philology had to face a long period of this kind before it could emerge as a true science,—the stigma of empiricism sticks to it still,—and it seems that Folk-

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lore is yet in the very midst of one. It should be the duty of those who would see it take its place among the recognized scientific pursuits to raise it to that rank, as philologists have raised the study of tongues.

Except as a science I venture to assert that Folklore is not worth serious study at all. Its nature is such, in the phase of folktales and legends at any rate, as to make its facts largely capable of literary treatment. Such being the case, there is no reason why it should not be made as attractive in a literary sense as possible, provided it loses nothing thereby in scientific precision. Studies are none the better for being shorn of what capabilities for pleasure they may chance to possess, but there this advantage ends. To subordinate science to the tickling of the mental palate is to waste time. In Folklore, for instance, can it be fairly said that, however well told by the *raconteur*, a genuine tale of the people is likely to be a better literary production than a story invented by a genius like Hans Andersen? If the object of a hunt in the by-ways of rustic life is to serve up dainty dishes for the 'general reader,' is it worth while? Would not the time and talents of the hunter be better spent in the writing of novels, which would have the advantage of bringing more grist to the mill?

It must not be thought that the adequate representation of a series of tales is a matter to be lightly undertaken, or one that can be handled with but a slender equipment for the purpose. What ought the proper apprehension of an Indian folktale, for instance, to involve in the case of the original collector and annotator? A knowledge of the particular vernacular of the narrator in its vulgar forms, and this he will find will sooner or later lead him to tread the difficult ways of Indian philology. A wide knowledge of Indian History of all kinds—political, social, and literary,—and that, too, in its most obscure and untrodden paths; for it is quite impossible to say beforehand where a particular tale will land him in its historical references, and the unraveling of the tangled threads of folk-history in a single tale often necessitates an acquaintance with widely separated portions of the records of the past. A knowledge, too, not easily

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acquired, of the religions and social structure, the habits and manners and hereditary customs of the people, their ethnology, antiquities, and philosophy. Geography also of all times and eras will force itself on his attention. Surely a subject which involves all this is well worthy of even those, whose mental endowments are of a high order.

The wide term anthropology covers all the subjects from the examination of which we are led to grasp the details of that complicated structure, the modern human being in his mental and physical aspects. Folklore is, or at least should be, one of these subjects. Just as physiologists are enabled by a minute and exact examination of skulls or teeth or hair and so on to differentiate or connect the various races of mankind, so should Folklorists, as in time I have no doubt they will, be able to provide reliable data towards a true explanation of the reasons why particular peoples are mentally what they are found to be. Folklore then as a scientific study has a specific object and occupies a specific place. Such are the principles, so far as the limited scope of books containing original collections has permitted me, that I have endeavoured to sustain in these volumes. How far I have succeeded in practice in attaining my ideal it is not for me to say.

When a writer is engaged on works of original research he is necessarily teaching himself while he is teaching others, and so it is no matter of wonder to find that as these volumes proceed, the tales they contain are found, as it were, to develope. The first volume began with the adventures of 'Râjâ Rasâlû,' giving a disconnected series of stories fastened on to the name of this popular hero. Since then the stories of 'Princess Adhik Anûp Daî,' of 'Sîlâ Daî' and of 'Pûran Bhagat,' have appeared, showing that these are really stories, or series of stories, belonging to a cycle, and indiscriminately applied to the Northern Śâlivâhaṇa and any of his immediate legendary descendants. These tales, or at any rate some of them, are elsewhere shown to be equally applied to the Southern Śâlivâhaṇa; but whether the Northern and Southern Śâlivâhaṇas of modern legend were one and the same personage, or lived at the same

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period, I do not think we are yet properly in a position to say. In the *Calcutta Review* for 1884 in an article on Râjâ Rasâlû I have endeavoured to show that he really did live and who he was, showing at the same time that the history of the tales fastened on to him as a popular hero has no connection with that of himself as a man. These tales, as we accumulate them from different sources, are beginning to show so strong a family likeness to the Sindibâd cycle as to presume a common source. It should be remembered that the Sindibâd series is demonstrably of Indian origin, and that we have yet to show what has become in modern folklore of its originals on Indian soil. If Rasâlû be, as I think, the representative of the Hindû, or perhaps Buddhist, opponents of the first Arab invaders of India in the 8th and 9th Centuries of our era, then he is also the hero of a vast quantity of Arabic-Persian folk-tales which would be well worth investigation. It is to be hoped that some one will be found to take up this phase of the subject.

The tendency of bards is to make their stories run in cycles. They love to connect all their heroes in some way or other, and I think a little reading between the lines of the Indian classical legends shows that this was always the case. Stories are indiscriminately told of several heroes, and if one calls to mind the names of the most celebrated they are sure to be found to belong to a group all genealogically connected with each other. If I mistake not, the Greek and Roman classics exhibit the same phenomena. All this goes to show the truth of what I have previously insisted on, that it must not be presumed that hero and story, or story and incident, have any real historical connection, until it is demonstrated that such is the case. In this volume we find that the modern legend of 'Gopî Chand,' said to have been the nephew of Bhartṛihari, is on practically the same lines as a classical one of Bhartṛihari himself, who there becomes the elder brother of Vikramâditya. Gopî Chand again has a nephew Râjâ Chandarbhân, about whom a legend is told of a nature familiar to folklore students, and this Chandarbhân is described as giving his daughter in marriage to the

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grandson of Vikramâditya. This launches us at once into a cycle, for Śâlivâhaṇa is closely connected with Vikramâditya in his wars, with whom are connected by family Rasâlû, Pûraṇ Bhagat, Sirkap, Hoḍî and a host of others. In the tales of Vikramâditya, Gopî Chand and Chandarbhân, and in those of Śâlivahaṇa, Rasâlû, Pûran Bhagat, Sirkap and Hoḍî we have, as it were, the stories of the chief heroes of both sides of what must have been at one time a life and death struggle between races in India. I say 'as it were' advisedly, because it may be taken as established that historically Bhartṛihari and Vikramâditya cannot have belonged to the same era, nor could Hoḍî and Rasâlû, while we may take it as fairly certain that Rasâlû is only figuratively the 'son' of Śâlivâhaṇa, even if he be of the same race. The business of the bard being to make tales interesting, and it being obviously to his interest to connect at least the noble part of his audience by descent with some one or other of the national heroes, the temptation to pious frauds in this direction is clearly great. As the bard is not a model of virtue in any other respect there is no reason to suppose that he resists this temptation, and hence many a purely mythical genealogy may well have arisen from no other cause than a desire to rouse interest in the actors in a tale by connecting them with a great national movement or recognized national heroes. The apparently modern tale of 'Ḍhol and Mârwan' is attached to the very celebrated story of 'Nala and Damayantî' by making Ḍhol to be the son of Nala, probably for this reason only. In the stories of the quite modern Panjâb this tendency is strongly marked. It is not likely that the date of Hîr and Rânjhâ as historical personages goes back much beyond 300 years, and the story is really a tribal one of the abduction of a Râjpût girl by a man of another race and of the subsequent vengeance of her tribe. But there happens to be a tomb of some local sanctity at Jhang built to this pair of lovers, and in this volume are versions of their story evidently framed so as to connect Rânjhâ as a wonder-working Saint with Gurû Gorakhnâth and to glorify his memory in order to add to the revenues of the tomb. His development into a Saint of the

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Sakhî Sarwar type is evidently a mere matter of time and opportunity. In the *Janam Sâkhî*, or orthodox *Life* of Bâbâ Nânak, the founder of the Sikh Religion, are long purely mythical chapters, containing his adventures in lands he could never have seen and his dealings with such personages as Shekh Farîd and Bahâu'l-haqq, who, as it can be shown to demonstration, were not his contemporaries at all and did not even live in the same century as he did. Several tales are given herein of Sakhî Sarwar, and in them the same tendency to make him the hero of well known stories really attributable to other persons, often as not Hindûs, is strongly visible, and in the succeeding volume will be given a series of stories of the Saints of Jâlandhar, an entirely local and essentially modern body, which will be found to run in the old grooves and not infrequently to be appropriations of portions of older and better known tales. These hagiological legends, too, are made cyclic, *i.e.*, every saint is connected either by descent or adoption with a recognized line. The development then of the Panjâb Legends as research proceeds takes two directions: externally into cycles and internally into groups of details.

In this volume, as in the first one and for the same reason, there has been no attempt at systematic order in recording the tales. Among the heroic legends are XIX 'Râjâ Chandarbhân and Rânî Chand Karan,' XXIX 'Râjâ Jagdeo,' XXX 'Râjâ Nal,' and XXXI 'Râjâ Ḍhol.' To this class also belong XVIII 'Râjâ Gopî Chand' and XXXIV 'Pûran Bhagat,' but there is much of the sanctified nature of pure hagiology in these last, as also in the modern series of XXVIII ''Abdu'llah Shâh of Samîn,' XXXVI 'Ismâ'îl Khân's Grandmother,' XXXVII 'The Bracelet-maker of Jhang' and XXXVIII 'Hîr and Rânjhâ,' all belonging in various ways to the Siyâl tribal tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ. Of pure tales of Saints are XX about 'Nâmdev,' XXI and XXII about 'Sakhî Sarwar,' XXVI about ''Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî' and XXVII about an obscure Saint 'Roḍe Shâh.' The others are modern ballads, *viz.*, XXIII 'Chûhaṛ Singh,' a Sikh tale, XXIV and XXV tales of Hamâlayan Râjpûts,' XXXII of a Râjpût of Central India, XXXIII a quite modern mythical

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ballad concerning the murder of an English Officer, and XXXV
a national ballad of the Baloches.

I have already explained my method of comparing the incidents in folktales and legends in the Preface to Volume I. and in my Survey of the Incidents in Modern Indian Folktales attached to *Wide-awake Stories*, and it is of no use to go over the same ground here. Suffice it to say that an increasing knowledge of the folktales of India and the examination of greater and greater numbers of them does not enable me to add much to the heads and sub-heads gathered together in the 'Survey,' though they bring an ever-increasing number of data upon which to work. In this volume the fresh evidence gathered is as follows:—

Our old friend the ogre turns up once more as a demon merely, but with the true ogre's attributes of devouring human beings and being slain by the hero, in the story of 'Râjâ Jagdeo,' part of which is indeed but a variant of the usual ogre story by which he eats an inhabitant of a city daily together with something else,—in this case 12 loaves of bread. Râjâ Jagdeo's demon, however, knows that he is destined to be killed by a person resembling the hero and this much is new. This same story of Jagdeo represents another favorite feature of Indian folktales, the substituted hero, who is here supplanted by a mere accident and not through malice as is usual. He and his younger brother by another mother are born within a few days of each other, but the messenger carrying the news of his birth is outstripped by the other, and so the younger brother is entered in the royal books as the elder and the king refuses to alter the register. 'The hero and his companions' is always a point worth noting, and we find that after Jagdeo is supplanted and is induced to acquiesce in the matter quietly, he starts to seek his fortune first with a horse and a servant and afterwards when his first venture is a success with a wife, her maid and a following. The witch pure and simple is only found once in the tale of Pûran Bhagat, where she turns an entire company of *jogîs* into bullocks by throwing (enchanted) mustard seeds over them. In a priest-ridden country like

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India the doings of Saints and holy personages must always occupy a considerable place in legends, and in this volume, as heretofore, we find them granting sons and position in life, punishing neglect by the infliction of leprosy and curing it again, restoring the dead to life, curing snake-bite through the efficacy of their sacred fires, setting fire miraculously to the city of those that injure them, and bursting the ropes and fetters that bind them. In one case two sons are granted by the old expedient of making the two queens of a king eat an (enchanted) apple. Generosity—in the form of almsgiving to religionists—is highly extolled in all oriental works, and accordingly we here find a semi-religious hero giving *his own head* in alms when asked. A new point about religious mendicants occurs in the refusal of jewels or presents of value as alms. Stock miracles usually, but not by any means necessarily always, attributed to certain saints as their specialty frequently occur. Of these may be mentioned of Gorakh Nâth, setting fire to his opponents and burning them to ashes; curing a blinded and crippled hero by procuring eyes for him from Indra through prayer, and making him whole by sprinkling holy-water over him; restoring men metamorphosed into bullocks by tossing his holy ashes over them and patting them; changing women into she-asses by the same process, and restoring them by making them pass his standard; drying up all the wells in a district; making the earth sink in by striking it with his staff; making earrings by shaking them out of his wallet:* of Nâmdev, raising a dead cow to life, invulnerability to the attacks of elephants: of Pûran Bhagat, restoring life to a dried-up garden by sprinkling water over it, restoring his mother's sight by making a companion throw a kerchief over her, granting his step-mother a son by making her eat miraculous grapes and rice: of Sakhî Sarwar, turning

* It is to be noted that the cures here are on the usual lines, and that the notion of the inexhaustible bag also occurs. Of Pûran Bhagat it is also related here that he procured miraculous son-giving grapes and rice out of the wallet of a companion at command: a kind of *miracle by proxy*.

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the gold of an unfaithful follower into brass, and making him vomit whole the food he had digested, making his own fields flourish without cultivation, creating a large following when wanted, filling an empty pitcher with rice and milk, making whole torn-up garments, bringing a horse that had been cut up and eaten to life, making fruit to ripen out of season: of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, bringing up a boat and its drowned inhabitants from the depths of a river: of Roḍe Shâh, making the *dûb* grass green and sweet for ever in reward for furnishing him with a bed of itself, non-liability to be burnt by fire because he escapes in the smoke, destroying a girl's beauty because she deceives him: of Khwâjâ Khizar, re-creating the body of a saint after it had been cut up and eaten by fish: of 'Abdu'llah Shâh of Samîn, bringing a fair wind by making some birds fly away that were on the shore: of Rânjhâ, transporting a saint by holding his hand and shutting his eyes. In the same way a miracle is attributed to Jai Singh Sawâî, the great astronomer Râjâ of Jaipûr, arising very curiously out of the memory of his scientific proclivities, by which he is made to keep a *private moon of his own*; but the hero is equal to him, for, sending for Jai Singh's 'moon-makers,' he sets up an opposition moon! The sanctity of the shrines and tombs of saints is also insisted on repeatedly: to restore such is to procure great wealth and position, and prayer at such is blessed with a long-wished-for son. Deceased saints and ordinary ghosts are mixed up, and *both* are said to be only able to be abroad at midnight. One point among the actors in tales I have previously overlooked, though it occurs once or twice in the first of these volumes, *viz.*, the *avenging hero*. Its occurrence again more than once in this volume inclines me to give it a separate heading in analysis. The typical form of story is that the hero is fated to slay his parents, who take precautions, usually by shutting him up in a pit till the danger is past, to prevent his fulfiling his destiny. An interesting point about fairies turns up in the tale Pûran Bhagat. The heroine, originally a fairy, is attached to the earth for ever, because while sporting in a garden her wings have touched the (un-

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lucky) *aubergine* or egg-plant and have become 'heavy,' so that she cannot fly: an idea prettily varied in a well-known tale in the *Alif Laila*. And lastly, the step-mother once again falls in love with her husband's son, and when repulsed grossly ill-treats him, by having recourse to the old-world devices of Potiphar's wife.

Turning to the progress of the tales we find that the supplanted hero starts the tale by going to seek his fortunes at random. Tricks of the usual kind also appear. The hero wishes to stop a horseman whom he suspects to be a saint in disguise, but the horseman drops his whip, and while the hero stoops to pick it up he is off. The heroine pretends that a snake has bitten her finger so that the hero her lover may be summoned to cure it. In the old tale of Nala and Damayantî the gods assume the form of the hero in order to puzzle and test the heroine, and in the tale of Ḍhol and Mârwan the heroine's maids all assume her shape to try and deceive the hero; this performance being part of those tests before marriage which so frequently take the form of impossible tasks and impracticable riddles. In this same tale the heroine sends messages to the hero, but her rival, his wife, plays a series of tricks upon them to prevent the messages from reaching their destination. A Brâhman is sent and he is got rid of by the favorite trick of seating him on an insecure couch placed over the mouth of a concealed well, and then comes a minstrel, who is frightened away by the heroine's rival assuming a soldier's dress. The minstrel, however, eventually turns the tables on her by making the hero's guards very drunk and so passing them, and then by cheating the heroine's rival herself. She always slept with her husband's clothes tied to her own and his signet ring in her mouth: the minstrel cuts the knots and inserts his fiddle-string key into her mouth in place of the signet ring. In the pretty tale of Chandarbhân and Chand Karan, the swan, who acts as go-between, compromises the heroine with the hero by taking him to her while she is asleep and making him exchange rings with her. Her father then catches him by sending her a bottle of Holî powder, a red

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concoction which the players at this Indian carnival throw over each other, and she, although it is the wrong season, immediately throws this over him: he is therefore at once recognised by his red-stained clothes. This leads us to the means of identifying the hero, so common a feature in folktales. In 'Râjâ Ḍhol' he is identified by the lotus-mark on his leg, in 'Pûran Bhagat' by his voice, and in the tale of Nala and Damayantî the heroine is identified by the manner in which she cooks. Identification by marks leads by a natural transition to the signs of the coming hero, which are seldom wanting. Here we have the hackneyed one of being able to shoot down a brass cup from the top of seven bamboos placed one above the other, varied as shooting down three cups and killing a serpent. These may also be classed as among the impossible task tests, as they are in these instances preliminaries to marriage with the heroine. The Biblical story of Jonah in the Whale's Belly* has made us familiar with a tale much varied in Indian Folklore, and in *Wide-awake Stories* I have shown that the extraordinary voracity notion is a mere variant of this idea. In this volume a couple of gods, as children, eat up at a sitting a meal meant for 250,000 people! A variant or rather corollary of the idea of extraordinary voracity is that of extraordinary strength. Here we have a hero pushing open the gate of a city and destroying the 15 guns and 55 soldiers behind it at one shove, and the heroine dividing a tigress into halves at one blow to help the hero. As a means of helping on the progress of a tale may be added as new the notion of *miraculous misfortunes* seen in the tale of Nala and Damayantî in the swimming away of a cooked fish and the flying away of a roasted partridge. This unfortunate couple are also entrusted with a necklace on a peg, and suddenly the peg swallows up the necklace and then disappears into the wall! Their account of this occurrence is not believed by the owner, and really he can hardly in reason be blamed for his want of credence! All these three incidents occur

* As a conscious variant of this, at page 505, Rânjhâ is made to walk alive into Hîr's grave and be swallowed up.

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elsewhere in Indian folktales, but have not been classified as now.

We again see the ordinary *deus ex machinâ* of Indian folktales; the talking animal that steps in to help the actors in the time of need. A cricket gives Râjâ Salwân a hair which is to help him in trouble out of gratitude, just as in the former volume one was given to Râjâ Rasâlû, his son; a friendly crow carries messages between hero and heroine and warns the hero not to visit his wicked step-mother; and a swan helps Princess Chand Karan to meet her lover, apparently because he himself has fallen in love with her, which is a new feature. To imaginations that can swallow a talking animal, a talking *thing* comes easily enough. In the former volume we had mangoes and plums and plantains and *pîpals* and the bed's legs equal to the occasion of the hero's need, and here we have again plum-trees and a lake telling a disconsolate wife whither her faithless husband has gone, and a lamp, a pitcher, a necklace and a conch successively advising the hero not to marry the heroine. The idea is further developed in one case where a sandal tree merely relates its adventures to the heroine as an incident. Heroes and heroines, however, not only have to be helped out of their troubles, but if a story is to be a story they must be brought together. One common way is by the prophetic dream: hero dreams of heroine and heroine of hero and the thing is done. Here we find it used in two such very different tales as those of Jalâlî Lohârî and Râjâ Ḍhol. Another favorite device is for the hero to assume the disguise of a *faqîr* and to beg at the heroine's house: this is made successful in a variety of ways, mostly tricks. A loud or miraculous cry will often rouse up the absent when wanted, an idea varied into playing on a miraculous flute or conch. Messengers are not infrequently sent directly from the heroine to the hero: these may be ordinary mortals, or fairies, or, as in the case of Princess Chand Karan, a swan, and as in the case of Princess Mârwan, her father's cranes. In this connection the miraculous vehicle is necessarily in frequent requisition. In the former volume we saw the most extraordinary and unexpected articles in use. Here we find

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on various occasions *faqîrs* taken across rivers on a grass mat and a mat of loose reeds and again on a gourd and staff! Râjâ Ḍhol is taken to his mistress on the more ordinary conveyance of a talking camel. These carry us to the subject of enchantments, of which we have a curious instance in Pûran Bhagat's garden, where no birds can fly. Another most effectual way of clinching a tale is the device of telling a story to explain the situation, introduced here with much effect in the story of Gopî Chand. The notion of temporary death, being widely spread throughout Indian folklore, has so dramatic an effect in a story that is not likely to be absent from any collection; accordingly Gopî Chand's sister dies and is duly brought to life by a saint by the familiar device of being sprinkled with the blood of his little finger.* Closely connected with this notion is that of miraculous cures in general, and we now have holy earth to cure leprosy, and a dip in water to cure blindness; and a noteworthy *cure by proxy* in the legend of Râjâ Ḍhol. His camel breaks its leg and the way it is cured is by firing a donkey's leg and applying the fired limb to the camel's wound. The same idea is found in 'Pûran Bhagat,' where the hero cures his mother of blindness by making a companion cast his kerchief over her. A great aid towards investing the actors of folktales with a deeper interest than they would otherwise possess is the capacity for invisibility. This is often natural or inherent, as in the visible and invisible crowds that follow a saint or holy man: a favorite notion that occurs no less than four times in this volume. The quality of invisibility is also used distinctly to help on the tale, as when Nala is made invisible to all but Damayantî on his being sent to her as their messenger by the gods, and as when a groom, and then a shepherd, miraculously help the hero across impassable rivers, and then at once disappear.

To turn to miscellaneous incidents in folktales. The old

* The mysterious power of blood is curiously exhibited in the legend of Pûran Bhagat, where his executioner slays a fawn instead of him and shows its blood as proof, but as this blood will not stain a pearl cast into it the trick is exposed.

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Indian marriage by public choice of a husband occurs according to the ancient classical ideas, in the *swayamvara* of Damayantî, and so do the favorite punishments of setting the heroine to scare crows and of casting the hero into a well and covering the mouth with a stone, varied in the case of Pûran Bhagat by the addition of maiming. Gambling, which appears to be to the vulgar Indian mind the usual and proper occupation of the great and wealthy, takes various marvellous shapes in these pages and is actually upheld as one of Nala's *virtues*. A queen gambles with a king for her brother's head; and the hero gambles with his younger brother for his kingdom and wealth, and then for his body and jewels. Gambling for extraordinary stakes also appears as one of the 'impossible' conditions before marriage with the heroine on more than one occasion. That common variant in India of the delicate heroine which makes her weight only one flower, or more commonly five flowers, is again seen in Princess Chand Karan, who is weighed daily against flowers and who, when she falls away from the paths of strict virtue, outweighs them and is so found out. The ordeals that occur are of the usual type: plunging the right hand into boiling oil to prove innocence, and being drawn up out of a well by a rope of a single strand made by an unmarried virgin* to prove holiness. Lastly we are treated to one or two omens, though these, so very common in every-day Indian folklore, are somewhat conspicuous by their absence in the folktales. It is lucky, we find, to meet a pregnant woman with her implements of trade and a horseman riding with a bridal procession when starting on an important errand, and unlucky for a partridge to call on the right and a crow on the left during a journey.

Such numbers as occur are found to follow the same lines as in all other collections. The most-frequent is *twelve*, the old holy number, as a measure of age and space especially, and there are indications of the common occurrence of *two*, *four*, *eight* and *sixteen* as parts of twelve, the last being one

* *Married* virgins are of course common in India, where girls are married from three years old and upwards.

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and a quarter of twelve. In the same way *eighteen* would seem to be meant for one and a half of twelve. *Thirty-two* is I think merely used as a double of sixteen. *Three* and its multiple *nine* are very common, and so is the familiar *seven*. *Thirty-six* appears to be used as a conscious combination of three and twelve, and *eighty-four* of seven and twelve. *Five* is very common in this volume and its before-noticed aliquot parts *two and a half* and *one and a quarter*: the rather frequent use of *three-quarters* is probably due to the native love of fractional numbers. In this connection *three and a half* turns up as (?) an aliquot part of seven. The combinations of three and five in *fifteen* and of five and twelve in *sixty* are also found. *Fourteen* and *twenty-one* are probably conscious multiples of seven. *Eleven* also finds a place and the celebrated Indian numeral *fifty-two*. *Forty-nine*, possibly as seven times seven, occurs, and for the rest the large numbers are mere exaggerations of the familiar small ones as in *one hundred and sixty*, *eighty*, *seventy* and *three hundred and sixty*: and again in *sixteen hundred*, a favorite number for wives (!) and *seventy hundred*. But *ten* and *one hundred* are themselves not at all common. Numbers in groups are not uncommon; seventy and seventy-two together being frequent in the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ.

I have adhered to the plan of the first volume and made my notes as short as possible, avoiding dissertations on matters still unsettled in the world of research, and have given linguistic notes only where such were unavoidable. One or two reviewers have said it was a pity that I have so confined myself, but to do otherwise would be to change the character of the work, which merely aims at giving data for future disquisitions when the subjects involved shall have been more thoroughly mastered than it is at present the case. It does not seem to me advisable to burden my pages with footnotes on philological matters which may well be disputed, and such a course would moreover enormously add to my labours without any adequate benefit to the student. The temptation to discourse upon the many—the very many I may

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say—interesting forms that occur in nearly every legend is, I admit, great.

I have again given much prominence to the legends of saints and holy personages, and it seems to me that my former remarks as to the importance of this branch of popular lore in India are confirmed by the evidence adduced now. I have long had a favorite theory that the average villager one meets in the Panjâb and Northern India is at heart neither a Muhammadan, nor a Hindu, nor a Sikh, nor of any other Religion, as such is understood by its orthodox—or to speak more correctly authorized—exponents, but that his 'Religion' is a confused unthinking worship of things held to be holy, whether men or places; in fact Hagiolatry. These legends of saints as herein given speak to the beliefs of the peasantry with an authority that no amount of argument can controvert, and it seems to me that a careful reading of them forces such a conclusion on the student. I purpose giving many more of these saintly stories in the succeeding volume, and it will be found that they are all framed on the same line, and are the outcome of the same mental habits.

I have again to record with gratitude much help unselfishly given me. In this volume my chief helper has been Mr. M. Longworth Dames, of the Civil Service, who has placed at my disposal such of his Baloch legends or stories as are suited to my pages, and has moreover performed upon them all the work necessary in translation and annotation. He has also given me the benefit of his great linguistic learning and local knowledge. I owe to him now, and shall continue to owe, much that is most valuable in my volumes. Legends procured by Mrs. F. A. Steel, Mr. J. G. Delmerick, Mr. Denzil Ibbetson, Mr. M. Macauliffe, Sirdâr 'Atar Singh of Bhadaur, and Ghulâm Hussain Khân of Kasûr also appear. Mr. A. P. Webbe, of Baṛaut, in the Meṛath District, has, through a well known bard, supplied me with several admirable stories to enrich the coming volume. Chainâ Mall and his assistants have again given me the benefit of their valuable labours.

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In conclusion I may add that my official work during the past year in no way diminished, and that the difficulties thus unavoidably thrown in the way of producing a satisfactory book have been as great as before.

R. C. TEMPLE.

Ambala, May 1885.

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THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

No. XVIII.

THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ GOPÎ CHAND,

AS PLAYED AT JAGÂDHRÎ IN THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT.

[This wearisome agglomerate of interminable platitudes is one of the most favorite *swângs* or metrical plays of the Panjâbis. It is valuable in so far as it belongs to the cycle of legends that has collected round the memory of the great Sañskṛit author, Bhartṛihari. Gopi Chand is always described as being his nephew (*bhâṅjâ*, sister's son), and usually goes by the name of Gopî Chand Bhartarî or Bhartalî.]

[The Legend of Gopi Chand closely follows that of Bhartṛihari himself, in that he gave up his kingdom and became a religious mendicant, it being remembered that popularly Bhartṛihari was the elder brother of Vikramâditya, in whose favour he abdicated.]

[In the Legend Gopi Chand's capital is called Dhâranagar, which I take to be Dhâra, the seat of Vikramâditya. The hero's country is, however, said to be Gauṛ Bangâlâ or Bengal, while the bards always understand Pânîpaṭ by Dhâranagar.]

TEXT.

SWÂNG RÂJÂ GOPÎ CHAND.

1 Sibh ke sut gaz badan haiñ! charan niwâûñ sîs!
Pair padam Gaurâpati, kirpâ karo Jagdîs!

TRANSLATION.

The Legend of Râjâ Gopî Chand.

1 The son of Śiva is elephant-bodied!* (At his feet) I bow my head!
O Lotus-footed Lord of Gaurâ,† Lord of the Earth, favor me!

---

* Ganeśa is the god of all beginnings.

† Śiva as the husband of Devî = Gaurâ, Gaurî, Gaurjâ.

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Kirpâ karo Jagdîs! Mât merî karo kaṇṭh meṅ bâsâ!
Chhand gyân sur karo: ânke dekheṅ log tamâshâ!
Gopî Chand ke sâng kahan kî dil ko lag rahî âsâ.

Rahte Shahr Ujjain Râo nit karte bhog bilâsâ.
Gauṛ Bangâlâ, des jinhoṅ kâ tyâg dîâ biswâsâ.

Kahte Bansî Lâl, "Mât merî, pûran kîje âsâ!"

Muktâl.

"Mât Shâkumbharî, Mâî,
Ânke karo sahâî!
Maiṅ mûrakh âgyân,
Budh dîjo, Mahâ Mâî!"

Favor me, Lord of the Earth! O mother,* take up thy abode in my throat!
Give me knowledge of good verses: the people have come to see the play!
I have a strong desire in my heart to relate the Legend of Gopî Chand.

The King lived in the City of Ujjain in every comfort and happiness.
Gauṛ and Bangâl was the home of him who had given up all care.

Saith Bansî Lâl,† "Mother mine, fulfil my hope!"

Refrain.

"Mother Shâkumbharî,‡ O mother,
Come and be my help!
I am simple and ignorant,
Give me wisdom, great mother."

---

* Saraswatî, goddess of speech.
† The author, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122.
‡ Devî, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122.

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Gopî Chand mahiloṅ chale, dhar Ganpat kâ dhyân,
Â utare ranwâs meṅ karan lage âshnân:
Karan lage âshnân Râo ne, chandan chauk bichhâî!
Chamkat badan kanak jaisâ, aur mukh chandar kî niyâî,
Nikasâ bhân gagan meṅ Surij kî ik jot chhip chhâî.
He mirg nain, kaṇṭh koil, mukh nâ ûpmâ kahî jâî!
Morî baiṭhî, nain nihârî Mainâwantî Mâî:
Ṭap ṭap âṅsû paṛe dharan par, thamti nahîṅ thamâî:

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Adhbhut rûp nihârî!
Bharosâ har kâ Bihârî,
Rahûṅ charan lo lîn!
Madan, Mohan, Girdhârî!"

Gopî Chand went into the palace and worshipped Ganpat,*
And going into the palace he began to bathe.
The King began to bathe, and placed his sandal-wood chair.
His body shone like gold and his face as the shining of the moon.
His glory so appeared in the heavens that the splendour of the sun was eclipsed.
O eyes like the antelope's, throat like the cuckoo's, face beyond praise!
At the window sat his mother Mainâwantî weeping.
Drop drop fell her tears on the ground, and ceased not for (all) her trying.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"I behold his lovely form
God,† the hope of all,
I give thee my worship, take it!
Madan, Madhan, Girdhârî."‡

---

* Ganeśa. † Kṛishṇa.
‡ Names for Kṛishṇa.

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Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Purwâ pachhwâ hai nahîṅ; he Dâtâ, kyâ kîṅ?
Nahîṅ gagan meṅ bâdarî, bûnd paṛî do tîn!
Bûnd paṛî do tîn: bûndîâṅ kaun disâ se âî?"

Sîs uṭhâke dekhan lâge, na kuchh dîâ dikhâî.
Jo dekh morî meṅ baiṭhî Mainâwantî Mâî.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Kyâ ranwâs kisî Rânî ne khoṭî bât sunâî?
Khâl kaṛhâke bhûs bharwâ dûṅ; dûṅ bhaunrî girwâe.
Sachî bât batâ de, Mâtâ; kyûṅ man rudan lagâî?
Maiṅ Gopî Chand Râjâ,
Jagat ke sârûṅ kâjâ,
We Trilokînâth,
Hâth un ke hai lâjâ!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Nor east wind nor west: O God, what hast thou done?
No clouds in the sky and two or three drops fell!
Two or three drops fell: whence have the drops fallen?"

He lifted his head to see, and could see nothing,
But when he saw his mother Mainâwantî sitting in the window (he said):

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"What! hath any Queen of the palace said shamefull words to thee?
I will flay her skin and fill it with chaff; I will throw her into a pit.
Tell me the truth, mother, why is thine heart sorrowful?
I am Gopî Chand the King,
I do my duty in the world.
The Lord of the Three Worlds,
In his hands lies my honour!"

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Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Ai beṭâ, sun lîjîye; kahûṅ gyân kî bât.
Dekh tumhâre rûp ko maiṅ sochûṅ din rât.
Maiṅ sochûṅ din rât: putr, maiṅ tujh ko bachan sunâyâ.
Pitâ tere kî sundar murtî jalke hogî chhâyâ.
Lîjo jog, suphal ho jag meṅ, amar rahegî kâyâ.
Yeh supnâ sansâr jagat hai jhûṭhâ jâl banâyâ.
Sat kâran jâeke Harî Chand phir janam nahîṅ pâyâ.
Dhrû, Pahlâd, nâr Gotam kî nâ mehîṅ sat ḍigâyâ.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"My son, hear me: I speak words of wisdom.
Seeing thy beauty I ponder day and night.
I ponder day and night my son: I will tell thee something.
The glorious body of thy father hath been burnt and become a shade.
Take the saintship, it will prosper thee in the world and thy body will remain deathless.
This world is a dream, this world is a false tangle.
Living in the way of truth, Hariśchandra* was not born again.
Dhruva, Prahlâda, and the wife of Gotama did not lose (sight of) the truth.†

---

* Allusion to the legend of Hariśchandra's piety "conquering heaven" and procuring him a seat there. "Not to be born again" is the *summum bonum* of a believer in metempsychosis, as all natives are.

† Dhruva, rewarded by being made into the pole-star, became a *jogî* like Gopî Chand. Prahlâda, the son of Hiranyakaśipu, was the devoted follower of Vishnu in spite of all his father's persecutions. He was finally united with Vishnu. Ahalyâ, the wife of the Ṛishi Gotama, the personification of beauty, was deceived by Indra into thinking him to be her husband, so her adultery was no fault of hers: such is the popular story.

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Putr, tû jogî ho jâ.
Mân le kahî hamârî.
Yeh kanchan sî deh,
Amar ho jâgî thârî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Mâtâ, taiṅ sach kahî, hai jhûṭhâ janjâl.
Yeh solâh sau Rânîâṅ, in kâ kaun aḥwâl?
In kâ kaun aḥwâl? nahîṅ kaniyâṅ parnâî.
Tû hûî nipaṭ nâdân, dayyâ tujh ko nahîṅ âî!
Ai Mâtâ rî, nâ âge putr râj kâ thâmanhârâ."

Aise kahke bachan nain se âṅsû ḍârâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Aisâ bachan kaṭhor, Mât, ham se kah dînâ.
Mât pitâ sut jog kaho kis kis ne dînâ?

My son, become a *jogî*.
Hearken to my words.
Thy glorious body
Will become deathless"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O mother, thou speakest truly, (the world) is a false tangle.
(But) these sixteen hundred queens (of mine), what will happen to them?
What will happen to them? Nor is my daughter married.
Thou art very foolish, and hast no mercy!
O mother, I should not leave a son (behind me) to guard my kingdom."

Saying this tears fell from his eyes.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Hard are the words, mother, that thou hast said to me.
What father or mother hath ever urged a son to be a *jogî*?

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Suno, Mainâwantî Mâî,
'Aqal taiṅ kahân gaṅwâî?
Ham ko detî jog!
Dayyâ tujh ko nahîṅ âî!"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Beṭâ, taiṅ jâne nahîṅ, Râm Nâm hai amol.
Phir janam pâve nahîṅ jo Har ke ân kol.
Jo Har ke ân kol, Râm padh aisâ piyârâ.
Mahmân hai param pâl, Nigam pâve nahîṅ pârâ.
Ai beṭâ re, jag meṅ hai Srî Râm bol, dûjâ nahîṅ koî.
Kyûṅ nahîṅ lete jog, mukat donoṅ gat hoi?
Kîâ Bhartarî jog gyân se man chit lâyâ.
Chaurâsî hûî sidh, Nâm Har kâ gun gâyâ."

Hear, Mainâwantî, my mother,
Where hast left thy reason?
Thou wouldst give me the saintship,
Having no pity in thee!"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"My son, thou dost not know that the Name of God is beyond price.
They are not born again who approach Hari.*
That approach Hari, so lovely is the service of God!
So infinite is his glory, that the Scripture hath not fathomed it.
O my son, in this world is the name of the Holy God taken, there is no second (to him)!
Why not take the saintship, and obtain salvation in both worlds?
Bhartarî sought the knowledge of the saintship with heart and soul.
Released from the eighty-four (transmigrations of souls) he praised the Name of Hari."

---

* Vishṇu, *i.e.*, God.

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Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Ai mâtâ yeh charaj* kyâ ? ham se kahâ na jâe.
Parde andar tû rahe, kahûn tumheṅ samjhâe.
Kahûn tumheṅ samjhâe : gyân kis se tû lâî ?
Kaun gurû taiṅ kîâ ? mujh se de bhed batâe.
Mujh ko yeh sandeh hai, kahîṅ jâne na pâe ?
Âṭh pahar din rain rahî chintâ nit yahâîṅ.
Tûṅ Râjoṅ kî sutiyâ, kîe taiṅ bhog bilâsâ ;
Kahe agam kî bât : baṛâ yeh ajab tamâshâ !"

Ranî Mainâwantî.

" Ai beṭâ, sun lîjîye kis se pâyâ gyân.
Hai Gurû merâ Gorakh jatî ; sat sat karke jân.
Sat sat karke jân ; re beṭâ, Gurû Gorakh maiṅ pâyâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Oh mother, what wonder is this ? I cannot say it.
Thou livest in secret,† I tell thee.
I tell thee ; who gave thee this knowledge ?
Whom hast thou made preceptor ? Tell me the secret.
I have doubts that will not leave me.
During the eight watches day and night‡ doth this trouble ever remain with me.
Thou art a king's daughter, that hast dwelt in ease and comfort,
And thou speakest unfathomable words : a truly wondrous thing is this."

Rânî Mainâwantî.

" O my son, hear from whom I have learnt knowledge.
The holy Gorakh (Nâth) is my preceptor : know this for a very truth.
Know this for a very truth : O my son, I have found Gurû Gorakh (Nâth).

---

* For *achraj*. † Behind the screen.
‡ The livelong day.

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Charpaṭ Nâth merâ Gur bhâî, jog panth maiṅ dhyâyâ.
Paṛdâ andar baiṭh, Kaṅwar, maiṅ Har charnan chit lâyâ.
Antar jog kamâo, beṭâ, sukhî rahegî kâyâ."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai mâtâ, ham jât haiṅ, jogî hon faqîr."

Itnî kahke chal paṛe, nainoṅ ḍhalte nîr.
Nainoṅ ḍhalte nîr, Kaṅwarji, chale bâgh meṅ âe,
Jahâṅ baiṭhe the Nâth Jalandhar, jukke sîs niwâe.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He Gur Deo! Karo tum kirpa! Mâtâ ne tumheṅ batâe.

Charpaṭ Nâth* is my brother disciple: I am bent on the doctrines of the saintship.
Sitting in secret, my Prince, I bent my heart to the worship of Hari.
My son, practise the real *yogâ*† and thy body will remain at ease."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"My mother, I go to be a penniless *jogî*."

Saying this he went off, dropping tears from his eyes.
Dropping tears from his eyes, the Prince went into the garden,
Where sat Jalandhar Nâth‡ whom he respectfully saluted.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Hail, my Lord Gurû! Have mercy! My mother sent me to thee.

---

* Nothing is known of this worthy apparently.

† *Yogâ*, the modern *jog*, may be best described as being the science of abstraction from wordly affairs. It is the 'devotion' of a 'devotee' (*jogî*).

‡ The opponent of Gorakh Nâth and Machhandar Nâth, therefore, flourished 15th century A.D.

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Kân phâṛke mundrâ ḍâlo ; jog len ko âe.
Nâth, chelâ kar lîjo ;
Jog kâ rastâ dîjo ;
Chîro mere kân ;
Âj, Gur, kirpâ kîjo."

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Jâ, laṇḍî ke, bhâg jâ ! kyûṅ chirwâve kân ?
Bâlî 'umar nâdân hai : tû kyâ jâne gyân ?
Tû kyâ jâne gyân ? Bâware, kis ne tujhe bahkâyâ ?
Kyâ kuchh tujh par bhîṛ paṛî hai, jog len ko âyâ !
Nâ koî din râj kîâ hai ! nâ koî din khâyâ !
Jâo mahil ko, baiṭh, Râojî : kyûṅ phirtâ bharmâyâ ?
Abhî jaldî se jâo.

Bore my ears, put in the (*jogî's*) ring : I am come to take the saintship.
My Lord, make me a disciple.
Show me the way of devotion.
Bore my ears.
Have mercy, Gurû, on me to-day."

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Go, thou son of a cur ! Be off !* why bore thy ears ?
Thou art young and foolish : what dost thou know of knowledge ?
What dost thou know of knowledge ? Who has been deceiving thee, thou fool ?
Hath any misfortune befallen thee, that thou hast come to take the saintship ?
Thou hast hardly ruled yet ! thou hast hardly spent thy days !
Go, Sir King, and sit in thy palace : why be deceived ?
Go off at once.

---

* Usual abuse from *faqîrs* : see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 141.

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Kâheko jog kamâo ?
Chhattîs bhojan chhoṛ.
Nahîṅ sukh is meṅ pâo ! "

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Nâ mujh par kuchh bhîṛ ; nâ ham haiṅ dilgîr.
Mâtâ ne samjhâeke lâyâ badan meṅ tîr.
Lâyâ badan meṅ tîr : yeh maiṅ mâtâ ne samjhâyâ ;
'Kanchan kâyâ jalî pitâ kî ! ' Yeh ḍishṭânt batâyâ.
Agam-nikam kâ gyân sunâke takht râj chhuṭwâyâ.
Ai Gur Deo, karo kirpâ : maiṅ jog len ko âyâ."

Jâlandhar Nâth.

" Aisî terî mâtâ bâwarî hogî nipaṭ nâdân !
Tujh ko jog diwâutî, aur baṛa batâve gyân !

Why take on the saintship ?
Leaving thy thirty-six kinds of food*
To gain no pleasure ! "

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" I have no trouble : I have no sorrow.
My mother's injunction hath pierced my body (as) an arrow.
Hath pierced my body as an arrow ; for this did she enjoin :
'Thy father's glorious body was burnt' : this was the end she showed me.
Teaching me the knowledge of the Scriptures she induced me to give up my throne.
O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : I am come to take on the saintship."

Jalandhar Nâth.

" Thus is thy mother a fool ; she is altogether foolish.
She giveth thee devotion and showeth it to be very knowledge !

---

* The conventional term for good living.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Baṛâ batâve gyân ! Ik terî bâlî 'umar almastâ !
Jog panth yeh baṛâ kaṭhan hai; kyûṅ nâhaqq meṅ phaṅstâ ?
Râj karo, ghar baiṭho jâke : baṛâ kaṭhan *yeh* rastâ !
Albat jog nahîṅ sidhne kâ ; baṛâ bikaṭ *yeh* rastâ !"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ajî Nâth, sun lîjo, maiṅ hûṅ nipaṭ nâdân.
Jog panth se na ṭalûṅ, jo ho parbat samân.
Jo ho parbat samân ; Nâth, maiṅ albat jogî hoṅgâ.
Ai Gur Deo, kirpâ karo : maiṅ charan kaṅwal chit dûṅgâ.
Jaun sîkh batlâo mujh ko, wahî sîkh maiṅ lûṅgâ.
Bhasham ramâe, kânoṅ meṅ mundrâ, tumharî ṭahîl karûṅgâ !"

Showeth it to be very knowledge ! Firstly, thou art in the bloom of youth !
And the path of devotion is very rough, why be involved in it uselessly ?
Be a king and go home : *this* way is very rough !
Truly thou canst not perform devotion ; very steep is *this* road !"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O my Lord, hear me, I am altogether unlearned.
I will not deviate from (the path of) the saintship, be it as difficult as a mountain.
Be it as difficult as a mountain : My Lord, I will surely be a *jogî*.
O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : I will meditate at thy lotus feet.
What thou teachest, even that will I learn.
Rubbing on ashes, putting the rings in my ears, will I do thee service."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Hai kaun 'umar, Râjâ, terî ? Kîâ jog kâ khiyâl ?
Jâo, kahûṅ, ghar âpne, chalo nît kî châl.
Chalo nît kî châl, Râojî : tum âpne ghar jâo.
Chhattîs bhanjan chhoṛ, Kaṅwar, kyûṅ jog panth meṅ âo ?
Hamrâ dîṭh nahîṅ paṛtâ hai ; ghar apne ko jâo.
Râj nît kâ dhyân lagâkar baiṭhe râj kamâo."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Nâ jânûṅ maiṅ nît ko, lagâ jigar meṅ gyân.
Ab gadî baiṭhûṅ nahîṅ, tere charan se dhyân.
Tere charan se dhyân, Nâthjî : nâ mujh ko bharmâo.
Kân chîrke mundrâ ḍâlo, jogî bhekh banâo.
Ai Gur Deo, karo kirpâ ; ab zarâ der na lâo.
Bhasham ramâke, gal mâṅ selî, yehî gyân kî pâo."

Jalandhar Nâth.

"What is thy age, Râjâ ? Hast ever thought on devotion ?
Go home, I tell thee, and bear thyself straightly.
Bear thyself straightly, Sir King : get thee home.
Giving up the thirty-six dishes, my Prince, why enter the saintship ?
I will not see thee : get thee home.
Bend thy mind to thy royal duties and be a king."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I know nothing of polity, (celestial) knowledge is my heart's (desire).
I will not now sit on the throne, I am bent on (sitting at) thy feet.
I am bent on (sitting at) thy feet, my Lord ; deceive me not.
Bore my ears, put in the rings, turn me into a *jogî*.
O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : delay not now at all.
Rub on the ashes, put the necklace* round my neck, and give me of this knowledge."

---

* The *selî* is the black necklace peculiar to mendicants or devotees.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Jo tum jogî hot ho suno gyân kâ tant.
Pânchoṅ indrî bas karo, jab jân jog panth.
Jab jân jog panth, Râo, tum tez krodh ko mâro.
Mân ko mâr, gaû ko mâro, jab jân jog sidhâro.
Jog panth kâ jûâ khele hai râj nît ko hâro.
Itnâ kâm karo, re bachchâ, jog matâ jab dhâro."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Mantrî, inheṅ kyâ kahâ is jogî ne gyân?
Haṭke phir sunâe de, mujhe paṛe nahiṅ jân.
Mujhe paṛe nahiṅ jân. Nâthjî, kyâ kuchh gyân sunâyâ?
Ai Mantrî, batlâ de mujh ko, tere samajh meṅ âyâ?

Jalandhar Nâth.

"If thou wilt be a *jogî*, listen to the teachings of knowledge.
By subduing the five passions wilt thou know the saintship.
Thou wilt know the saintship, my king, by subduing thy hot temper.
Destroy thy self-conceit, destroy thy pride,* then know that thou hast encompassed the saintship.
In playing at the game of devotion thou must lose (the game of) royal polity.
Do this much, my son, and then understand the saintship."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O my minister, what saith this *jogî* of knowledge?
Tell it me again, I did not understand.
I did not understand. My Lord, what knowledge didst thou teach?
O my minister, tell me; didst thou understand?

---

* There is a play here on the meaning of the words *mân* and *gaû*, and the Râjâ is made to misunderstand them: see below line 148.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mukh se bât kahî kuchh khoṭî? Merâ jî larjâyâ!
Is jogî kî bât karan se merâ kalîjâ khâyâ."

Mantrî.

"Ai Râjâ, sun lîjîye, man chit karo bichâr.
Hai yeh jogî koî bâwarâ, nahîṅ bolâ bachan sambhâr.
Bolâ bachan sambhar, Râojî; yeh jogî bharmâyâ.
'Mâṅ ko mâr, gaû ko mâro,' aisâ bachan sunâyâ?
Yeh bâtâṅ to sunke, Râjâ, hamrâ jî lalchâyâ.
Khoṭî bât kahî, khoṭî ne sunke maiṅ ghabarâyâ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Jaise jogî aise kahe khotî mukh se bain.
Jald kueṅ meṅ dâl do, jabhî paṛegî chain!
Jabhî paṛegî chain hamârî! Is jogî ko mâro!
Ger kûṅe meṅ! Nâm na lîjo! Upar silâ utâro!

Spake he not evil words with his lips? My heart is beating!
The words of this *jogî* have pierced my heart!"

Minister.

"O Râjâ, hear me, ponder it in thy heart.
This *jogî* is a fool and speaketh not words polite.
Speaketh not words polite, Sir King; this *jogî* deceiveth.
'Slay thy mother, kill thy cow!'* this is what he said.
Hearing these words, Râjâ, my heart grieveth.
Evil words spake he: evil I hear and am astonished."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"What *jogî* is this that saith such evil words?
Throw him quickly into a well and then shall I have peace!
Then shall I have peace! Kill this *jogî!*
Throw him into a well! Take not his name! Put a stone over it!

* The two greatest crimes an orthodox Hindû can commit: but see line 136.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kankar, pathar, retâ, miṭṭî, lîd, bahot se ḍâro!
Yeh jogî kahîn jâne na pâve! Yeh man bîch bichâro!"

Gorakh jogî â gayâ, ang babhût ramâe.
Kânîpâ ke sâmhne ḍere dîe lagâe.
Gorakh kahe:

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Suno, re chelâ, kand mol tum lâo.
Kânîpâ kî gaî maṇḍalî, unhîn ke saug jâo.
Bhâjî sâg banâke achhâ, khûb tarah se khâo.
Pahile karo âtmâ ṭhaṇḍî, pîchhe dhyân lagâo.
Yeh hai Kartâ kî mâyâ.
Bahot sukh men phal pâya.

Rocks and stones and sand and earth and filth heap over it!
Let not this *jogî* escape! Ponder this in thy mind!"*

(Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth) came with ashes rubbed on his body.
And took up his abode opposite Kânîpâ.†
Gorakh (Nâth) said:

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.‡

"Hear, my disciple, buy thou some herbs.
Kânîpâ's party hath gone (to cook), do thou join them.
Cook thy herbs well and eat thy fill.
First make thy mind (to be) at peace and then meditate.
This is the mystery of God.
I have enjoyed its fruit greatly.

---

* The story breaks off here and is taken up again at line 224. The intervening lines relate incidents to show how the saint's followers came to hear of his mishap, so as to get him out of his trouble.

† A follower of Jalandhar Nâth, and therefore an opponent of Gorakh Nâth.

‡ To his own follower.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Is jangal ke bîch.
Âj jogî jan âyâ."

Chelâ.

"Yeh bhâjî sab ḍâl, Jogîjî, jitnî tumhare pâsâ.
Kutke mâre angint kare badan kâ nâsâ!
Yeh sansâ man uṭhî, Gurûjî; kahûn tumhare pâsâ.
Tum pûre sat gur ho, Swâmî, meṭ shakal man sânsâ."

Ân Gurû pe rowan lâge bahot machâyâ shor.

Chelâ.

"He, mere Gur Deo Niranjan, nâhaqq kînâ jor.
Ham sang kareṅ gharab kî bâtâṅ, bahot machâveṅ shor.
Yâ to us ko âp barjalo, nahîṅ, bane aur se aur."

Into this forest
Hath a *jogî* come to-day."

*Disciple.**

"Throw away all these herbs, Sir *Jogî*, all that thou hast.
Be thy body destroyed by countless blows!
A doubt hath arisen in my mind, Sir Gurû; I tell it thee.
If thou be a real and true teacher, my Lord, blot out all my doubt."

He came back to Gurû (Gorakh Nâth) raising a great cry.

Disciple.

"Ho, my Lord, my godlike† Gurû, they used force to me without reason.
They used harsh words to me and made a great noise.
Either do thou punish, or I will devise some other (punishment)."

---

* To Kânîpâ.

† The extravagance of the epithet *Niranjan*, a specific attribute of the deity, is noteworthy.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Jâo, re chelâ, is waqt meṅ lâgî surt hamârî.
Aise bachan kaho mukh setî phûṭe ḍibiyâ thârî.
Un ke phoṛ, chaṛhâo apnî, khûb karo tarkârî:
Wâ dekhenge, tum khâoge; rudan paṛegâ bhârî."

Chelâ.

"He Gurû, Deo bidyâ ke, apne chîṭak hî dikhlâî.
Ḍibiyâ chhîn lîe hai mhârî, tan men agan lagâî.
Us jogî pe, Gurû, hamâre kuchh nâ par basâî.
Aisâ kirpâ karo, Nâth, woh dete phireṅ dohâî."

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Mâno, chele, bachan hamârâ, nâ dil men ghabarâo.
Phûṭeṅ ḍibyâ sabhî unhoṅ kî aisâ sabd sunâo.
Un kî phoṛo, aur pare bîjâo, apne ân chaṛhâo."

Gorakh kahe:

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Go, my disciple, this is the time for my meditation.
Speak such words as these with thy lips and thy box* will break.
Break up their (cooking vessels), put thy own on (the fire) and cook well thy herbs:
They will understand (then) and do thou eat: and there will be much wailing."

Disciple.

"O Gurû, Lord of knowledge, he showed me his magic.
He snatched away my box and set fire to my body.
I have no power, Gurû, over this *jogî*.
Have mercy, my Lord, that he may cry 'mercy.'"

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"My disciple, hear my words and be not agitated.
Speak such (magic) words that all their boxes break.
Break their (vessels), blow them away and put on thy own."

Saith (Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth):

---

* Of sacred ointment: a dreadful misfortune to an ascetic.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Suno, re chelâ, tum man bharke khâo."

Hukm dîâ sabhî cheloṅ ko Gorakh chîṭak dikhlâî.
Kânîpâ ke lashkar andar gahrî agan lagâî.
Lagî ânch, tan jalne lâge, dete phireṅ dohâî.
Hâhâ kâran kareṅ mukh setî, tin pe parî tabâhî.

Kânîpâ.

"Sun, re Gorakh chîṭkî, tû hai nipaṭ nâdân.
Maiṅ khâtir tumharî nâ karûṅ: apnâ dharm pachhân.
Apnâ dharm pachhâṅ, re Gorakh; kyûṅ chîṭak dikhlâve?
Gurû tumhârâ Sanglâ Dîp meṅ baiṭhâ râj kamâve.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Hear, my disciple, eat at thy ease."

Gorakh (Nâth) thus ordered all his disciples and showed a miracle.
Within the camp of Kânîpâ he lighted a huge fire.
The fire caught them, their bodies burned and they ran about (crying) "mercy."
They cried out with their mouths on whom the sore trouble came.

Kânîpâ.

"Hear, Gorakh (Nâth) thou magician, thou art altogether a fool!
I flatter thee not: know thy own faith.
Know thy own faith, O Gorakh (Nâth): why showest us magic?
Thy Gurû in Sanglâ Isle hath become a king.*

---

* *i.e.*, Machhandar Nâth in Ceylon is acting like a king, raising a family, attending dances, listening to secular music, and so on: a truly dreadful falling away from the path of devotion and virtue!

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Tere hâth kâ jal nâ pîûṅ: kaisâ sidh kahâve?
Hai, nirlâj, sharm nahîṅ tujh ko, duniyâ ko bharmâve."

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Jo tû jâne, 'jagat meṅ lîâ janam maîṅ jît,*
Gurû tumhârâ kûṅe meṅ gire bahot dîn gae bît!
Bahot din gae bît kûṅe meṅ paṛe, khabar nahîṅ pâî!
Gopî Chand Râjâ ne dârâ, ûpar silâ ḍalâî.
Maiṅ le âûṅ gur apne ko le us se kaṛhâe,
Nahîṅ, to kahegâ, 'Sidh Gurû ko denâ kûâṅ girâe!'"

"Sangal Dîp suhâunâ kis bidh pahunchûṅ jâe?"

Nâth Machhandar Sidh ne chaukî dîe biṭhâî:

I will not drink water from thy hand:* how canst thou call thyself a saint?
Shameless, thou hast no shame and deceivest the world!"

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.†

"Though thou thinkest that thou hast conquered birth,‡
Thy Gurû§ hath been thrown into a well these many days!
Many days hath he passed in the well and thou knewest not!
Râjâ Gopî Chand threw him in and put a stone over it.
I should (if I were you) bring up my own Gurû (out of the well),
Lest (men) should say I had let my Saintly Gurû be thrown into a well!"

"How shall I get to the glorious Sanglâ Isle?"‖

Machhandar Nâth, the Saint, had set guards:

---

* *i.e.*, I put thee out of caste, because of the wicked and unworthy doings of thy teacher Machhandar Nâth.
† This is his counterblast.
‡ *i.e.*, been so holy as to have escaped the transmigration of thy soul.
§ Jalandhar Nâth.
‖ Change of scene: Gorakh Nâth now goes after Machhandar Nâth.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chaukî dîe biṭhâî, Nâth panth gher lîâ sârâ.
Râsdhârî kî chalî maṇḍalî un hî ke sang sidhârâ.
Hûâ nâch, jab tablâ bândhe, Gorakh Nâth pukârâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Jâg, Machhandar, Gorakh âe!"

Aisâ bachan uchârâ.

Âwâz sunî, ânkhâṅ khulî, man meṅ kîâ bichâr.

Machhandar Nâth.

"Gorakh âe nâch meṅ! Larzâ jîâ hamâr!
Larzâ jîâ hamâr! Re chelâ, praghaṭ kyûṅ nahîṅ âyâ?
He bachchâ Gorakh, nir-bânî kis ne tujhe sitâyâ?
Ai Gorakh, taiṅ âke merâ râj takht chhuṛwâyâ!
Mukh se bachan sunâ de sâche; kis kâran taiṅ âyâ?"

Had set guards, and his own sect surrounded the Saint.
A company of dancers started and he went off with them.
The dance went on and when the drums were beating Gorakh Nâth called out.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Awake, Machhandar (Nâth), Gorakh (Nâth) hath come!"

This is what he said.

(Machhandar Nâth) heard the voice, opened his eyes and was agitated.

Machhandar Nâth.

"Gorakh (Nâth) come to a dance! My heart trembles!
My heart trembles! O my disciple, why didst thou not come publicly?
O my son Gorakh (Nâth), who hath spoken thee evil?
O Gorakh (Nâth), thy coming hath destroyed my kingdom!
Tell me the truth with thy lips; why hast thou come?"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bachan jab gur apne ke kîâ praghaṭ rûp dikhâyâ.
Tîn âdes pîrthan hî kînî, charnoṅ sîs niwâyâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Sabhî bhekh hûâ wahâṅ ikaṭṭhâ, tum ko wahâṅ bulâyâ.
He Gur Deo, karo kirpâ, maiṅ saran tumhâre âyâ."

Machhandar Nâth.

"Gorakh bachchâ, bât hamârî suníye man chit lâî.
Ab ham se jâyâ nahîṅ jâtâ, sardî kî rut âî.
Sang hamâre laṛke haiṅge, in meṅ prît lagâî:
Hem Nâth aur Khem Nâth, haiṅ yeh tere gur bhâî."

Gorakh jogî sidh ne dhârâ Gurû kâ dhyân.

Gopî Chand kî mâṅ ko beg bulâ de ân:

When he heard the words of his Gurû he showed himself publicly.
First he made three salutations and bowed his head at his feet.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"All the mendicants are collected there* together and call for thee.
O my Lord Gurû, have mercy, I am come to serve thee."†

Machhandar Nâth.

"My son Gorakh (Nâth), hear my words with heart and soul.
Now I cannot go: it is the cold season.
I have sons with me that I love:
Hem Nâth and Khem Nâth, these are thy saintly brethren."

Gorakh (Nâth) the holy saint worshipped his Gurû.

He called the mother of Gopî Chand quickly,

* At Ujjayinî.
† Observe the truly oriental delicacy of this reproof.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

225 Beg bulâ de ân.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Rî mâtâ, sunîye bachan hamâre.
Zulm kîâ bete tere ne, Nâth kûń meń ḍâre.
Putr tere kâ jînâ nâhîń, sir par kâl pukâre.
Nikasat sâr bhasham kar degâ."

Aisâ bachan uchâre.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Ai mere Gur Deojî; sunîye, Gorakh Nâth;
230 Mere putr kâ jîwanâ haigâ tumhare hâth.
Haigâ tumhare hâth, Nâth; maiń dukh bhar-bharke pâlâ.
Tum bin âj jagat ke andar nâ koî thâmanwâlâ.
Iklotî kâ hai ik putr, karo is kî prît pâlâ."

---

225 Called her quickly.*

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.†

"O mother, hear my words.
Thy son hath been a tyrant and thrown the *jogî* into a well.
Thy son will not live, for he calls death on his head.
As soon as he gets out, he will turn him into ashes."

This is what he said.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"O my Lord Gurû; hear me, Gorakh Nâth,
230 My son's life is in thy hands.
Is in thy hands, my Lord: with many a trouble I brought him up.
Except thee to-day there is no protector in the world.
To her of one son there is but an only son, so do thou lovingly protect him."

---

* Scene changes completely, and the thread of the story is taken up from line 156.

† His coming to the help of his opponent is curious and probably an error. Kânîpâ would be the natural actor here.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Gopî Chand bulâe jalḍ se jabhî charan meṅ ḍâlâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Jâ, re bachchâ, amar ho; merâ yehî updes.
Chale Dhartarî Akâs sab, tûṅ nahîṅ chale, Nares.
Tûṅ nahîṅ chale, Nares: bachan tum ko samjhâyâ.
Amar nâm ab hûâ jagat meṅ, taiṅ jas pâyâ."

Ho rahî jai-jai-kâr kûṅeṅ se bîch nikâlâ.
Jo kuchh likhâ kalâm nahîṅ koî meṭanhârâ!
Kard nikâlî Nâth ne chîran lâge kân.
Dhartî larzî pâs kî aur larzâ Âsmân.
Larzâ Âsmân, Nâth ne jab jân kard bagâî.
Hasthî aur turang, brichh, sab roeṅ, roeṅ log lugâî.

She called Gopî Chand at once and placed him at the (Gurû's) feet.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

"Go, my son, live for ever: this is my blessing.
The Earth and the Heaven will go, but thou wilt not go, thou Lord of men.
Thou wilt not go, thou Lord of men: understand my words.
Now is thy name immortal in the world and thou hast won glory."

There were rejoicings when (the Saint) was taken out of the well.
The words written (by Fate) none can blot out!
The Saint took a knife and bored (Gopî Chand's) ears.
The Earth and the Heavens trembled.
The Heavens trembled when the Saint plied the knife.
The elephants and the horses and the (very) trees all wept, and wept men and women.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Sab ranwâs ron lâgâ hai, ik na Mainâwantî mâî.
Kân chîrke mundrâ gerî, selî gal meṅ pâî.
Ang bhasham, selî gale, dî Jalandhar Nâth.
Kânoṅ mundrâ ânke, jholî khappar hâth;
Jholî khappar hath un ke mahiloṅ 'alakh' jagâyâ.
Bhichhâ bhejo, rang mahiloṅ se gur kâ sabd sunâyâ.
Motîṅ bhîkh mile mahiloṅ se leke gur pe âyâ:
Hâth joṛke khaṛâ âgâṛi charnoṅ sîs niwâyâ.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"He Gopî Chand bâware, kyûṅ kartâ bad nâm?
Ab tak lobh nâ taiṅ tajâ! Jog lîâ kis kâm?
Jog lîâ kis kâm? Re bachchâ, mâyâ meṅ bharmâyâ.

All the palace began weeping, except mother Mainâwantî.
He bored his ears, he put in the rings and threw the necklace round his neck.
Ashes to his body and necklace to his neck gave Jalandhar Nâth.
With the rings in his ears, wallet and bowl in his hands.
Wallet and bowl in his hands he went into (his own) palace, and cried '*âlakh.*'*
'Give me alms' (said he) in the palace, obeying his Gurû's orders.
He received pearls as alms from the palace and took them to his Gurû:
Standing with joined hands before him he bowed his head at his feet.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Ho, Gopî Chand, thou fool, why givest us a bad name?
Even now thou hast not put away thy avarice! Why didst thou take the saintship?
Why didst thou take the saintship? O my son, thou art deceived by an illusion.

---

* The mendicant's cry when begging.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kankar pathar sab tyâgî the, ab leke kyûṅ âyâ ?
Haṭke phir mahiloṅ meṅ jâo: bhojan kyûṅ nahîṅ lâyâ ?
'Mâî' kahke bhichhâ lâo; gurû ne gyân batâyâ !"

'Alakh' jagâe mahil meṅ phirke dûjî bâr.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

260 "Mâî, bhichhâ dîjîye, Nâth khaṛe darbâr:
Nâth khaṛe darbâr, ân ḍeoḍhî pe 'âlakh' jagâyâ.
'Bhîk bhîk' maiṅ khaṛâ pukârûṅ; den koî nahîṅ âyâ !
Ab to âsan lagâ hamârâ: Adh Purush kî mâyâ.
Binâ lene ṭalne kâ nâhîṅ, Gur kâ dhyân lagâyâ."

Thou didst foreswear rocks and stones, why bring them now ?
Go back to the palace: why didst thou not bring food ?
Call (thy wife) 'mother'* and bring alms: this thy Gurû teacheth !"

He called *'âlakh'* a second time in the palace.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

260 "Mother, give me alms, the Saint standeth at the door:
The Saint standeth at the door, calling *'âlakh'* at the gate.
'Alms, alms' do I stand and cry, and none cometh to give.
Now have I taken up my seat here (to meditate) on the mystery of the Primeval Being.
Without taking alms I move not, but will meditate on my Gurû."

---

* By calling her mother she could not longer be his wife: the meaning is 'separate from thy wife.' The expression runs through many verses.

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Itnî Pâṭam Daî sunî 'âlakh, âlâkh' bhankâr.
Bândî beg bulâeke, tan bahot baḍâ hankâr.
Tan bahot baḍâ hankâr.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Rî bandî, thamtâ nahîṅ thamâyâ.
Is jogî ne râj bigâṛâ bhîk mângne âyâ.
Dar par bâhir khaṛâ ḍeoḍhî ke; zarâ khauf nahîṅ khâyâ.
Bâṅsoṅ mâro, bâhir nikâlo; tum ko yeh farmâyâ."

Sunat sâr bândî uṭhî, tan meṅ ghussâ khâe.
Mâran chalî faqîr ko, lînâ bâṅs uṭhâe.
Lînâ bâṅs uṭhâe bândi chal ḍêoḍhî pe âyâ.

Bândî.

"Are phakaṇḍî, jâ mahiloṅ se, kyûṅ martâ bin âe?
Mârûṅ bâṅs, girâ dûṅ mundrâ: kyâ bijyâ taiṅ khâî?
Pâṭam Daî kâ ḥukm, jogî; maiṅ mâran ko âî."

Meanwhile Pâṭam Daî* heard the cry of *'âlakh, âlakh.'*
She called her maid quickly in great wrath.
Great was her wrath.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"My maid, I cannot keep down my wrath.
This *jogî* will ruin my kingdom with his begging.
He stands outside the door at the gate and has no fear.
Strike him with a cane, turn him out; this I tell thee."

As soon as she heard this the maid was up in anger.
She went out to beat the beggar, taking up a long cane.
Taking up a long cane the maid went to the gate.

Maid.

"Thou cheat, leave the palace, why court thy death?
I will beat thee with a cane, I will throw down thy (mendicant's) earrings: what drug hast thou taken?
By (Rânî) Pâṭam Daî's order, *jogî*, am I come to beat thee."

---

* Râjâ Gopî Chand's wife.

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Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Kyûṅ, Bândî, dhamkâutî? kyûṅ kartî yeh shor?
Karam hamâre kâ likhâ; terâ nahîṅ kuchh zor.
Terâ nahîṅ kuchh zor; rî bândî, dhan dhan yeh amar âî!
Ik din bândî ṭahil karî thir palangoṅ sej bichhâî.
Khaṛî âgâṛî pawan karî thî: kis ne tujhe bharmâî?
Woh din, Bândî, bhûl gae, yeh bâṅs marne aî?"

Bândî.

"Are jogî, sun joganâ, maiṅ pûchhûṅ hûṅ toe.
Kis din terâ râj thâ? sach batâ de moe.
Sach batâ de moe; are jogî, kyûṅ tû hûâ saudâî?
Kis din terî ṭahil karî thî? kis din sej bichhâî?
Are phakaṇḍî, phire ḍoltâ chhalke duniyâ khâî!
Pâṭam Daî kâ ḥukm, joganâ, maiṅ mâran ko âî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Why threaten me, my maid? why make this noise?
It is written in my fate: thou can'st do nothing!
Thou can'st do nothing: my maid, immortal is my fate!
There was a day when a maid served me and made my bed:
Stood before me and fanned me: who hath deceived thee?
Hast forgotten that day, my maid, that thou hast come to beat me with a cane?"

Maid.

"Ah, *jogî*, hear, my would-be *jogî*, I ask thee.
When didst thou rule? tell me truly.
Tell me truly: *jogî*, where are thy senses?
When did I serve thee? when did I make thy bed?
Thou cheat, thou dost wander about deceiving the world with thy tricks!
It is (Rânî) Pâṭam Daî's order, my would-be *jogî*, that I beat thee?"

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Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Jis din râj kamâveṅ the ḥukm hazâroṅ kos;
Us din ṭahil karî thî; sun, Bândî behosh!
Sun, Bândî behosh, tû karî bhalâ hamârâ âsâ:
Rahne kâ tujhe ḥukm dîâ thâ Pâṭam Daî ke pâsâ.
Jog lîâ, tan bhasham ramâî, sabhî tajâ ranwâsâ.
Woh Gopî Chand Râo kahâwan, kîâ khâk meṅ bâsâ."

Dâran dukh ab jân hûâ: lînâ rûp pahchân.
Girî dharan bhû meṅ, paṛî marî dehî kî mân.
Marî dehî kî mân; bândî jhapaṭ chalî dharâlâ,
Sir kî keshâ phâṛ bagâî, lagâ jigar meṅ bhâlâ.
Rudan kare tan khâk ramâî, chit hûâ beḥâlâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"When I was the ruler over thousands of miles:
Then wast thou my servant: listen, thou senseless maid.
Listen, thou senseless maid, that raisest my hopes now:
It was I that sent thee to (Rânî) Pâṭam Daî.
I took on the saintship, rubbed on the ashes and gave up my household.
He is called Gopî Chand the King, that dwelleth now in the dust!"

Great was her sorrow now, for she recognized him.
She fell to the earth, fell like a lifeless body:
Like a lifeless body; quickly was the maid bewildered.
She tore off her locks, the lance (of grief) pierced her heart.
Weeping she rubbed ashes on her body, and her hear was very grieved.

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300 Pâṭam Daî ke pâs jâeko bâṅs hâth se ḍâlâ.

Muktâl.

Bândî.

"Maiṅ bândî sarkârî.
Ḥukm mujh ko hai bhârî!
Woh Gopî Chand Râo.
Khaṛâ deoṛhî par mahârî!"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

305 "Ai bândî, kyûṅ rotî? kyûṅ ho rahî behâl?
kyûṅ tan khâk ramâutî? kyûṅ phâṛe sir bâl?
Kyûṅ phâṛe sir bâl, rî bândî, dil meṅ ghabarâe?
Mâran gaî koṭal jogî ko rudan kartî âî!
Kyâ jogî ne apne mukh se khoṭî bât sunâî?
310 Kâran kaun batâ de, bândî, ? 'aqal kahâṅ bharmâî?"

---

300 She went to Rânî Pâṭam Daî and threw down the cane from her hand.

Refrain.

Maid.

"I am the Queen's maid,
Terrible was the order given me!
It is Gopî Chand the King
That stands at our door!"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

305 "Why weepest, my maid? why art distressed?
Why hast dust upon thee? why art tearing thy hair?
Why art tearing thy hair, my maid, in such misery of heart?
Thou wentest to beat that evil *jogî* and thou hast come back weeping!
Hath the *jogî* said any evil words to thee?
310 What is the reason (of all this), my maid? where are thy senses?"

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Bândî.

" Ai Rânî, sun lîjîye, ham se kahâ na jâe !
Jâ dekhâ Mahârâj ko chit gayâ kamlâê !
Chit gayâ kamlâe, arî, maiṅ phâṛ bagâî keshâ.
Kis ko mârûṅ ? kis se nikâlûṅ ? karan lagî laulesha.
Kânoṅ mundrâ, gall bich selî, kar jogî kâ bhesâ,
Dar par thâre bhîk mângte Gopî Chand Naresâ !"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

" Ai Bândî, bâtâṅ terî gaî hâḍ tan chîr.
Jâ dekhûṅ Mahârâj ko, kis bidh hûe faqîr.
Kis bidh hûe faqîr ? Abhî maiṅ darshan karne jâtî.
Hîre, motî, la'l, jawâhir, swarran thâl sajâtî.
Brahrûp tan upjâ merâ."

Maid.

" O Queen, hearken, I can hardly say it !
I went and saw the saint and my heart is grieved !
My heart is grieved and I tear my hair.
Whom was I to strike ? whom was I to turn out ? Great is my fear !
Rings in his ears, necklace round his neck, in the clothing of a *jogî*,
At thy door begging alms, is Gopî Chand, the Lord of men !"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

" O my maid, thy words pierce my flesh and bones.
I will go and see the saint, (to see) how he became a mendicant.
How became he a mendicant ? I will go and see him at once.
Bring diamonds, pearls, rubies and jewels (for me) on a golden platter :
My heart yearns on account of separation from him."

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Chal ḍeoṛhî pe âtî.
Sab ranwâs jharoke lâgâ paṛdâ chhuṭî banâtî.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Main Pâṭam Daî nârî:
Rûp mujh ko hai bhârî.
Bhichhâ lo, Mahârâj;
Nâth, main khaṛî âgâṛî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Garj nahîn is bhîk ke, râj hamen taj dîn.
Yeh pathar ham kyâ karen? Sun, Rânî parbîn.
Sun Rânî parbîn, hamâre kisî kâm nahîn âven.
Bhojan hai to hâzir de do. Kyâ is men se khâven?
Aise bhîk nahîn lene kâ: sat ke bachan sunâven.
Bâr bâr samjhâ chukâ hûn, bhîk de, ham jâven."

She went to the gate,
And all the palace (ladies) parting the screens peeped out from the windows.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"I am Rânî Pâṭam Daî:
Great is my beauty.
Take the alms, Mahârâjâ;*
My Lord I stand before thee."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I want not such alms; I have given up my kingdom.
What should I do with these stones? Hear, my wise Queen.
Hear, my wise Queen; they would be of no use to me.
If any food be ready give it me. What could I eat among these?
I cannot take such alms: it is truth that I tell thee.
Again and again have I said, give me alms (of food) and I go."

---

* The form of address usual towards *faqîrs*.

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Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Kyûṅ, Râjâ, bharmâ gae? Ham ko karat birân?
Kaun bât mukh se kaho? kyûṅ ho gae nipaṭ nâdân?
Ho gae nipaṭ nâdân, Râojî? kaisî bât sunâî?
Pân khâeke sej ram lî, ab kahte mukh se 'Mâî'!
Khâe kaṭârî jauhar karûngî, ho jâ jagat hansâî.
Solâh sau Pâṭam Daî Rânî kâheko parnâî?
Ham solâh sau Rânî.
Tajenge ab zindagânî!
Ham ko karat birân,
Kahî mâtâ kî mânî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Rânî, tum se kahûṅ; sunîyo man chit lâe.
Jog lîâ; jab garhist, kyâ lenâ jog kamâe?

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"O Râjâ, why hast been deceived? Why ruin us?
What is this thou sayest with thy lips? Why has become altogether foolish?
Become altogether foolish, Sir King? What is it that thou sayest?
Eating *pân*,* thou didst enjoy my bed, and now thou art saying 'Mother!'
I will stab myself with a dagger and become a sacrifice, for the whole world will jeer.
Why then didst thou marry the sixteen hundred (Queens) and Rânî Pâṭam Daî?
We sixteen hundred Rânîs
Will now give up our lives!
He hath ruined us,
Obeying his mother's words!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Rânî, I tell thee: hearken with heart and soul.
I have taken the saintship: if I remain married how can my saintship prosper?

---

* Figurative expression meaning the same as what follows.

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Lenâ jog kamâe? Apnî mâtâ kî kahî mânî.
Gadî baiṭhe râj kareṅ theṅ jab thî apnî Rânî.
Jog lîâ mukh setî bolûṅ 'âlakh, âlakh' kî bânî.
Ab tû mâtâ lagî dharm kî! Gyân dîâ Gur gyânî!"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Ai piyâ, ham marenge, tan bich khâe kaṭâr.
'Putr' mukh se nâ kahî; larzâ jîâ hamâr.
Larzâ jîâ hamâr, Râojî: kaisî bât sunâî?
Hamre sang kînâ thâ bhogâ, ab kyûṅ mât ṭhairâî?
Baṛe pâp bhogo, Mahârâjâ; jog panth nahîṅ pâî!
Yeh prâchhat sir se nahîṅ utare, Nark kuṇḍ ko jâe!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Rânî, tû anant gunî; kyûṅ kartî hankâr?
Karam rekh ṭalte nahîṅ; kyûṅ tan khâe kaṭâr?

How can my saintship prosper? I obeyed my mother's words.
When I sat on my throne and was a king, then wast thou my Queen.
(Now) having taken the saintship I call *'âlakh, âlakh'* with my lips.
Now thou art my sworn mother! The wise Gurû hath given me knowledge!"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"O my beloved, I die, stabbing myself with a dagger.
I will not call thee 'son': my heart trembles.
My heart trembles, Sir King: what hast thou said?
Thou wast happy with me, why hold me mother now?
This great sin shall hold thee, Mahârâjâ: thou shalt not win (the reward of) the saintship!
This sin shall ever be upon thy head, and thou wilt go down into Hell!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Rânî of boundless excellence, why art vexed?
The lines of fate are not (to be) blotted out: why stab thyself with a dagger?

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Kyûṅ tan khâe kaṭâr, Rânîjî? Kyûṅ man rudan lagâî?
Jo mar jâegî prân ghâtkar, degâ jagat burâî.
Ab mahiloṅ meṅ yeh solâh sau lageṅ dharm kî mâî!
'Putr' kahke bhichhâ lâ do, âsan ko phir jâeṅ."

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Ai Râjâ, tum dekhîyo, idhar karo tum dhyân.
Tum to jogî ho gayâ, ham ko karat birân.
Ham ko karat biran, Râojî; tum ne kyâ farmâe?
Sab ranwâs jharoke lâgâ kunjâṅ sî kurlâe!
Jo tum ko jogî honâ thâ, kyûṅ sir moṛ bandhâî?
Solah sau sabar paṛegâ hamrâ jî tarsâî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Rânî, tu sochtî: kyûṅ hotî dilgîr?
Mohan sejoṅ soe the, ab hoe dâran pîṛ.

Why stab thyself with a dagger, my Lady Queen? Why grieve in thy heart?
If thou die destroying thy own life, the world will blame thee.
Now are all the sixteen hundred queens of the palace my sworn mothers.
Call me 'son,' and give me the alms, and I will go back to my seat."

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"O Râjâ, see: pay attention to me.
Thou hast become a *jogî*, ruining us.
Ruining us, Sir King: what hast thou said?
(Look) all the palace (women) at the windows are wailing like wild geese!
If (thy intention) was to become a *jogî*, why didst thou (ever) bind thy crest upon thy head (as a king)?
The curse of the sixteen hundred be upon thee that hast wounded their hearts."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Queen, thou dost brood: why art sad at heart?
I (once) slept on pleasant beds, now am I in great trouble.

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Jab se dâran pîṛ, Rânîjî, kyûṅ dil men ghabarâî ?
Likhâ karm kâ nahîṅ miṭṭâ haî : samâjh soch man mâhîṅ.
Jab ham râj kareṅ the yehâṅ se, jab tum ko parnâî.
Ab to chhoṛ dîâ sab dhandâ tan meṅ bhasham ramâe.
Alakh Purakh kî yeh mâyâ, na kinî jag men pâî.
Itnâ hî sanjog likhâ thâ ; Bidhnâ bât banâî."

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Maiṅ Râjâ bintî karûṅ gall bich pallû ḍâr.
Honhâr so ho chukî, ab man karo bichâr.
Ab man karo bichâr, Râojî, râj pâṭ sab tyâgî.
Solâh sau bilagtî chhoṛî, kis bidh hûe birâgî ?

Since I am in great trouble, my Lady Queen, why art distracted in thy heart ?
The lines of fate are not to be blotted out : ponder it in thy heart.
When I was a King here, then I married thee.
Now have I given up all (wordly) affairs and rubbed ashes on my body.
This is the mystery of the Immortal Being ; no one in the world hath fathomed it.
So much companionship was written (in our fate) ; Fate hath done this."

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"I beseech thee, Râjâ, with my kerchief round my neck.*
What was to be has been, but bethink thee now.
Bethink thee now, Sir King, giving up (thus) thy kingdom and thy power.
How canst thou be a mendicant and leave thy sixteen hundred queens ?

---

* In great humility.

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Jâ din dekhûṅ rûp tumhârâ prem rûp meṅ pâgî.
Ab chhoṛûṅ kit jân, Mahârâjâ ? terî hî sang lâgî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Ai Rânî, kyûṅ sochtî ? kyûṅ hotî behâl ?
Râj karo, khushîâṅ karo, sab kuchh chhoṛâ mâl.
Sab kuchh chhoṛâ mâl, mulk meṅ râj karo sab nârî.
Ai Pâṭam Daî, ham nirbhâgî, mat kar hâṅs hamârî.
Jis din mahârâ janam hûâ thâ un meṅ kyûṅ nahîṅ bichârî ?
Tum kâheko man apne ko rudan karâutî, piyârî ? "

Ranî Pâṭam Daî.

" Ai Râjâ, hamrî bithâ sunîyo man chit lâe.

From the day that I saw thy beauty I have been entranced with the love of it.
How can I go and leave thee now, Mahârâjâ ? I go with thee ! "

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" O Rânî, why art sad ? Why art miserable ?
Rule and rejoice, for I have left thee all things.
I have left thee all things; let all the women* rule the country.
O Pâṭam Daî, I am unfortunate; make me not a laughing stock.
Why did they not ponder over this on the day I was born ?†
Why art thou then grieving thus in thy heart, my beloved ? "

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

" O Râjâ, hearken to my wailing with heart and soul.

---

* *i.e.*, his 1,600 Queens. † And destroy me and so prevent it.

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Âg lagûṅ is râj ko, marûṅ zahar bis khâe.
Marûṅ zahar bis khâe, Râojî: kâl hamârâ âyâ.
Mainâwantî apne kâran tum ko jog diwâyâ.
Âp baiṭhke râj karegî apnâ matâ upâyâ.
Solah sau kâ sabar paṛegâ: hamrâ jî tarsâyâ."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Mâtâ ne ham ko dîâ jog singâsan gyân.
Jo us ko maiṅ tyâg dûṅ, hot dharm kî hân.
Hot dharm kî hân, hamârâ jîwan kaise hoî?
Ai Pâṭam Daî, prem 'ishq meṅ surt dî maiṅ ne ḍaboî.
Mohe rûp kâ bâgh ujâṛâ prem bel ab boî.
Phal aur phûl rahâ Qismat kâ; Râm kare so hoî."

I will set this kingdom ablaze;* I will take poison and die.
I will take poison and die, Sir King: (the time of) my death hath come.
Mainâwantî hath made thee a *jogî* to gain her own ends.
She hath made a design to rule (the kingdom) herself.
The curse of (us) sixteen hundred queens will fall upon her: she hath wounded our hearts."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"My mother hath given me the highest knowledge (that comes) of devotion.
If I foreswear that, my virtue will be ruined.
My virtue will be ruined, and how shall I live (in the next world)?
O Pâṭam Daî, I am given up to the contemplation of the love (of God).
I have uprooted the garden of lust and pleasure and have planted the (creeping) plant of the love (of God).
The blossom and the fruit rest with Fate: it will be as God wills."

---

* *i.e.*, destroy it.

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Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Tum to jâno ho, piyâ, jog panth kâ gyân.
Hamrâ madh kyûṅ toṛiâ? Is kâ karo bikhân.
Is kâ karo bikhân, Râojî; ham kaisî kar jîveṅ?
Jogan banke sang chaleṅge, zahar piyâlâ pîveṅ!
Hâî karat hirdâ pâṭî hai; ab kaisî kar seveṅ?
Hâth bândhke khaṛî âgâṛî; charan tumhâre neveṅ."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Pâṭam Daî, sun lîjo; hamrâ yehî updes.
Jo tum ko sang le chalûṅ, kar jogan kâ bhes:
Kar jogan kâ bhes, piyârî, tum ko sang le jâûṅ,
Tab tû hai Pâṭam Daî nârî, jog panth nahîṅ pâûṅ.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"If thou know, my love, the knowledge of the way of devotion,
Why hast thou torn away the bloom of my (youth)? Explain this.
Explain this, Sir King: how am I to live?
I go with thee as a *jogan*,* (or) I drink a cup of poison!
My heart breaks with my wailing: how shall I serve thee now?
With joined hands I stand before thee, bowing to thy feet."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Pâṭam Daî, hear me; this is my admonition.
If I take thee with me, turning thee into a *jogan*:
Turning thee into a *jogan*, my beloved, if I take thee with me,
Then wouldst thou be Pâṭam Daî my wife, and my saintship would not profit me.†

---

* Female devotee.
† It being necessary that he should be celibate.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Nindiyâ kare jagat hî sârâ, jîtâ hî mar jâûṅ.
Karke sabr baiṭh mahiloṅ meṅ: bâr bâr samjhâûṅ."

Râṇî Pâṭam Daî.

"Sabr kyâ man apne? Suno, Râo Mahârâj.
Ham ko chhoṛ nirâs, jâ, nâ sidh rahe kuchh kâj.
Ai Râjâ, jabhî nâ sidh rahe kuchh kàj; janam bithâ kyûṅ khoyâ?
Ham ko karat bilâp, chain se kaise soyâ?
Jauhar karenge mahil sarb solah sau Râṇî,
Jaise tarphe mîn paṛe jal bin pânî.
Hirdâ kyâ kaṭhor? nahîṅ pichhlâ neh jânâ!
Ham ko kar barbâd, kahâ mâtâ kâ mânâ!
Tum to ho gae âj shakal bhûpan meṅ bhârî!
Kyûṅ hûe nâdân? mân lo sîkh hamârî!"

The whole world would blame me and I should live a living death.
Be patient and dwell in this palace; over and over again do I exhort thee."

Râṇî Pâṭam Daî.

"What patience is there in my heart? Hear, my Lord Mahârâjâ.
Leave me without hope, go and prosper in nothing.
O Râjâ, let nothing then prosper (with thee): why lose a life uselessly?
Making me miserable, how shalt thou sleep at thy ease?
All the sixteen hundred queens of the palace will sacrifice themselves,
As fish are restless out of the water.
How hard is thy heart, that hast forgotten thy old love!
Ruining me to obey the mother's whims!
(Even) to-day is thy mien mighty and majestic!
Why be (so) foolish? Hearken to my admonition!"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Ai Rânî, ânant gunî, bolo imrat bain.
Jagat bîch, sun lîjo, supnâ hai din rain.
He Rânîjî, supnâ hai din rain; nahîn rahtî thir kâyâ.
Chhin men hî ur jâe, jaisî brichh kî chhâyâ.
He Rânîjî, râj, pât, dhan, mâl gae sab râje tyâgî.
Brahmâ se chal base gae sanyâsî birâgî.
He Rânîjî, Dasrath se chal base, putr jin ke Bhagwânâ.
Kitnî dhartî gaî? Gae kitne asmân jahânâ?
He Rânîji, gae bahot se sidh! gae asmân ghanere!
Itne târe gae? gae sassî bhân bahotere!
He Ranîjî, tû birhe men parî, dûr kîje chitrâî.
Main kahtâ samjhâe, suno tû man chit lâe."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Rânî, of infinite excellence, thou sayest sweet words.
Hear me: day and night is this world a dream.
O my Lady Rânî, it is a dream day and night; nor does thy body remain here.
In a moment it flies away as the shadow of a tree.
O my Lady Rânî, rule and power and wealth and goods have all kings resigned.
Mendicants and devotees have resigned Brahmâ.*
O my Lady Rânî, Dasrath hath gone, whose son was God.†
How many earths have gone? How many heavens and worlds?
O my Lady Rânî, many saints have gone and many a heaven!
Many a star, and many a sun and moon!
O my Lady Rânî, a separation hath come to thee; put away thy sorrow.
I exhort thee, hear thou with heart and soul."

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* *i.e.*, worldly pleasures.

† Daśaratha, usually now-a-days Jasrath, was the father of Râmâ Chandra or Râm, now-a-days God.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Hameṅ bilaktî chhoṛke tan mârâ birhe kâ tîr.
Nâ jog suphal ho, Râojî, jo tum hûe faqîr.
He Râjâjî, jo tum hûe faqîr, chhoṛ dînî umrâî.
Durlab hai râj, nahîṅ phir miltâ yehâṅ hîṅ.
Durlab hai sansâr, baṛî durlab hai Rânî.
Durlab hai yeh sej; tumheṅ man meṅ kyâ jânî?
He Râjâjî, durlab hai sab jagat, aur sab durlab bhogâ.
Tum to jogî hûe, mere ko lagâ birogâ!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He Rânî, is jagat meṅ, jhûṭhî jagat prît.
Jhûṭhî haiṅ chhiplâîâṅ, jhûṭhî prem prît.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Leaving me wailing thou hast pierced my heart with the arrow (of separation).
May thy saintship not profit thee, Sir King, that hast become a devotee.
That hast become a devotee, O my Lord Râjâ, giving up thy nobility.
A precious thing is monarchy, you will not obtain it again here.
(The possession of) the world is precious, and a very precious thing is a Queen.
A precious thing is the (royal) bed: what art thinking in thy mind.
O my Lord Râjâ, the whole world is a precious thing and a precious thing is happiness.
Thou hast become a *jogî* and separation hath come upon me!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Rânî, false is earthly love in this world.
False the flatteries, false the love and affection.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

He Rânîjî, jhûṭhî prem prît, jaisî tarwar kî chhâyâ.
Jhûṭhî mumtâ mohe; jagat supnâ kî mâyâ.
He Rânîjî, kâmrûp bhamang chhûwat hî bikh charh jâe:
Maiñ jogî, abdhûp jâe sau kos parâe.
He Rânîjî, man châhe bairâg, bhog kaise kar lîje?
Deh mûe mar jâe. Kaho, ab kaisî kîje?"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"He Râjâ, bintî karûñ, charan tumhâre lâg.
Jab lag jîûñgî, piyâ, nahîñ miṭegâ dâg.
He Râjâjî, nahîñ miṭegâ dâg, lagâ hirde ke mâhîñ!
Kis par karûñ pukâr? Bith suntâ koî nâhîñ.
Kalpenge din rain rudan apne kar mâhîñ.
Ger chale andher, piyâ, ang bhasham ramâe.

O my Lady Rânî, false the love and affection as the shadow of a tree.
False the desire and the lust: the world is the illusion of a dream.
O my Lady Rânî, the poison of lust works by contamination:
I am a *jogî*, I must go from it a hundred miles away.
O my Lady Rânî, I am bent on mendicancy, how can I partake of pleasures?
My body is dead (to them). Say, how could I do it?"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"O Râjâ, I beseech thee, falling at thy feet.
As long as I live, my beloved, the stain of this will not be blotted out.
O my Lord Râjâ, the stain will not be blotted out, it is deep down in my heart!
On whom shall I call? None heareth my wailing.
I shall pass the days and nights in weeping.
Thou hast thrown a darkness round me, my beloved, in rubbing (these) ashes on thy body.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

He Râjâjî, nâ âge koî putr, sabr man kaise kîje ?
Yeh dukh sahâ na jâe, kâṭhan jî hamrâ lîje !"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He Rânî, tû dekh le, kar hirde meṅ gyân.
Ab tum ko to paṛ gae Râm bhajan kî bân:
He Rânîjî, Râm bhajan kî bân; aur kâraj nahîṅ koî.
Kabhî na tyâgûṅ jog; param dukh ham ko hûe.
He Rânîjî, Gangâ Jamnâ do ulaṭ parbat jâveṅ;
Chând, sûrij rath phire ulaṭ Pachham ko jâve;
He Rânîjî, ulṭî pirthî hove, tale ho jâ asmânâ:
Sîlwant sat chhâṛ kare piyâ kâ bânâ;

O my Lord Râjâ, I have no son, how then can I have patience in my heart?
This pain is not bearable, bitterness is in my heart!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Look you, O Rânî, take knowledge into thy heart.
Now on thee is fallen (the duty of) singing the praises of God:
O my Lady Rânî, of singing the praises of God: there is no other duty.
I will never give up the saintship; great troubles have I suffered.
O my Lady Rânî, Gangâ and Jamnâ may both flow back to the hills;
The chariot of the sun and moon may travel crookedly to the West;
O my Lady Rânî, the earth may turn over and the heavens fall;
A woman that hath given up modesty and virtue may wear the garb of a beloved (wife);*

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* Bear herself as a true wife.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ai Rânîjî, itnî kâraj hove; jog maiṅ kabhî na tyâgûṅ!
Dhyân dharûṅ; Gur Deo paṛûṅ charnoṅ: chit lâgûṅ."

An pitâ ke god meṅ baiṭh gaî dur ḥâl;
Rove putrî boltî karke ḥâl beḥâl.

Râj Kaṅwârî.

"He Bâbaljî, karke ḥâl beḥal hameṅ kit chhoṛûṅ jâe?
Kaun kare mahârâ piyâr? Nahîṅ koî sang kâ bhâî!
He Bâbaljî, kaun kare mahârâ biyâh? Kaun karegâ mahârî sagâî?
Kaun hameṅ de bhej? Kaun phire legâ mangâî?
Khâe kaṭârâ marûṅ; anant tumhare gall ḍâlûṅ!
Kabhî nâ deûngî jân, bhekh jogî kâ târûṅ.*

O my Lady Rânî, all these may be; but I never give up the saintship!
I meditate: I fall at the feet of the holy Gurû: I incline my heart (to him)."

Coming into her father's lap and sitting down in wretched plight,
His weeping daughter spake (to him) wailing.

The Princess.

"O father, why leavest thou me, making me wretched?
Who will love me now? I have no brother with me!
O father, who will arrange my marriage?† Also my betrothal?
Who will send me (to the bridegroom's house)? Who will call me (home) again?‡
I will stab myself and die; I will ever keep (my arms round) thy neck!
I will never let thee go, I will take off thy *jogî's* garb.

---

* For *utârûṅ*. † An absolute necessity to a Hindu girl.
‡ Ceremonies connected with marriages.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Yeh solah sau nâr umang joban ras bhînî,
Un se chhoṛ prît, jog chint âman lînî!"
Râjâ Gopî Chand.
"Ham, beṭî, jogî hûe, ang babhût ramâe.
Ab tumharî mumtâ nahîṅ: kin dînî bharmâî?
Kyûṅ dînî bharmâî? Panth hamrâ kyûṅ gherâ?
Nahîṅ mujh ko pahchân, nâm nahîṅ jânûṅ terâ.
He beṭî rî, kyûṅ roe? Kyûṅ jhure samajh apne man mâhîṅ?
Yeh Gopî Chand Râo âj tera bâbal nâhîṅ!
He beṭî rî, *tum* jâṇo, 'mahârâ pitâ lîâ bisyar ne khâe.!'
Maiṅ jânûṅ ghar bich nahîṅ kaniyâṅ janmâî!
Wahî kare thârâ biyâh âp Chandrâwal Rânî.
Wahî tumheṅ de bhej, wahî le beg bulâe."

These sixteen hundred queens in the full bloom of youth and beauty;
Rejecting their love thou hast given thy heart to devotion!"
Râjâ Gopî Chand.
"I have become a *jogî*, my daughter, rubbing ashes on my body.
I have no love for thee now: who hath been deceiving thee?
Why have they deceived thee? Why have they surrounded my path (with difficulties)?
I remember thee not: I know not thy name.
My daughter, why weepest? Why destroy the reason (that is) in thy mind?
This Râjâ Gopî Chand is not thy father to-day!
My daughter consider thou that a snake hath slain thy father!
I do not know (now) that a girl was ever born in my house!
She will arrange thy marriage (thy mother) Rânî Chandrâwal.*
She will send thee (to the bridegroom's house) and quickly call thee (home) again."

---

* This must be some other queen of Gopî Chand.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râj Kaṅwârî.

"He mere gyânî pitâ, kar hirde meṅ gyân.
Ang bhûkan utârke kyûṅ chirwâe kân?
He Bâbaljî, kyûṅ chirwâe kân? Kaho, kaise man ae?
Gahne basham utâr, ang kyûṅ bhasham ramâî?
Ger chale andher bhî jâte nirdhârâ.
Tum bin hamrâ kaun jagat meṅ thâmbanhârâ?
Bâlî 'umar nâdân man hamrâ kyûṅ toṛâ?
Bin dekhe nahîṅ rahûṅ, chit ab kaise mâṛâ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He beṭî, sachî kahûṅ: apnâ man samjhâe.
Kyûṅ rove man âpne? Pathar chit banâe.
Pathar chit banâe; nahîṅ rûwat banâî.

The Princess.

"O my wise father, take wisdom into thy mind.
Why hast taken the jewels off thy body and bored thy ears?
O father, why hast bored thy ears? Say, what came into thy mind?
Why hast taken off thy jewels and thy clothes and rubbed on the ashes on thy body?
Why hast cast darkness round us in the midst of the stream (of life)?
Except thee who is our supporter in this world?
Why break my heart in this my early youth?
I will not live except I see thee, how shall my heart turn back from thee now?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O my daughter, I tell thee truth: teach thou thy heart:
Why weep in thy heart? Make thy heart a stone.
Make thy heart a stone and weep not.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kabhî nâ meṭâ jâe karm jo ank likhaî.
Kachâ bartan hove, jidhar phere phir jâe:
Ham to jogî hûe; Gurû ne dîe pakâe."

Râj Kanwârî.

"He Râjâ, hamre pitâ, tyâg chale sab bhog.
Putrî kâ yeh bachan hai: suphal tumhârâ jog!
Suphal tumhârâ jog, pitâjî! Suphal tumhhârî bânî!
Suphal tumhârî barî tapashiyâ! Suphal Nâth gur gyânî!
Lâkh dafa, samjhâyâ tum ko: mahârî sîkh nâ mânî!
Chhâṛ chale kalar meṅ kâniyâṅ yeh solah sau Rânî!
'Ham man sabar karenge pitâ bin'; yeh kyâ tum ne ṭhânî?
Karke jauhar, prân taj denge: yâ le nischâ jânî!"

The lines that fate hath written can never be blotted out.
If the platter be unbaked it can be turned (as the potter listeth):
(But) I have become a *jogî;* the Gurû hath baked (the platter)."

The Princess.

"O Râjâ, my father, thou hast (indeed) renounced all pleasures.
This is thy daughter's blessing: blessed be thy saintship!
Blessed be thy saintship, my father! Blessed thy words!
Blessed thy great asceticism! Blessed the Saint, thy wise Gurû!
A thousand times I exhorted thee and thou wouldst not hearken!
Thou hast left thy daughter and the sixteen hundred queens in the desert (of despair)!
That we shall have patience in our hearts without thee! What is it thou hast thought?
Sacrificing ourselves we will give up our lives: know this for certain."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" He beṭî, jâkar kaho, maiṅ samjhâûṅ toe.
Mukh se 'putr' kahâeke bhîk diwâ de moe.
Bhîk diwâ de moe, rî, mukh se 'putr' kahâe.
Mahil qila rahne ke chhoṛe ban khaṇḍ surt lagâe.
Der hûî, Gur ham ko mâre, ablag bhîk nâî.
'Putr' kahke bhîk diwâ de, jog suphal ho jâî.
Maiṅ hûṅ jogî kâ chelâ.
Girhist se rahûṅ akelâ.
Râj pâṭ dîâ chhoṛ,
Banâ faqîr albelâ."

Râj Kanwârî.

" He mâtâ, bintî karûṅ gall bich pallû dâr.
Honhâr so ho gaî, ab man karo bichâr.
Ab man karo bichâr : pitâ ne taj dî sab umrâî.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O my daughter, go and tell them, I beseech thee.
(Tell them to) call me 'son' and give me alms.
(To) give me alms, dear, and call me 'son.'
I have left my palace and fort and my desire is (to go into) the forests.
It is late, the Gurû will beat me and till now the alms have not come.
Call me 'son' and give me alms that my saintship may prosper.
I am the *Jogî's* disciple,
I live apart from my family,
I have given up rule and power,
And become a simple mendicant."

The Princess.

"O mother, I beseech thee with my kerchief round my neck.
What was to be has been, ponder it now in thy mind.
Ponder it now in thy mind; my father hath given up his high station.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kân phâṛhke mundrâ ḍâlî, ang babhût ramâî.
Jo un kâ tum jog chhuṛâo, degâ jagaṭ burâî.
'Putr' kahke bhîk ḍâl do, jog suphal ho jâî!"

Râṇî Pâṭam Daî.

"He beṭî, kaisî kahûṅ maiṅ hûṅ sîl satîs?
Mukh 'putr' kaisî kahûṅ, we haiṅ, prân patîs?
We haiṅ prân patîs, rî beṭî; kyûṅ sar pap chaṛhâve?
Kaun jagat 'putr' kahe? Ham to bhar bhar chhâtî âve!
Bhog kyâ jâke sang soî, ab kyûṅ pâp lagâve?
Nark kûṇḍh ko jâ, haṭiyârî, khoṭî bât sunâve."

Râj Kaṅwârî.

"He mâtâ, man samjhe; bhalî kareṅ Jâgdîs.
Jitnî tumhare pâs haiṅ chaṛho hamâre sîs.

Boring his ears he hath put in the rings and rubbed ashes on his body.
If thou take away his saintship, the world will blame thee.
Call him 'son' and give him alms that his saintship prosper."

Râṇî Pâṭam Daî.

"O my daughter, how shall I say it, I that am virtuous?
How shall I say 'son' with my lips to him that is the lord of my life?
He is the lord of my life, my daughter: why place this sin upon my head?
What (wife) saith 'son' in the world? my heart is full!
Why then did he enjoy me, that putteth this sin upon me?
Go thou to hell, thou wretch, that said such evil to me."

The Princess.

"O mother, think of it: The Lord* will reward thee.
Put all thy sins upon my head.

---

* Jagdîs, the Lord of the world, *i.e.*, Śiva, God.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Charho hamâre sîs, rî mâtâ, jitnî prâchhit bhârî.
Burâ bhalâ sab ham ko kahe, nis din dîjo gârî.
Ab tum ko to yeh hi suphal hai jitnî ho tum nârî:
Mukh se 'putr' kaho pitâ ko: mâno bât hamârî."

Putrî ke mâne bachân, hûâ chit behâl.
Châr padârath pûrke lîâ hâth men thâl.
Lîâ hâth men thâl.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Râo, maiṅ tere sâmhne âî.
Bhichhâ lijo; kanth hamâre, châr padârath lâî.
Yeh hî hamrî asîs, piyâjî, suphal terî sidh âî!
Ik bar kahtî, lakh bar kah dûṅ, 'tû putr, maiṅ mâî!'"

Put on my head, mother, all the weight of thy sins.
Say all things good and bad to me, call me evil names day and night.
Now this will prosper thee and all of you queens,
That you call my father 'son' with your lips: hearken to my words."

She obeyed the girl and was wretched in her heart.
She filled a platter with four delicacies and took it in her hand.
She took the platter in her hand.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"King, I am come before thee:
Take the alms; my husband, I have brought thee four delicacies.
This is my blessing, my beloved, that thy saintship prosper!
I say it once, I say it a thousand times, 'thou art my son and I thy mother.'"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Lekar bhhichhâ chal pare ; bhalî karî Jagdîs !
Gur apne pe ânke charan niwâio sîs.
Charan niwâio sîs.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Gurûjî, tumharâ hukm bajâyâ.
Solâh sai mukh 'putr' kahâe jabhî bhîk maiṅ lâyâ.
Bârâṅ baras kî sutâ kaṅwârî tin sai phand chhuṭâyâ.
Ai Gur Deo, karo gat merî; tum se dhyân lagâyâ !"

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Gopî Chand, tum ye suno; bhojan jîmo sang.
Phir judâ âsan karo ; yeh hî faqîrî rang.
Yeh hî faqîrî rang: hameṅ se âsan judâ banâo.
Gur kâ nâm japo hirde meṅ, Har se dhyân lagâo.

He took the alms and went away: well hath the Lord done !
He came to his Gurû and bowed his head at his feet,
Bowed his head at his feet.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Sir Gurû, I obeyed thy order,
I made the sixteen hundred (queens) call me 'son' and then took the alms.
My maiden daughter of twelve years played three hundred tricks on me.
O my Lord Gurû, prosper my work; I meditate on thee !"

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Gopî Chand, listen to this: cook the food with me.
Afterwards take up thy abode apart; this is the way of devotees.
This is the way of devotees: have a separate abode from me.
Repeat the name of thy Gurû in thy heart and meditate upon Harî*

---

* Vishṇu, God.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Âlakh Nâm jî se nâ hâro, Râm Nâm gur gâo.
Jog lîe kâ yeh hî mazâ, Baikunṭh dahâm ko jâo."

Râṇî Pâṭam Daî.

"Sâs hamârî, jân kâ ṭujh pe paṛo srâp!
Putr ko jogî kîâ, râj karoge âp!
Râj karoge âp: hameṅ dâran dukh dînâ!
Solâh sau kâ sabar jân apne pe lînâ!
Jo karnâ châho râj, nahîṅ ham karne deṅge.
Aglâ pichhlâ kîâ âj sârâ bhar leṅge.
Nâ bilse, nâ khâe, nahîṅ gat hogî terî.
Karîye Narkoṅ bâs, pîṛ ṭujhe hove ghaṇere!"

Râṇî Mainâwanṭî.

"Ai rî Pâṭam Daî bahû, tum ho surgyân.
Putr maiṅ jogî kîâ, apnâ dharm pahchân.

Forget not the Imperishable Name in thy heart and praise the name of God.
This is the fruit of devotion that thou go to Heaven."

*Râṇî Pâṭam Daî.**

"Mother-in-law,† the curse of my life be upon thee!
Thou hast made thy son a *jogî*, that thou mightest rule thyself!
That thou mightest rule thyself thou hast brought me to much trouble!
Thou hast taken on thyself the curse of the lives of the sixteen hundred (queens)!
If thou wouldest rule I will not let thee.
I will take a full (revenge) for all thou hast done to-day.
Nor in drinking, nor in eating shall ought prosper thee.
Go and dwell in Hell, where thy agonies shall be many!"

Râṇî Mainâwanṭî.

"O my daughter Pâṭam Daî, take knowledge (of the things of Heaven).
I made my son a *jogî*, knowing my duty (to religion).

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* Scene changes. † Râṇî Mainâwanṭî.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Apnâ dharm pahchân, kîâ Gopî Chand jogî.
Kâyâ un kî amar ant parlo mân hogî.
He bahû rî nirmal, dekh sarûp karan kanchan sî kâyâ.
Nirkhat suphal so, bahû, kaṅwar ko jog diwâyâ ?
Apnâ suwâd bigâṛ kîâ putr nistârâ.
Kyûṅ socho din rain, rudan kartî har bârâ ?
Ûdar pasâre pair, pîṛ mujh ko hai bhârî !
Tum kyûṅ hot udâs sâth pheroṅ kî nârî ?"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Sâs hamârî, kyûṅ kîâ putr ko yeh faqîr ?
Tû sukhiyâ ab nâ rahe, ham ko dâran pîṛ !
Ham ko dâran pîṛ, dhîr man kaise lâveṅ ?
Mahiloṅ paṛâ andher, chit kaise samjhâveṅ ?
Joban lahar samuṇdar dekh jî ḍar pe hamârâ :

Knowing my duty I made Gopî Chand a *jogî*.
His body shall be immortal and his glory endless in the world to come.
O my pure daughter, behold his golden body.
Faultless and fruitful, I made my son a *jogî*, my daughter.
Destroying my own desires I gave benefits to my son.
Why grieve day and night, weeping every moment?
He kicked in my womb and great was my pain!
Why then art *thou* sad, that art (but) a wedded wife ?"

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

"Mother-in-law, why didst thou thus make thy son a devotee ?
Mayst thou know no joys that hast given me great griefs !
Great is my pain, how then shall I be patient?
A darkness hath fallen on the palace, how shall I teach my heart (not to grieve) ?
Youth sees the waves of the ocean (of life) and is afraid at heart.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kis bidh utareṅ pâr, kaṭhan biṛhe kî dhârâ?
Ai sasurjî, hirdiyâ kîâ kathoṛ: pîṛ tujh ko nahîṅ âî!
Putr kân chirâe, hameṅ kârâ raṇḍ biṭhâî!"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Ai rî Pâṭam Daî bahû, kyùṅ man kîâ udâs?
Bhajan karo us Râm kâ, ho Surgoṅ meṅ bâs!
He bahû rî, ho Surgoṅ meṅ bâs, bart pî kâran kîjo.
Râm bhajan ke het apnâ man tan dîjo.
He bahû rî, karo dân aur pun, mukat apnî kar lîjo.
Maiṅ kahtî har bâr, dharm apnâ mat chhîjo!"

"Bithâ merî sun lîjo, beṭâ Gopî Chand,
Sukh âsan ko chhoṛke paṛe mohe ke phand.

How shall I cross over (plunged) in the bitter current of separation?
O mother-in-law, thou hast hardened thy heart: thou hast had no pity!
In that thou hast bored thy son's ears and made me a widow!"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"O my daughter Pâṭam Daî, why grieve in thy heart?
Sing the praises of God and go to dwell in Heaven.
My daughter, go to dwell in Heaven, and fast for thy love's sake.
Deliver up thy body and soul to the praise of God.
My daughter, do charity and good works and earn thy salvation.
I tell thee never forsake thy duties!"

"Hear my complaint, O my son Gopî Chand.*
Giving up thy pleasures, thou art fallen into the snares of lust.

* Change of scene: Mainâwantî is now addressing Gopî Chand, repenting of her former action.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

He beṭâ re, paṛe mohe ke phand; Indar ne bâd lagâyâ.
Pawan chalat hai, ḍher bahot hî jal barsâyâ.
He beṭâ re, aṭlas makhmal sej bin kabhî nindra nahîṅ âî.
Ab pânî par leṭ, putr; maiṅ kurlâî.
He beṭâ re, mahil qilâ aur sukh chhoṛke rain kaṭâî.
Kit gaio palang niwâṛ, sej phûloṅ kî chhâe?
He beṭâ re, kit gaî sagarî nâr, jinheṅ tû par pawan jhulâe?
Yeh dukh rahâ bhog, kahe Mainâ Daî mâî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He mâtâ, jangal to rahe hamre mahil aṭâṛ.
Bhûṅ meṅ sej komal banî, taj dîe palang niwâṛ.
He mâtâ rî, taj dîe palang niwâṛ, khâk meṅ bâsâ lînâ.
Paraṁ sukhî ham hûe, mohe sab hî taj dînâ.

O my son, fallen into the snares of lust: this is the evil doing of Indar.*
The winds blow and the rains fall heavily.
O my son, thou didst never sleep but on a bed of satin and velvet.
Now, my son, thou sleepest in the rain and I grieve.
O my son, thou passest the night without palace and fort and comfort.
Where has gone thy easy bed and thy couch of flowers?
O my son, where have gone all the women that fanned thee (while asleep)?
And this trouble is thy lot; saith thy mother Mainâwanti!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O mother, the forest is my lofty palace.
The soft earth is my bed, giving up my easy couch.
O mother, giving up my easy couch, I dwell in the dust.
Very happy am I, giving up all desires.

---

* The god of the heavens.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

He mâtâ rî, râj, pâṭ, dhan, mâl, bojh maiṅ sar se târâ: *
Ab soûṅ sukh chain prîtham, sab se hî niyârâ."

Râṇî Mainâwantî.

"He beṭâ, sun lîjo mujh jananî kî bât.
Is dukh meṅ, beṭâ mere, kyuṅkar kâṭe rât?
He beṭâ, kyûṅkar kâṭe rât? Baṛa komal tan terâ.
Dekh zamîn par bâs, putr jî, larze merâ.
He beṭâ re, mahfal ke singâr âp karo the chitrâî.
Ab kidhu saber,† Mantrî yâd karâî.
He beṭâ re, tyâg jog, chalo sang, baiṭhke râj kamâo.
Mân hamârâ kahâ; deh ko kyûṅ tarsâo?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He Mâtâ, sun lîjîye; jo prâṇî mar jâe,
Phir khoṛ ke bîch meṅ kaise parves ho jâe?

O mother, I have put away rule and power and wealth and goods and greed.
Now do I sleep at ease for the first time away from them all."

Râṇî Mainâwantî.

"O my son, hear the words of thy bearing mother.
Why spend the nights in such trouble, my son?
O my son, why spend the nights (thus)? Very tender is thy body.
Seeing thee dwell on the (bare) ground, my son, my heart trembles.
O my son, thou didst rejoice as the ornament of the Court:
Still there is time to call the Minister,
O my son, and give up the saintship and come to us and sit on thy throne.
Hearken to my prayer; why destroy thy body?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O mother, hear me; if a man's (soul) die,
How can it again enter his body?

---

* For *utârâ*. † For *sawer*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kaise parves ho jâe ? Kahûṅ, Mâtâ, sun lîje.
Nikas bhaṅwar uṛ jâe, ang phir kaise chhîje ?
Paṛî rahe hai khoṛ, nahîṅ mamtâ kare kôî.
Tûṅ kyûṅ hûî hai nâdân ? 'aqal tumhare kyûṅ khoî ?
Chhoṛ dîâ sab râj, sarb solâh sau Rânî.
Ab aisî mat kaho : bol mukh imrat bânî !"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

" Châr Khûṇṭ ramte phiro, karo des kî sair.
Bangâlâ mat jâîyo, jo tû châhe khair.
Châho tum khair, terî barje hai mâî.
Bangâlâ ke des matî jânâ, re bhâî.
Dekhegî rûp terâ bhagwâ, jî, bânâ,
Bahinâ taj degî prân ; hûâ kis bidh ânâ ?
Chandan rukh chhoṛ, matî lâo, jî, berî.
Bigaṛe paṛlok ; kahî mân le merî."

How can it re-enter ? I tell thee, mother, hear me.
When the soul has fled away, can the body be still alive ?
The dead body remains and none cares for it.
Why art thou then foolish ? Why hast parted with thy sense ?
I have given up all rule and all my sixteen hundred queens :
So speak not thus : say sweet words with thy lips."

Rânî Mainâwantî.

" Wander over the Four Quarters, wander over the world.
(But) go not to Bengal as thou desirest thy welfare.
As thou desirest thy welfare, thy mother forbids thee.
Go not to Bengal, O my beloved.
She will see thy form and thy coloured (*jogî's*) dress,
And thy sister will give up her life (even) before (enquiring) how thou camest !
Do not sacrifice the sandal tree to plant the wild plum tree :
O thou wilt lose the life to come : hear thou my prayer."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Jâ din se jogî bhae karke bhagwâ bhes,
Ghar solâh sai nâr thî, sab taj dî hamesh.
Sab taj dî hamesh, bahin kaisî mar jâgî?
Yeh hî sûrat ko dekh, bahot sâ rudan karegî.
He Mâtâ rî, âvenge samjhâe, dhîr man men dharegî.
He Mâtâ rî, tum lîjo bulâe, phir kyûn rudan karegî?"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Tu, beṭâ bholâ phire, main samjhâûn toe.
Ghar kî tiriyâ hai bhalî, na ghar ghar ḍolat hoe.
Na ghar ghar ḍolat hoe, turt prân gawâve.
Âp tire kul târ jagat nâm karwâve.
Ab bichharoge putr, phir kaun milâve?

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Since the day that I became a *jogî* and put on the coloured dress,
I gave up my house and the sixteen hundred queens and all for ever:
All for ever; (so) why should my sister die?
When she sees my plight she will (only) weep bitterly.
O my mother, she will be reasonable and have patience in her heart.
O my mother, send for her (here) and then why should she grieve?"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

"Thou art a simple fool, my son, I tell thee.
An honest wife is happy, she wanders not from house to house.
She wanders not from house to house and quickly she dies.*
She gains salvation for herself and her name in all the world.
But if a son be separated who will call him back?†

---

* After her husband by *sati*.
† *i.e.*, a sister and a mother live on after separation.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Yeh chaṇḍâ tasvîr, mujhe phir nahîṅ pâve.
Baiṭho ghar, râj karo, putr piyâre.
Maiṅ kahtî kar joṛ, bachan mân hamâre."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ham jogî abdhût haiṅ, kareṅ des kî sail.
Mâtâ chhoṛî bilaktî, kareṅ Gauṛ Bangâlâ sail."

Râgnî.

"Sail hameṅ mulk kî karnî.
Kahûṅ kar joṛke, jananî.
Des chal bahin ke âe,
Dhyân Gurû charan se lâe.
Bâgh bistar dîâ lâe.
Gagan meṅ bâdalî chhâî.
Mîg barsan lage bhârî.
Bhûl sidh budh gîâ sârî.

It is a horrible picture that I meet him no more.
Come home (then) and be king, my beloved son.
I say it with joined hands; hear my prayer!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I am a holy *jogî* and I will wander the earth.
Leaving my mother weeping I will go to Gauṛ and Bengal."*

Song.

"I will wander the earth,
I tell thee my mother with joined hands."
He went to his sister's country,
And fell at his Gurû's† feet.
He brought his bed into the garden.
And clouds overshadowed the heavens.
The rain fell heavily,
And he lost his senses (for misery).

---

* Gauṛ, the old capital of Bengal. † Jalandhar Nâth.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bît rajnî* gaî sârî.
Prabhû, taiṅ kyâ bipat ḍârî ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Târe gin gin kâḍhe maiṅ âj kî rain.
Utare, jî, kar bandagî Rabb ṭhâṛe ke bain !
Rabb ṭhâṛe ke bain ; uṭho, ab dhyân lagâûṅ.
Ab Râjâ ke mahil jâeke 'âlakh' jagâûṅ."

Khapar le lîâ hâth, Gurû kâ dhyân lagâyâ.
Jâ ḍeoṛhî ke bîch nâth ne 'âlakh' jagâyâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"De bhichhâ mohe ân, der itnî kyûṅ lâî ?
Sun, bândî kamzât, der itnî kyûṅ lâî ?"

Champâ Daî Rânî kahî, bolî bachan sambhâr.

He spent the whole night thus,
(Saying) "God, what misery hast thou brought upon me ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Counting the stars† have I passed the night.
O my heart, devote thyself to the service of God and He will save thee.
God will save thee ; I will up and meditate on Him,
Presently will I go to the king's palace and call '*âlakh.*'"

He took his bowl in his hand and meditated on his Gurû.
Going to the gate the *jogî* called out '*âlakh.*'

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Come and give me alms, why are ye delaying ?
Hear, thou wicked maid, why art thou delaying ?"

Said Rânî Champâ Daî‡ using cautious words.

---

* The night. † Metaphor; with great impatience.
‡ Gopî Chand's sister.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Bhichhâ lekar jâîyo, nâth khaṛe darbâr.
Paṛtî hai dhûp, khaṛâ ang pasîje.
Bhar motîoṅ kâ thâl beg jogî ko dîje.
Jo bhojan kî kâj take âke dwârâ:
Woh khâve na âp us se dîje sârâ.
Yeh jogî ab dhûp kabhî khâlî na jâve.
Le bhichhâ de pâe, der pal kî na lâve."

Bhichhâ le bândî chalî Râjâ ke darbâr;
Ḍeoṛhî pahunchî, ânke bolî bachan sambhâr.
Bolî bachan sambhâr.

Bândî.

"Bhîk maiṅ tum se lâe.
Le, jogî ke lâl."

Dûr se 'araz lagâe.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Go to him with alms, for the saint stands at the door.
Fierce is the sunshine, the sweat stands on his body.
Go and fill a platter with pearls quickly and give it him.
If he has come to our door for food,
Give him all that we have not eaten.
This *jogî* in the sun will never go away empty.
Go and give him alms, delay not a moment."

Taking the alms the maid went to the Râjâ.*
Reaching the gate she spake cautiously.
She spake cautiously:

Maid.

"I bring thee alms:
Take it, my *jogî*."

Standing apart she spake.

---

* Dressed up as a *faqîr*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bândî.

"He piyârâjî, terî sûrat ko dekh bahot man mâṅ sharm âî,
Jis ghar janameṅ, Nâth, terî kyâ jîve mâî?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He bândî, tum se kahûṅ, sun lîjo man lâe.
Tû bândî ranwâs kî, merâ jog akârat jâe;
Jog akârat jâe; tere nahiṅ bhichhâ leûṅ.
Hameṅ Gurû ke âṅ bhîk tum se nâ leûṅ.
He bândî rî, bole bachan khaṭor: hîâ larzâ nahîṅ terâ?
Dhârânagar kâ Râo, nâm Gopî Chand merâ."

Bândî.

"Kyûṅ, jogî, 'aqal gaî? bolo bachan sambhâr.
Jholî lûṅgî chhîn ab, dhakke dûṅ do châr.

Maid.

"My friend, seeing thy beauty I am much grieved.
My Lord, can the mother that bore thee be living?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"My maid, I say to thee, take it to heart.
Thou art a maid of the palace and my devotion will be fruitless.*
My devotion will be fruitless: I cannot take thy alms.
I am (a disciple) of the Gurû, I cannot take alms from thee.
My maid, thou speakest hard words:† doth not thy heart tremble?
I am the Lord of Dhârânagar and my name is Gopî Chand."

Maid.

"Where is thy sense gone, *jogî?* speak carefully.
I will seize thy wallet now and give thee two or three slaps.

---

* If I take from thee. † In asking me.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dhakke dûn do châr, jog men kaisî bânî bole ?
Tû jogî be-îmân hûâ hai ghar ghar mângat ḍole.
Aise kare jawâb, kharâ ḍeorhî mahârî bolî !
Mârûngî main bâns tere sir dharan par ḍolî !"

Nainoṅ bhar bhar rote sun bândî kî bât.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ik lîe hai mol tû, râkhî jî kî sâth.
Râkhî jî kî sâth ; âj main lîe hî faqîrî.
Ai bândî rî, tû mâre mere bâns, huî dil kî dilgîrî.
Râj pâṭ dîâ chhoṛ, tajâ main takht amîrî :
Yeh samjho man bîch : likhî mere karam faqîrî."

I will give thee two or three slaps : what is thy saintship saying ?
Thou art a scoundrel of a *jogî* and beg from house to house as a pretence.
Saying such things (to me) standing at our gate !
I will strike thy head with a cane and throw thee in the dust !"

His eyes were full of tears when he heard the maid's words.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Firstly thou wert purchased and the favorite of our hearts :
The favorite of our hearts : to-day am I a mendicant.
O my maid, thou hast struck me with a cane and my heart is sad.
I have given up my rule and my power and parted with the honour of my throne :
Understand this in thy heart ; mendicancy was written in my fate."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bândî.

"Jâ, jogî ke bâlke, jo tû châhe khair.
Ghar ghar bhichhâ mângtâ kartâ ḍole sair;
Kartâ ḍole sair, chhîn le nâr parâî.
Yeh chhal kî bât ang meṅ bhasham ramâî.
He jogî re, kab taiṅ lînî mol? Hameṅ, bândî, batlâî!
Jholî lûngî chhîn, kare tû bahot burâî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Dhârânagar asṭhân hai, kahûṅ tumhâre pâs.
Gangâjî kâ nahân hai; Gurû pûran kîjo âs!
Pûran kîjo âs, Gurûjî; yeh kumbh kâ hai melâ!
Sab parwâr chhoṛkar âyâ sab se bhalâ akelâ.
Yeh duniyâ matlab kî garjî; nahîṅ gurû, nahîṅ chelâ!

Maid.

"Go, thou *jogî's* spawn, if thou desire thy welfare.
Thou wanderest from house to house begging under a pretence:
Under a pretence, to steal wedded wives.
It is all for deceit that thou hast rubbed ashes on thy body.
O my *jogî*, when didst buy me? tell me, thy maid!
I will snatch away thy wallet, thou hast put me to much shame!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"My home is Dhârânagar I tell thee.
I am come to bathe in the Ganges: may the Gurû fulfil my hope!
Fulfil my hope, O Gurû! this is a grand festival!*
Leaving all my household I am come quite alone.
This world is wrapt up in its own desires: none is teacher, none is disciple!

---

* The *kumbh melâ* is a fair held every twelve years while certain rivers are propitious. The scene shifts from time to time. Allahabad (Ilâhâbâd or Prâg) and Hardwâr have been the scenes of late of *kumbh melâs*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ab lîjo âdes hamârî, mat na karo jhamelâ.
Chhoṛ dîâ sansâr âj maiṅ; yeh jag darshan melâ!
Is mâyâ se koî bache: hai pakke gur kâ chelâ!"

Sûrat sohnî dekhke roî paṛî tat kâl.
Kûk mâr mukh ro paṛî ho gaî ḥâl-beḥâl.
Ho gaî ḥâl-beḥâl rudan kartî bhârî.

Bândî.

"Tû sunîye man lâe, tujhe kah de sârî:
'Champâ Daî bahin mujhe jo mil jâe;
Yeh kahtâ hûṅ âp khaṛâ, mujhe dîje batlâe.'
Khappar hai hâth, kân mundrâ ḍâlî,
Khaṛâ ḍeoṛhî ke bâr, nîr nainoṅ se jârî."

Sunke bândî ke bachan man meṅ hûâ sandes.

Take my blessing now and be not angry.
I give up the world to-day: this world is (transient as) a fair.
A few escape the illusion, the real disciples of the Gurû."

Seeing his beauty she began to weep.
Crying out and weeping she became very wretched.
She became very wretched weeping violently.

Maid.

"Listen with heart and soul and I will tell thee all.*
(Saith he) 'I would meet my sister Champâ Daî;
I tell thee standing here, show her to me.'
He hath a bowl in his hand and rings in his ears.
He standeth at the gate weeping."

Hearing the maid's words there was a doubt in her heart.

---

* To Râṇî Champâ Daî.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Ab darshan karûṅ, kaisâ hai darvesh?
Kaisâ woh darvesh?"

Jab hî chalke deoṛhî pe âî.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Lîjo bhichhâ, Nâth, ab kyûṅ itnî der lagâî?
Kaun des se bhî âunâ? ham ko de batlâe.
Maiṅ pûchhûṅ hûṅ, Nâth: hameṅ ko dîjo sach batlâe.
Karke bhagwe kapṛe bhar jogî kâ bhekh.
Yo jogî kâ rûp hai! aise phireṅ anek.
Phirte hai anek rûp dharke moheṅ:
Koî maṛhîoṅ ke bîch âp baiṭhe soeṅ.
Yeh duniyâ sansâr phire matlab garjî?
Kyâ bolî mukh ân? nahîṅ chhâthî larzî!
Sun, bândî kamzât; kahûṅ tumharî tâîṅ.
De motîṅ kâ thâl; jâo bhichhâ pâî!"

Le bhichhâ bândî chalî bhar motîṅ kâ thâl.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"I will see him now, what kind of mendicant he is.
What kind of mendicant is he?"

She went to the gate at once.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Take the alms, my saint, why delay so long?
Whence comest thou? tell me.
I ask thee, my saint: tell me truly.
With coloured robes and the garb of a *jogî*,
This is a true *jogî's* appearance! many such wander.
Many wander about under various forms:
Some sleep in huts.
This world is ever taken up with its own desires.
What hast thou said? doth not thy heart tremble!
Listen thou wicked maid, I tell thee.
Give him a platter of pearls: go and give him alms.

The maid took the alms and the platter of pearls.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bândî.

"Bhichhâ lîjo, Gur Nâthjî; kyûṅ ho rahe beḥâl?
Kyûṅ ho rahe beḥâl? Nâthjî, maiṅ bhichhâ le âî.
Ḥukm dîâ Rânî ne mujh ko, bhîk den ko âî.
Kyûṅ karte ho soch, Nâthjî? kyûṅ man soch lagâe?
Lene ho, to leo, Nâthjî; nahîṅ, yehâṅ se ramjâe."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"In motîṅ ke bhîk ke nahîṅ mujhe darkâr.
Kankar pathar sab taje chhoṛ âyâ parwâr.
Sab chhoṛâ parwar, rî bândî, kahtâ mukh se bânî,
Yâ to merî bahin lagî hai jo mahiloṅ meṅ Rânî.
Maiṅ to faqîr hûâ, râj taj, bag gae qalam nishânî.
Dîje darshan karâe bahin kâ, yeh maiṅ mantar ṭhânî."

Itnî sun bândî chalî, huâ chit beḥâl.

Maid.

"Take the alms, my Lord Gurû, why art sad?
Why art sad? my Lord, take the alms.
The Rânî gave me the order to give the alms.
Why art grieved, my Lord? why art sad at heart?
It is to be taken, so take it, my Lord, or go away from here."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I want not alms of pearls.
I have given up my household and rocks and stones.
I have given up my household, my maid, I tell thee.
It is my sister that is the Rânî of this palace.
I am a mendicant, I have given up royalty, and blotted it out (of my life).
Let me see my sister, this is my desire."

Hearing this the maid went sorrowfully.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bândî.

"Woh Gopî Chand Râo hai, ho rahâ hâl behâl!
Ho rahâ hâl behâl! Râo ne kânoṅ mundrâ pâî!
Mukh de râj-sōmâj, Nâth kî nâ upmâ kahî jâî!
'Yeh Champâ Daî bahin hamârî mujh ko de milâî,
Nahîṅ bhûlûṅgâ aḥsân, rî Bândî; tujh ko Râm dohâî!'"

Itnî sunke bât jabhî Rânî pe ân sunâî.

Bândî.

"Is jogî ne apne mukh aisî bât sunâî."

Itnî sun Rânî chalî, nahîṅ lagâî bâr.
Jo dekhî hai ânke khaṛê Nâth darbâr.
Khaṛe Nâth darbâr; ânke charnoṅ sîs niwâyâ.
Lînâ rûp pahchân Rânî ne, nainoṅ nîr bharâyâ.

*Maid.**

"He is Gopî Chand the king that is so wretched!
That is so wretched! The king hath put the (*jogî's*) rings into his ears!
Right royal his face, the saint is beyond praise!
(Saith he) 'Permit me to see my sister Champâ Daî,
And I will never forget the obligation, my maid: I adjure by God!'"

As soon as she heard it she went and told the Rânî.

Maid.

"This is what the *jogî* said with his lips."

Hearing this the Rânî went without any delay.
When she came to the door she saw the saint standing there.
The saint was standing in the door: she went and bowed her head at his feet.
She recognized him and the Rânî's eyes filled with tears,

* A soliloquy apparently.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Kyâ tum ne kuchh bhîṛ paṛî hai? kyûṅ jogî ban âyâ?"

Itnî kahke paṛî dharan par, nahîṅ bol mukh âyâ.
Ḥâl behâl nahîṅ sûjî bisiyar ḍang lagâyâ.
Rânî Champâ Daî.
"Kaun kare Kartâr ân sukh mâṅ dukh pâyâ?"
Râjâ Gopî Chand.
"He bahinâ, sun lîje; man meṅ râkho dhîr.
Kyûṅ man rudan lagâutî? kyûṅ sir phâṛe chîr?
Kyûṅ sir phâṛe chîr! rudan kyâ man meṅ bhârî?
Rowat zar bazâr, nîr nainoṅ se jârî?
Karam likhâ so hûâ, mân le 'araz hamârî.
Dasrath ne taj de prân Râm banoṅ bâs sidhârâ.
Ai bahinâ rî, kyûṅ hûî nâdân, rudan kartî din râtî?
Sun sun tere bain merî bharâve chhâtî!"

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Hath any sorrow come upon thee? why hast become a *jogî?*"

Saying this she fell to the earth and spake not with her lips.
She lay senseless as if a snake had bitten her.
Rânî Champâ Daî.
"What hast thou done, O God, bringing sorrow in the midst of joy?"
Râjâ Gopî Chand.
"My sister, hear me: have patience in thy heart.
Why art weeping? why art tearing thy hair?
Why art tearing thy hair? why art weeping so bitterly?
Weeping so bitterly with tears in thy eyes?
What fate hath written hath been, hear my saying.
Dasrath gave up his life and Râm went to live in the forests.*
O my sister, why art foolish, weeping day and night?
My heart is full hearing thy words!"

---

* Allusion to the well known scene in the *Râmâyaṇa.*

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Ai bhâî, sun lîjîye, hûâ chit umang,
Nahîñ hosh tan kî rahî, uṛâ rûp aur rang.
Uṛâ rûp aur rang, bîran mere, bhar-bharâve chhâtî.
Dekh-dekhke rûp tumhârâ, rahî tan kî sidh jâtî.
Wahî ghaṛî mere hâth na âve, us din pahchâtî,
Mujh birhan ko dukh hai bhârî, dekh surt mar jâtî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Rudan kare mat, bâwarî; kyûñ hûî ḥâl behâl?
Dukh sukh hai sab Karam kâ, kyûñ phâṛe sir bâl?
Kyûñ phâṛe sir kî bâl, bahin? kyûñ rudan lagâe?
Tum samjho man bîch bîran koî nâhîñ.
Hai jhûṭhâ sansâr, banâ supnî ki mâyâ.
Chhoṛî mâmtâ prît, hâth kisî ke nahîñ âyâ.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"O brother, hear me! my heart is sad.
No pleasure is left in my body, flown are joy and delight.
Flown are joy and delight, my brother; my heart is full.
Seeing thy state, the joy of my heart hath departed.
Would that the hour had not come to me when I recognized thee!
Heavy grief hath come upon me in seeing thee, quickly will I die."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Weep not, foolish one: why art sad?
Joy and sorrow are of Fate, so why tear thy hair?
Why tear thy hair, sister? why weep?
Teach thy heart that I am no brother.
It is a false world, the illusion of a dream.
I have given my desire and love (for it): it is not of use to any one.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jo dharte Harî dhyân mukat un kî ho jâî.
Yeh jhûṭhî hai prît, nahîṅ bahin, nahîṅ bhâî!"

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Ai bhâî, sun lîje, man meṅ karo bichâr.
Man dhîraj kaise dhare, roe zâr bazâr!
Roe zâr bazâr? Bîran mere bharâ naiṅ meṅ pânî.
Kaṭhan jog; sadhne kâ nâhîṅ; kyâ le nischâ, jânî?"

Itnî kahke mukh Rânî kâ nikasâ bhaṅwar sîlânî.
Âp gaî Baikuṇṭh dhâm ko 'Râm, Râm,' kahe bânî.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

Gopî Chand Râjâ kahe, joṛ âgârî hâth.
Kâghaz ho jo meṭ dûṅ, karam na meṭe jât.
Karam na meṭê jât, nain bhar bhar Gopî Chand roe.

Who meditate on Harî will obtain salvation.
It is a false love (here): none is sister, none is brother!"

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"O brother, listen: ponder it in thy heart.
How can I have patience in my heart, weeping bitterly?
Weeping bitterly, my brother, my eyes are full of tears.
The saintship is difficult; thou wilt not accomplish it:
why give up thy life uselessly?"

Saying this the noble soul of the Rânî took flight.
It went up to Heaven with '*Râm! Râm!*'* on her lips.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.†

"Saith Râjâ Gopî Chand with joined hands before thee.
Paper can be blotted out, fate cannot be blotted out.
Fate cannot be blotted out, Gopî Chand's eyes are full of tears.

---

* 'God! God!' † A prayer.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bahin merî beḥâl paṛî hai ; jag meṅ ân ḍaboe.
Jis din se lîâ jog hameṅ nain nahîṅ nînd bhar soe!
Ai Prabhû, kyâ karî âuke ? kûk mâr mukh roe!"

Kân bhinak Gur ke paṛî, kaṅwar kare udâs,
Chhâṛ gophâ jogî chale, ân khaṛe hûe pâs.
Ân khaṛe hûe pâs.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Kaṅwar, tujh ko barje thî Mâî,
Kyûṅ ṭhâṛe dilgîr hue ho ? Har châhe, so hûî.
Chalo maṛhî ke pâs, ai bachchâ ; ab kyûṅ der lagâî !
Yeh jhûṭhâ sansâr, jagat meṅ nahîṅ koî kisî kâ, bhâî!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Tum Gurû dîn diyâl, ho, lajjâ tumhare hâth.

My sister lies senseless ; I am destroyed in the world.
From the day I became a *jogî* my eyes have known no sleep !
O Lord, why hast done this ? I cry out with my lips and I weep !"

His cry reached the Gurû's* ears, (the cry of) the prince's prayer.
The Gurû left his abode and stood beside him.
And stood beside him.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"O Prince, thy mother dissuaded thee.
Why nurse thy sorrow ? It has been as God willed.
Come to my hut, my son ; why delay now ?
This is a false world, none careth for any in the world, friend !"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Thou art a compassionate Gurû, my honor is in thy hands.

---

* Jalandhar Nâth.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Yeh merî bahin jiwâe do; nahîṅ, marûṅ bahin ke sâth.
Marûṅ bahin ke sâth: jog kaṇḍak kyûṅ kînâ?
Nek dard nahîṅ toe, jagat meṅ apjas kînâ?
Merî bahin jiwâe; bachan tum se kah dînâ:
Yâ tû aṭ srâp, nahîṅ jag meṅ merâ jînâ!"

Haṅske bachan sunâute ân Kaṅwar ke pâs.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Jog jugat jâne nahîṅ; ab kyûṅ bhae udâs?
Ab kyûṅ bhae udâs? Re bachhâ, ab kyûṅ soch lagâo?
Bhaj Alakh kâ Nâm, re bachâ; mat dil meṅ ghabarâo."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Apnî unglî chîr, Gurûjî, hamrâ sat rakhâo.

Bring this, my sister, to life, or I will die with my sister.
I will die with my sister: why hast disgraced my saintship?
Hast no pity that thou dost disgrace me in the world?
Bring my sister to life, I beseech thee:
Or receive my curse, (for) I will not live on in the world!"

He smiled when he heard the words and came to the Prince.

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Thou knowest not the principles of devotion: why art sad now?
Why art sad now? My son, why art grieving?
Repeat the Immortal Name, my son, and grieve not in thy heart."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Cut thy finger,* Sir Gurû, and retrieve my honor.

---

* Allusion to the common notion that the blood of the little finger will bring the dead to life again under certain circumstances.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Champâ Daî kî prân phir ghaṭ bhîtar ân bâsâo."

'Râm Râm' karke uṭhî donoṅ bhûjâ pasâr.

Râṇî Champâ Daî.

"Â bîran, mil lîjîye; ab kyûṅ kartâ bâr?
Ab kyûṅ kartâ bâr, bîran? ab kar milne kî tayyârî.
Ai Gopî Chand, bîr hamâre, nahîṅ hûngî tum se niyârî.
Gur kâ darshan kîâ hai âke, ham ne yeh hî bichârî.
Man ke maṭ gaî soch hamârî; khushî hûî nar nârî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Tum ghar râj aur pât hai; ham jogî tere bîr.
Mere ang babhût hai, aur bigaṛe terâ chîr.
Aî bahinâ rî, bigaṛe terâ chîr, kahâṅ se phir mangâveṅ?
Wahî kare terâ piyâr, wahî tujhe neot jamâveṅ."

Bring Champâ Daî's life back into her body."

Saying '*Râm Râm*' she arose and stretched out her arms.

Râṇî Champâ Daî.

"My brother, come to me; why delay now?
Why delay now, my brother? I am waiting to embrace thee.
O Gopî Chand, my brother, I will never be separate from thee.
I thought thee a follower of the Gurû.
(But) I have given up my anxieties: let men and women rejoice."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Thine is rule and power: I am thy poor brother.
I am covered with ashes and thy clothes will be spoilt (by the embrace).
O my sister, thy clothes will be spoilt: whence will I obtain them again (for thee)?
She (thy mother) will love thee, she will invite thee (home) in due time."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rânî Champâ Daî.

" Âg lago is chîr ko: gerûṅ sir se târ.
Phir, biran, tum se kabhî milûṅ na dûjî bâr.
Milûṅ na dûjî bâr, bîran? maiṅ terî sûrat pe wârî.
Tumheṅ dîâ updes: merî nâ Mainâwantî mâî!
Ghar solâh sau nâr taje haiṅ, rudan kareṅ haiṅ sârî.
Nek na rakhâ mohe, bîran; taiṅ mujh bahinar âj bisârî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Bin Sâḥib kî bandagî terî gat nahiṅ hove.
Ab yehâṅ se ṭhairî nahîṅ, phir milne nahîṅ hove.
Milan nahîṅ hove, bahin: mâno bachan hamârâ.
Juṅ Gopî Chand milâ, bahin, milîyo jag sansâra.
Bahin setî bhâî milâ hai bahot kîâ hit piyârâ."

Rânî Champâ Daî.

" Fire burn these clothes: I throw them from my head?
My brother, shall I never meet thee again?
Shall I never see thee again, my brother? I am sacrificed to thy beauty.
She gave thee this advice: let Mainâwantî be no mother of mine!
All the sixteen hundred women thou hast deserted weep thee.
Thou didst preserve thy love (for me), brother; thou hast destroyed even me thy sister to-day."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" Without devotion to the Lord salvation cannot be to thee.
I will not tarry here now, nor shall I meet thee again.
I will not meet thee again, sister: mark my words.
As thou hast met Gopî Chand again, sister, may this whole world meet.
Sister and brother met and great love passed (between them)."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Itnî kahke chale Nâthjî, nain nîr chûe niyârâ.
Ang beḍhang kîâ sab tan kâ, jab mahilon se pag dhârâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Hath joṛke kahûṅ, Gurû, maiṅ, kar meṛâ nastârâ!"

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Â bachchâ, yehâṅ se chaleṅ, chhoṛ jagat se prît.
Yehâṅ apnâ koî hai nahîṅ, jhûṭhî jag kî prît.
Jhûṭhî jag kî prît, re bachâ; mâno kahî hamarî.
Â, Gangâ ashnân karenge: jaldî karo tayyârî.
Gyân tat kî selî leke wahî tere gal ḍârî.
Chalo bhekh kâ darshan kar lo: ho kâyâ amar tumhârî!"

Saying thus the Saint went away, dropping tears from his eyes.
His body changed greatly, when he put his foot without the palace.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I say to thee with joined hands, my Gurû, grant me salvation!"

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Come, my son, let us go from here, leaving the desire of the world.
None is for us here, false is the love of the world.
False is the love of the world, my son: mark my words.
Come let us bathe in the Ganges: come make ready quickly.
Taking the necklace of knowledge (unto salvation) I place it round thy neck.
Come let us visit the saints, and be thy body immortal!"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

No. XIX.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ CHANDARBHÂN AND RÂNÎ CHAND KARAN.

AS SUNG BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[According to the bards this poetical legend belongs to the same cycle as the last and relates the loves of Râjâ Chatrmukaṭ of Ujjayinî, the grandson of the great Vikramâditya, being the son of that king's daughter, Chatrang Daî, and Chand Karan, the daughter of Râjâ Chandarbhân. Chandarbhân himself is generally described as the nephew of Gopî Chand Bhartarî, and so according to the usual legends he would belong to the same caste as Vikramâditya.]

[The legend, however, is pure folklore throughout, and for those that delight to see Solar Myths in such things, I would point out that the translated title of the tale would be "King Sun's-Rays and Princess Moonbeam," that Chatrmukaṭ means the Glorious Throne, and that his mother's name means the Lady of Glorious Form. The rest of the myth could be easily worked out.]

TEXT.

Qissa Râjâ Chandarbhân wa Rânî Chand Karan.

Jûṅ jûṅ châtar hûî siyânî,
Mâî bâp ko chintâ thânî:
"Pânch mohar, nâryal kâ golâ!
Le Bâhman terê godî meṅ ḍâlâ."
Tîn Kûṇṭh Bâhman phirâe,
Chand Karan kâ bar na pâe.
Phir we Bâhman hûe udâs,
Haṭ Râjâ ke âe pâs.
Nain bhare-bhar Rânî roî:
"Tere bag gaî qalam na meṭe koî!"
"Kyûṅ janî thî, hamrî mâî?
Hamrâ bar paidâ nâ lâe!"
"Jis Kartâ ne rûp dîâ thâ,
Tumharâ bar paidâ kîâ thâ!"
"Is Rânî kî mahil banâo.

Hîrâ motî abaj* lagâo.
Is ṭâpû meṅ mahil chunâo.
Bîch bîch murîâṅ rakhwâo.
Launḍî bândî sabhî mangâo,
Is Rânî kî tâba' karwâo."

Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambelî:
Mandar meṅ dukh bhar rahî akelî.
Pûrab des se haṅsâ âe.
Jhuk bâdal barsan ko âe.
Uḍkar haṅs mahil par âe.
Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe.
Bâl bâl motî purove.
Chatr haṅs dohrâ batlâve.
Us Rânî ko kah samjhâve:
"Hai koî dharmî dharm kamâve?
Mujh haṅsâ ko pânî pilâve?"
Itnî bât Rânî sun pâve:
Bhar gaḍwâ Rânî jal kâ lâve.
Dhanak bâl nainoṅ kâ mâre.
Ulṭkar haṅs jimmî† par âve.
Jhâṛ jhapaṭ chhâtî se lâve.
"Tum âo, haṅs, merî motî khâo.
Maiṅ chun chun kalîyâṅ chhej bichhâûṅ."
"Rânî, chog chûṅ terâ kuchh nâ khâûṅ.
Terî dekh sûrat uṭh kahîṅ na jâûṅ.
Aisâ rûp dîâ Kartâ ne,
Uṛdî panchhî mar uthârî.
Rânî, aise rûp kâ garab na karîye:
Tû karanhâr Kartâ se darîye!
Rânî, solâh baras kî 'umar tumhârî:
Kis augan meṅ rahî kaṅwârî?"
"Syâbas,‡ re mere haṅsâ gyânî,
Taiṅ mere choṭ jigar kî jânî."
"Rânî, bar lâûṅ terâ Siyâm salonâ,

* For *'ajab.* † For *zamîn.* ‡ For *shábásh.*

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kâyâ dage jaisâ nirmal sonâ:
Hor bât kahne kî bahoterî;
Maiṅ janam janam ke naukar tere."
Tîn bachan haṅsâ ne lîe;
Tîn bachan Rânî ko dîe:
" Tere kâran, Rânî, chalâ samundar pâr.
Jîwandâ rahâ â milûṅ, nahîṅ, Narwar* koṭ jawâr."

Tab haṅsâ ne lîe uḍârî,
Dhartî chhoṛ agâs sambhâlî.
Bhûkh lagî parbat se bhârî.
Yâd kare Mahârâj ḍulârî,
" Isî waqt Rânî pe hotâ,
Hîrâ motî sab chug khâtâ!
Kahâṅ gaî merî birho Rânî?
Chugâve chog, pilâve pânî!"
Sîtal peḍ padam kî chhâyâ,
Jahâṅ haṅsâ ne ḍerâ lâyâ.
Jain† Shahr se phandî âyâ,
Us phandî ne phand chalâyâ.
Dânâ dhar pânî dikhlâyâ.
Bhûkhe piyâse haṅs kâ dil lalchâyâ.
Ik chûnch pânî kî pîve.
Dûsrî chûnch chogî kî khâve.
Tîsrî chûnch bharnî nâ pâve,
Jhatak jâl haṅsâ lîe ḍabâve:
" Maiṅ kyâ jânûṅ, kaptî, terî hâṅsî?
An paṛe mere gal meṅ phâṅsî.
Ai phandi, par merâ na tûte.
Hamrâ mûl hameṅ se chûke."
" Maiṅ tangṛî torûṅ, pâṅkh maṛorûṅ.
Tujh panchhî ko kadî na chhoṛûṅ."
" Maiṅ phaṅs gîâ, phandî, terî jâlî.
Mere bâṭ dekh de, Chand Kaṅwârî."
Phandî khainchî âp ko, aur haṅsâ khainche âp.

---

* Explained as the Day of Judgment, *Qiyâmat*. † For Ujjain.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kaho "Kartâ kaise bane jo din se ho gaî rât!
Hai koî dharmî dharm kamâve?
Is pâpî se jân chhuṛwâve?"
Itni bât mâlan sun pâve;
Bharî Kachahrî Râjâ pe âve.
Â Râjâ pe araj lagâve:
"Tere Shahr meṅ kaptî chorâ.
Us ne satâe jangal ke morâ."
Itnî bât Râjâ sun pâve:
Charh ghoṛâ ban khaṇḍ ko lâve:
A phandî se araj lagâve:
"Phandî, ghar ghar terâ bakrâ bandhâûṅ;
Jain Shahr meṅ hukûmat biṭhâûṅ;
Lâkh takâ swarran kâ leîye;
Is panchhî ko ham ko deîye."
"Râjâ, pîlî sî damṛî kyâ dikhlâve?
Yeh panchhî merî kuṛme kâ khâjâ."
Râj teg goh charh gîâ bhârî.
Sût talwâr phandî kî mârî:
Donoṅ hath qalam kar dîe:
"Uṛ jâ, re jangal ke bâse.
Maiṅ kâṭ deî tere gal kî phaṅsî."
Itnî sun haṅsâ ghabarâe;
Chatr Râjâ ko dohrâ sunâî:
"Hor Râjâ sab râj kareṅ, tu Râjâ sahbâj.
Panchhî kî band chhuṛâ dê; terî hoîyo 'umar drâj!
Râj, kahûṅ bât tumheṅ lagî piyârî.
Mere mulk meṅ aisî Rânî,
Mirgâne taj dî ghâṅs aur pânî!"
Itnî sun Râjâ ḍole,
Chatr haṅsâ se mukh se bole:
"Haṅsâ, merî yehâṅ haiṅ solah sai Rânî,
Jin kî dekh sûrat jal pîûṅ pânî."
"Un Rânîâṅ hameṅ dikhlâe,
Râj mulk sabhî chhuṛâve."
Apne mahil meṅ Râjâ hukm pahunchwâve;
Sabhî Rânîâṅ ko Râjâ bulwâve.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Koî nâche, koî bhû batlâve:
Chatr hañsâ ke man koî na bhâve:
"Jaisî terî solah sai Rânî
Merî Rânî kî bhase panihârî."
"Hañsâ, apnî Rânî ko hameñ dikhlâe:
Râjâ mulk merâ sabhî chhuḍâe."
Châdnî rât, tilak rahî târî.
"Ab le chal, mere hañsâ pyâre."
Chatr hañs ne pankh pasârî:
Chatr-mukaṭ ho lîe sawârî.
Tab hañsâ ne lî uḍârî,
Dharnî chhoṛ agâs sambhâlî.
Tîn roz uṛdî ko bîte.
Jal aur thal neṛe na dîse.
Jis waqt Râjâ mahil se chhûṭe,
Sawâ man kanch mahil men phûṭe.

Â Rânî ke bâgh meñ baiṭhe,
Uṛkar hañs mahil par âe.
Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe:
"Â jâ, re mere hañsâ gyânî:
Kahâñ chhoṛe piyâ, mere jânî?"
"Rânî, des mulk ḍhuṇḍâ jag sârâ,
Tujh chandrî kâ bar na pâyâ."
"Khâ kaṭâr, hañsâ, maiñ marûngî:
Dhan joban kâ dher karûngî:
Us pardesî bin ghaṛî na bachûngî!"
"Ránî, bar lâyâ terâ Siyâm salonâ,
Us kî kâyâ dage jaisî nirmal sonâ.
Châr ghaṛî tab rain bihâve,
Wahî Kañwar tere mahiloñ âve.
Rânî, rang rang kî banât banâo;
Apnî badan ṭhorâ atar lagâo:
Chatr hañse ke âge ko âo:
Tîn sai sâṭh palang mahil meñ bichâo:
Patîlsoz tum sabhî jalâo;
Dîve setî araj lagâo:

'Sun, Swarran ke Dîve, sun merî ardâs :
Âj milâwâ mere piyâ kâ, jalîyo samag-rât !'"
Itnî sunâ hañsâ chal âe ;
Chatr-mukaṭ se araj lagâî :
"Chândnî rât jhamak rahe târe ;
Ab le chal, tû hañsâ piyâre."
Chatr hañs ne pankh pasârî ;
Chatr-mukaṭ ho lie sawârî.
Tab hañsâ ne lîe uḍârî.
Â baiṭhe Rânî kî aṭârî.
Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambelî.
Mandar meṅ dukh bhar rahî akelî.
"Hañsâ, is Rânî kî tû kare baḍâî ?
Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhaî !
Rânî nahîn, koî hai panhârî !
Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhaî !
Maiṅ yûṅhîṅ chhoḍî solâh sai Rânî !
Mere navve kañwar, mere râj-dhârî !"
Itnî sun hañsâ farmâveṅ,
Chatr-mukaṭ Râjâ ko samjhâveṅ :
"He Râjâ, tum mat ḍolo.
Is mukh se jarâ pallâ kholo :
Hilîyoṅ hilîyoṅ hâth lagâo :
Rânî ke hâth kî chhallâ nikâlo."
Chatr chorî hañsâ karwâve :
Râjâ ki gûṇṭhî Rânî ko diwâve :
Rânî kî chhallâ Râjâ ko diwâve !
Baiṭh hañs par Râjâ bhâge.
Bhâgat bhâgat dohrâ banâve,
Chand Rânî ko kah samjhâve.
"Ankhoṅ dekhâ ghî bhalâ, khâyâ bhalâ na tel :
Chatrâ se rû se bhale aur bhâṭ mukh kâ mel."
Bhawar bhaî jab birhan jâgî.
Le gaḍwâ mukh dhowan lâgî.
Sang kî sahelî sab charnoṅ lâgîṅ :
"Bât kahûṅ ik abaj anoṭhî,
Kis mard ke bâth kî gûṇṭhî ?

Le gayâ chhallî, de gayâ gûṇṭhî !"
Sab sakhîyoṅ ne kar gayâ jhûṇṭî !
"Rânî, tere se pahile, ham par soîṅ,
Ham kyâ jâneṅ rât kyâ hoî ?"
"Hâî, jawânî rang lî, jâ tûṅ dî gaî pît,
Rang rang merâ pî gayâ, galiyoṅ rul gaî pîk."

Itnî meṅ haṅsâ chal âe ;
Â Rânî se araj lagâî :
"Maiṅ tujh kâ man kî karûṅ baḍâî.
Tujh chandrî ko nindrâ âî.
Maiṅ tere kâran *mûṛakh kahâyâ.*
Maiṅ hîrâ janam apnâ *yûṅhîṅ ganwâyâ.*
Jo jangal meṅ pânî pâûṅ.
Ḍûb marûṅ, *muṅh na dikhlâûṅ.*"
"Haṅsâ, *unglî tarâchhûṅ, namak rachâûṅ ;*
Sârî rât maiṅ jâg *rahûngî ;*
Apne chor ko pakaṛ rahûugî.
Apne apne chor ko sab koî ḍâre mâr :
Hamrâ chor ham ko mile, jo maiṅ tan man wârûṅ jân."
Itnî sun haṅsâ chal âe.
Â Râjâ se araj lagâî :
"Râjâ, aise chhallî tum ne kaḍḍhî,
Rânî kî bâth meṅ chîre âî !"
"Ai haṅsâ, us Rânî ko milâo :
Hamrâ jûṛâ kyûṅ ṭarpâo ?
Châṅdnî rât tilak rahe târe !
Ab le chal, mere haṅsâ piyâre."
Châtr haṅsâ ne pankh pasârî :
Chatr-mukaṭ ho lîe sawârî.
Â Rânî kî chhej utârî.
Hilîyoṅ hilîyoṅ hâth lagâe.
"Chor chor" kar Rânî jâgî :
"Ai chorâ, tum kaun bai ?
Merî badan ke hâth lagâo ?"
"Chor nahîṅ, maiṅ chand hazârâ !
Tere kâran ghar bâr bisârâ !

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Main Bîr Bikarmâṅjît kâ potâ !
Chatrâng Daî kâ beṭâ, Chatr-mukaṭ hai nâm hamârâ."
Itnî sun Rânî ghabarâî ;
Chatr hans kî jamphî pâî :
" Syâbas, re mere hansâ gyânî !
Tain merî choṭ jigar kî jânî."
Usî waqt khânâ pakâve :
Chatr-mukaṭ ko khânâ khilâve.
Ânkhoṅ kî karî koṭhrî ; paṭlî dî bichhâî ;
Palkâṅ kî chik gerke ; sâjan lîe biṭhâe.
Râjâ Rânî khushî kareṅ is mahiloṅ ke maṅh.

Bhawar bahî jab mâlî âyâ,
Le phûl Rânî pe âyâ.
Un phûloṅ meṅ tolan lagî thî,
Rânî phûloṅ se badhan lagî thî.
Itnî sun mâlî chal âyâ :
Chandarbhân se araj lagâyâ :
" Ik chor tumhârî âve hawelî,
Is Rânî ko kar lîâ akelî ! "
Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ ;
Us mâlî se araj farmâyâ :
" Kaun chor âve merî hawelî ?
Tumheṅ na mârûṅ : mujhe Râm dohâî ! "
" Rât ko âve, rât ko jâve :
Ik hans Râjâ ko le âve.
Râjâ, gair samoṅ dâ Phâg banâo,
Rang ke boṭalâṅ* Rânî pe pahunchâo,
Usî chor ko pakaṛ mangâo."

Bolî Râuî, " sun, mere Râjâ,
Mere pitâ ne Basant manâyâ :
Gair samoṅ kâ Phâg rachâyâ :
Rang ke boṭalâṅ* mere pe pahunchwâî."
Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ ;

* The English word ' bottle ' : very remarkable here.

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Us Rânî se araj lagâyâ :
" Mere pakaṛne kî hikmat lâyâ."
Itnî kah Râjâ ne mukhṛâ moṛâ ;
Us Rânî ne rang Râjâ par ḍârâ ;
Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ :
Mahâ mahil meṅ rudan machâyâ :
" Is waqt na koî hamrâ,
Apne mahil men tû kar rahî dâwâ."
" Râjâ, dhobî ko bulâûṅ ;
Kapṛe dhulwâûṅ, rât rât tere gal meṅ pawâûṅ."

Le kapṛe dhobî ghar ko âyâ,
Pahir kapṛe dhobî bajâr meṅ âyâ.
Nazarbâj ne pakaṛ mangâyâ :
Laṭh mukkâ dhobî par chalâyâ.
Ḍarde dhobî ne Râjâ batâyâ.
Hâth bândh Râjâ laṭkâyâ.
Dekhan âve nar nârî :
Pakaṛanhâre ko deṅ sab gârî.
Pakaṛ chor ko Râjâ pe lâe.
Us Râjâ ne hukm lagâe.
" Is ko ham pe mat lâo.
Is chor ko phâṅsî diwâo."
Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ.
Us haṅs ko dohrâ sunâyâ :
" Kit merî solâh sai Rânî ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain ?
Chandar-karan, tere kârne yûṅhîṅ gaṅwâî jân !"
Itnî sun haṅsâ chal âe.
Â Rânî se araj lagâî :
" Terâ bâp yeh zulm kamâve :
Us Râjâ ko phâṅsî diwâve."
Itnî bât Rânî sun pâve.
Woh mahiloṅ meṅ rudan rachâve :
Ho dilgîr zamîn par âve :
Apnâ sîs palang se mâre.
Launḍî bândî Râjâ pe âve ;
Us Râjâ se araj lagâve :

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"Râjâ, tumharî putrî maran lagî hai.
Apnî jiṇḍṛî khowan lagî hai."
Itnî bât Râjâ sun pâve;
Usî chor ko turt bulwâve:
"Ai chorâ, tum kaun kahâo?
Merî beṭî ke mahiloṅ âo?"
Itnî bât Râjâ sun pâve:
Râjâ Chandarbhân se faryâd lagâve:
"Kit merî solâh sai Rânîyâṅ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain?
Is Rânî ke kâran yûṅhîṅ gaṅwâî jân."
Itnî sun Râjâ khûsh hûe; Rânî lî bulwâe:
"Râjâ tumharâ â gayâ, aur khushî hûâ parwâe:
Ghar kâ Bâhman bulwâe lo aur phere deo diwâe."
Khushîâṅ Râjâ kar rahe phere dîe diwâe:
Mahiloṅ meṅ rahine lag gae, hukm dîe batâe.

Râjâ Rânî do jane kar rahe man kî bât:
"Ab ure se chal paṛo, aur chalo apne ghar bâs."
Rowan lag gaî bândîyâṅ aur rowan lage ranwâs:
"Rânî thî, ab chal paṛî, phir kab milne kî âs?"
Ḍolâ kaswâkar chal paṛe lambe raste jâe.
Haṅsâ Râjâ chal paṛe Jain Shahr ko jâe.
Ṭâpû meṅ ḍere lag gae, Rânî kare jawâb:
"Ure baiṭhe kyâ kareṅ? chalo apne ghar bâs."
Itnî kahkar â gae Jain Shahr ke pâs:
Jâ apne rang mahil meṅ karan lage do bât.
Khushîâṅ Shahr kar rahâ, "â gae hamâre bhartâr!
Ghane dinoṅ meṅ ghar âe; kirpâ karî Kartâr!"

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Râjá Chandarbhân and Rânî Chand Karan.

As beauty grew
Her father and mother became anxious:
"These five gold pieces and the cocoanut,
Take, Brâhman, in thy arms."*

* It is usual for rich or great people to send a Brâhman, as described, to arrange a marriage.

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To the Three Quarters the Brâhman went
And found no match for Chand Karan.
Then the Brâhman sorrowfully
Came back to the Râjâ.
The Rânî was weeping her eyes out:
"What the pen (of fate) hath written for thee cannot be blotted out (my daughter)!"
"Why (then) didst thou bear me, mother?
He hath found no match for me!"
"The Creator hath endowed thee with beauty;
He hath (surely) created thy match (also)!"
(The Râjâ ordered), "Build the Princess a palace.
Give endless pearls and diamonds.
Build her a palace on an island,*
Put windows into it.
Give her countless maids and attendants,
Under the orders of the Princess."

The breezes were blowing and the jasmines blooming,
She was sitting in her palace very sorrowfully.
A swan† flew up from the Eastern Land,
And the clouds gathered for rain.
The swan flew to the palace.
Then the Princess adorned herself
And decked her hair with pearls.
The wily swan sang to her,
And said to the Princess:
"Is there any righteous one to do a good work?
And to give me a drink of water?"
The Princess heard these words,
And filling a pitcher the Princess brought him water.
And shot him a glance from the bow of her eyes.
The swan fell backwards to the earth.

* Probable reference to the islands in the lakes about several of the principal Râjpût cities on which palaces were built.

† It is usual to render *hańsa* by swan, but in reality it is a fabulous bird of indeterminate character.

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She took him up and clasped him to her breast:
"Come, my swan, and eat of my pearls;*
I will pick blossoms (for thee) and make thee a bed."
"Princess, I will not eat of thy food.
Seeing thy beauty, I depart no more.
Such beauty has God given thee
That it casts its glamour even over a bird.
Princess, be not (too) proud of thy beauty,
But fear the Creator that made it!
Princess, sixteen years is thy age:
Whose fault is it that thou art not married?"
"Well done, thou wise swan of mine,
Thou hast guessed the sorrow of my heart."
"Princess, I bring thee thy match, beautiful as Kṛishṇa,
With body shining like untarnished gold.
To say more is to say too much;
I am thy servant through all my life."
The swan took an oath thrice;†
Thrice he gave an oath to the Princess:
"It is for thy sake, Princess, that I go across the ocean.
If I live, I return to meet thee, else I will meet thee at the Day of Judgment."‡

Then the swan flew off,
And leaving the earth went up into the heavens.
A mighty hunger seized him.
He thought of the Râjâ's darling (Princess):
"Were I now with the Princess,
I should be eating diamonds and pearls!
Where has my Princess gone in her separation?
I would eat food and drink water!"
Cool was the lotus shade of the tree,
Where the swan took up his abode.

* It is a common belief that swans live on pearls.
† See *ante*, Vol. I., Legend of Niwal Daî, *passim*.
‡ Note the Musalmân notions here.

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There came a snarer from the City of Ujjain.
And spread his net.
He placed the food and showed the water.
Hungry and thirsty the swan had no control over his mind.
He dipped his beak once into the water.
A second time he put his beak into the food.
The third time he could not fill his beak.
The snarer jerked the net and entrapped him:
"How was I to know thy tricks, thou scoundrel?
The noose is round my neck.
O snarer, break not my wings:
I will settle my price myself."
"I will break thy legs, I will ruffle thy feathers.
Never will I release thee, my bird."
"I am caught, thou snarer, in thy net.
Look my way, O my Princess Chand (Karan)."
The snarer dragged towards himself and dragged the swan to him.
Said (the swan) "What hast thou done, O God, that thou hast turned day into night!
Is there any righteous one to do a good deed?
And save my life from this sinner?"
A gardener's wife heard this,
And went to Râjâ as he was holding Court.
She went up to Râjâ and said:
"There is a rascally scoundrel in thy city,
Who is worrying the peacocks* of the forest."
The Râjâ heard her.
He mounted his horse and went to the forest,
And said to the snarer.
"Snarer, I will order thee a goat from every house;
I will give thee authority in Ujjain City;
Take a *lâkh* of pieces of gold,
But give me this bird."

* These being sacred.

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"Râja, why tempt me with golden coins?
This bird is for the food of my household."
The Râjâ waxed furiously wrathful.
He struck the snarer with his drawn sword
And cut off both his hands.
"Fly, thou dweller of the forest,*
I have cut the noose from round thy neck."
Hearing this the swan was astonished,
And spake unto Râjâ Chatr(-mukaṭ):
"Other kings rule, but thou art a king beyond kings.†
Thou hast released the bird: may thy life be long!
Râjâ, I tell thee a pleasant thing.
In my country is a Princess so (beautiful) that
The deer have given up grazing and drinking (for love of her)!"
Hearing this the Râjâ grieved,
And said to the wily swan with his lips:
"Swan, I have here sixteen hundred queens,
Without gazing on whom (first) I cannot drink water."
(Said the swan), "Show me those queens,
I have no care for any rule or empire."
The Râjâ sent an order to the palace,
And called all the queens.
Some danced, some showed their charms,
But the wily swan's heart was not taken with any.
"Women, like thy sixteen hundred queens,
Are drawers of water for my Princess."
"Swan, show me thy Princess,
I care no more for all my rule and empire."
Moonlit was the night and the stars were shining.
(Said he), "Take me now, my beloved swan."
The wily swan spread his wings,
And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.
Then the swan flew up,

* To the swan.

† Apparently a pun on the word *sahbâj* = *shâhbâz*, a hawk, and also *shâh bâjh* as translated.

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And leaving the earth soared to the heavens.
Three days passed in flight.
The waters and the lands appeared afar.
(But) when the Râjâ left the palace
A *man* and a quarter* of bracelets were broken in the palace.†

They rested in the Princess' garden,
And the swan flew up into the palace.
Then the Princess adorned herself.
"Come, O my wise ṣwan:
Where hast left my love, my darling?"
"Princess, I searched the countries of all the earth,
And I found no match for thy beauty."
"I will stab myself, O swan, and die:
I will put an end to my wealth of youth:
Without my stranger I will not survive an hour!"
"Princess, I have brought thee a match, beautiful as Kṛishṇa,
Whose body shines like unalloyed gold.
When two hours‡ of the night have passed
The Prince will come to thy palace.
Princess, don robes of every hue:
Throw a little scent over thy body:
Come to the wily swan (when he calls):
Have three hundred and sixty beds laid in the palace:§
Light up all the candles,
And pray to the (gods of the) lamps, (saying),
'Hear, Golden Lamps, hear my prayer,
To-day I meet my love, burn (then) all the night!'"
Saying this the swan went away,
And told Chatr-mukaṭ: (said he:)
"Moonlit is the night, shining are stars,
Take me now, my beloved swan."

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* 100 lbs. weight. † In grief.
‡ *Lit.*, 4 *ghaṛîs*: *i.e.*, 96 minutes. § To make a fine show.

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The wily swan spread his wings,
And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.
Then the swan took flight
And alighted in the Princess' lofty chamber.
The breezes were blowing and the jasmines were blooming,
Only she was full of grief in the palace.
(Said the Prince), "Swan, is this the Princess thou didst praise?
The beauty that is sleeping!
This is no Princess, it is some water-bearer;
This beauty, that is sleeping!*
For this have I forsaken my sixteen hundred queens!
My ninety sons and my kingdom!"
Hearing this said the swan,
Adjuring Chatr-mukaṭ:
"O Râjâ, grieve not.
Open the veil of her face a little,
Touch her with gentle hand,
And draw the ring off the Princess' finger."
The swan committed a wily theft.
He gave the Prince's ring to the Princess,
And the Princess' ring he gave to the Prince!
The Râjâ mounted the swan and fled.
As he flew (the swan) made a proverb,
And spake to Princess Chand (Karan in a dream):
"It is better to look at butter than to eat oil:
It is better to look at the wise than to keep company with fools."
It was morning and the lovely (Princess) awoke.
She took up a pitcher to wash her face.
The maiden with her fell at her feet:
"I would speak to thee of a wonderful curious thing:
What man's ring is that?
He hath taken thy ring and given thee his ring!"

* The meaning is, a true princess would be awake to receive her lover.

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All the maidens spake a false (charge) !
"Princess, we slept before thee,
What do we know of what passed in the night?"
(Said she), "Alas! thou hast taken the bloom of my youth and given me sorrow.
Thou hast destroyed my charms, and taken away the bloom of my beauty."

Meanwhile the swan returned,
And spake to the Princess:
"I praised thy beauty,
And, thou fool, thou didst fall asleep.
And for thy sake was I made a fool,
And thus have I lost the virtue of my life.
If I find water in the forests
I will drown myself and see thee no more."
"My swan, I will cut my finger and rub in salt,
And will remain awake the whole night,
And I will catch the thief (of my ring) myself.
Every one beats the thief of his (goods, but)
If I meet my thief I will sacrifice my life for him."
Hearing this the swan went away,
And spake to the Râjâ:
"Râjâ, thou didst so tear off the ring,
That thou hast torn the Princess' finger!"
(Said he), "O swan, take me to the Princess:
Why (thus) make my life miserable?
Moonlit is the night, shining are the stars!
Take me now, my beloved swan."
The wily swan spread his wings,
And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.
And (the swan) laid him at the Princess' bed.
Gently he touched her with his hand,
"Thief, thief," (said) the Princess waking.
"O thief, who art thou?
That thou touchest my body with thy hand?"
"I am no thief, but the lord of many thousands!

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For thy sake have forsaken home and family!
I am the grandson of the warrior Vikramâditya!
The son of (his daughter) Chatrang Daî, and my name is Chatr-mukaṭ."
Hearing this the Princess was astonished,
And caressed the swan: (saying),
"Well done, my wise swan!
Thou hast fathomed the wound in my heart."
She cooked some food at once,
And gave Chatr-mukaṭ to eat.
She made a chamber of her eyes, and opened her pupils;
She drew down the curtain of her lashes, and seated her love within.
And the Prince and Princess were happy in the palace.

In the morning the gardener came,
And brought flowers to the Princess,
And began to weigh her against them,
And the Princess outweighed the flowers.*
Finding this the gardener went
And spake to (Râjâ) Chandarbhân:
"There is a thief in thy palace,
That hath taken the Princess apart!"
Hearing this the Râjâ was confounded
And spake to the gardener:
"What thief hath come into my palace?
I will not harm thee,† as God is my protector!"
"Comes in the night, goes in the night:
It is a swan that is the (thief) Râjâ.
Râjâ, fix the Holî at the wrong time,
Send bottles of pigment to the Princess,
And you will catch the thief."‡

* Allusion to the well-known tale of Panjphûlârânî or Princess Five-flowers, who weighed only five flowers as long as she was chaste, but outweighed them at once on getting a lover. † If thou tell.

‡ At the Holî festival (*Phâg*) in the Spring the custom is for Hindus to throw a crimson powder over each other, hence if the Princess were to throw the Holî powder over the Prince at the wrong season his clothes would betray him at once.

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Said the Princess, "Hear, my Râjâ,
My father is worshipping the Spring:
He hath fixed the Holî at the wrong season,
And hath sent me bottles of pigment."
Hearing this the Prince was confounded,
And said to the Princess:
"It is a trick to catch me."
Saying this the Prince turned away his face,
But the Princess threw the powder over him.
Bitterly wept the Prince,
Raising a cry of weeping through all the palace:
"Now is none my friend,
Thou art the ruler of thy own palace."
"Râjâ, I will call the washerman,
And have thy clothes washed, and in the night shalt thou wear them."

The washerman took the clothes and went home,
Putting on the clothes* he went into the market.
The spies seized him,
And beat him with fists and clubs.
In his fear the washerman betrayed the Prince,
So they bound the Prince's hands and hanged him up (by them).
Men and women came to see him,
And abused his captors.
They took the thief (Prince) to the Râjâ,
And the Râjâ ordered:
"Bring him not before me, (but)
Hang this thief."
Bitterly wept the Prince,
And spake unto the swan:
"Where are my sixteen hundred queens? where my City of Ujjain?
O Chand Karan, for thy sake is my life thus lost!"

* Such borrowed plumes are very common in India among washermen.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Hearing this the swan went,
And spake unto the Princess:
"Thy father hath done this wickedness,
That he hath hanged thy Prince."
The Princess hearing this
Raised a cry in the palace;
And fell in her sorrow to the ground,
Beating her head against her couch.
The maids and attendants came to the Râjâ
And spake unto the Râjâ;
"Râjâ, thy daughter is dying,
And throwing away her life."
When the Râjâ heard this
He sent for the thief at once: (saying),
"O thief, what art thou called?
That camest into my daughter's palace."
Hearing this the Prince
Spake unto Râjâ Chandarbhân:
"Where are my sixteen hundred queens? where my City of Ujjain?
For this Princess' sake have I lost my life."
When he heard this, Râjâ Chandarbhân was pleased and called the Princess at once: (saying),
"Thy Prince hath come and thy household rejoiceth.
Send for the house priest and perform thy marriage."
With rejoicings the Prince performed the marriage,
Dwelt in the palace and began to rule.
The Prince and Princess, the pair had their hearts' desire.
(Said she), "Let us depart hence now and go to thy home."
All the maids began to weep and all the palace wailed:
"A Princess there was that hath fled now, when shall we meet her again?"
Preparing a palanquin they commenced the long road.
The swan and the Râjâ went to Ujjain City.
They dwelt in an island and the Princess said:

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"What shall we do dwelling here? let us go to thy home."
Saying this they went to Ujjain City,
And going into the palace they began dwelling together.
All the city rejoiced, saying, "Our lord hath come:
Coming home in these great days: for the Lord hath had mercy!"

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No. XX.

TWO SONGS ABOUT NÂMDEV,

AS SUNG BY TWO BARDS FROM AMṚITSAR.

[These are two well known songs about the celebrated Bhagat and Marâṭhî poet Nâmdev or Nâmâ. They are sung constantly in the Darbâr Sâḥib or Golden Temple at Amṛitsar, and are known to every Sikh.]

[Nâmdev flourished in the time of the Emperor Bahlol Lodî, 1468-1512 A.D., and evidently vastly influenced the founder of the Sikh Religion, for we find whole poems of his incorporated into the *Âdi Granth*. These particular legends are not in the *Âdi Granth*, but in the *Granth* (as I am told) that Gurû Gobind Singh started in opposition to it. They are therefore very likely to be apocryphal.]

I.

TEXT.

Sat Gur Parshâd. Sabd Nâmâ, Rag Bhairoṅ: Ghar Do.

Sultân pûchhe, "Sun, be Nâmâ,
Dekhûṅ Râm, tumhâre kâmâ."
Nâmâ Sultân ne bâdh lâ;
"Dekhûṅ terâ Har baṭhîlâ.
Bismal goû deo jiwâe,
Nâ, tirû gardan mârûṅ ṭhâe?"
"Pâdshâh, aisî kyûṅ hoe?
Bismal kîâ na jîve koe.
Merâ kîâ kuchh na hoe:
Kare Râm hoe hai soe."
Pâdshâh chaṛhio hankâr.
"Gaj hastî dînûṅ chamkâr."
Rudan kare Nâme kî mâ:
"Chhoḍ Râm ke, bhajan Khudâ."
"Nâ hûṅ terâ pûṅghṛâ, nâ tû merî mâ:
Piṇḍ paṛe to Har gun gâ."
Kare Gajend sûṇḍ kî chot:

Nâmâ ubre Har kî oṭ.
Qâzî mullâṅ kare salâm:
" In Hindû merâ maliyâ mân.
Pâdshâh, bentî sunîyo,
Nâmâ sar bhar sonâ leîyo.".
" Mâl leûṅ tâ Dozakh paṛhûṅ.
Dîn chhoḍ duniyâ kon bharûṅ ? "
Pâwoṅ berî, hâthoṅ tâl ;
Nâmâ gâve gun Gopâl.
" Gang Jaman jo ulṭî bahe,
Tâ Nâmâ ' Har Har' kardâ rahe."
Sât ghaṛî jab bîtî sunî :
Aj hûṅ na âio Tirbhawan Dhanî.
Pâ kanthan, bâj bajâelâ,
Garuṛ chaṛhe Govind âelâ,
Apne bhagat par kî prit-pâl.
Garuṛ chaṛhe âe Gopâl :
" Kaheṅ, tâ Dharan akoḍî karûṅ !
Kaheṅ, tâ le kar ûpar dharûṅ !
Kaheṅ, tâ mûî goû deûṅ jiwâe,
Sab koî dekhe patiyâî !"
Nâmâ parnâve sîl masail :
Goû duhâî, bachhṛâ mel.
Dûdh-doh jab maṭkî bharî,
Le, Pâdshâh ke âge dharî.
Pâdshâh mahil meṅ jâe :
Aughaṭ kî ghaṭ lâgî âe.
Qâzî Mullâṅ bentî farmâî :
" Bakhsh, Hindû, maiṅ terî gâî !
Nâmâ kahe, " suno, Pâdshâhe !
Eho kuchh patiyâ mujhe dikhâî.
Is patiyâ rahe parwân,
Sâch sîl châlo, Sultân !"
Nâmdev sab rahiâ samâe.
Mil Hindû Nâme pe jâe :
" Jo ab kî bâr na jîve gâî.
Tâ Nâmdev kâ patiyâ jâe."

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Nâme kî kîrat rahe sansâr,
Bhagat janân le udhâre Apâr.
Sagal kalîs nindak bahiâ khed.
Nâme Nârâyan nahîn bhed!

II.

TEXT.

Tuk.

"Rukhrî na khâîyo, Swâmî merâ! Rukhrî na khâîyo!
Hâth hamare ghirat kaṭorâ, apnâ bâṇṭâ lekar jâîyo.
Ḍaure ḍaure jât, Swâmî, roṭ lie mukh mâhîn.
Tum bhâge, ham pahunch na sâke, mel leîyo, Gosâîn!
Ghaṭ ghaṭ ke Prabh antar-jâmî!" Pal men rûp baṭâyâ.
Kûkar se Ṭhâkur ban baiṭhe: Nâmdev darshan pâyâ.

I.

TRANSLATION.

By the favor of the Holy Gurû: The Song of Nâmâ, in the Râg Bhairon: Part Two.†*

Said the Sultân,‡ "Hear, O Nâmâ,
I would see (this) Râm,§ thy servant."
The Sultan bound Râmâ.
Saying, "I would see Hari,§ thy patron.
Raise this dead cow to life,
Or I will cut off thy head!"
"King, why should this be?
None hath ever raised the dead to life.
My deed will perform nothing:
It is as Râm (God) wills."
The king waxed wrathful, (saying)
"I will rouse my elephant to fury."
Nâmâ's mother began to weep:

* Gobind Singh.

† Allusion to the part of Gurû Gobind Singh's *Granth* in which the text is said to be found.

‡ Probably Bahlol Lodî. § God according to the *Hindûs*.

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(And said),* "Leave Râm's praises for God's (Khudâ)."†
(Said he), "I am no son of thine, thou no mother to me:
If my body perish (still) will I sing of Hari."
The chief of the elephants thrust at him with his trunk,
But Nâmâ was safe by Hari's protection.
The Qâzîs and Mulla's saluted (the king, saying),
"This Hindû hath slighted our (Musalmân) faith.
O king, hear our prayer:
Take our gold and give us Nâmâ's head."
"If I take the gold I shall go to Hell.
Who will enjoy the earth, if he give up his faith?"
(He put) shackles on his feet and fetters on his feet,
But Nâmâ sang the praises of Gopâl.‡
"Gangâ and Jamnâ may flow backwards,
But Nâmâ still sings, 'Hari, Hari.'"
Seven hours passed away,
But still the Lord of the Three Worlds§ came not.
Wearing a (holy) necklace and with songs and rejoicings,
Govind‖ came mounted upon Garuṛ,¶
The protector of his own votary.
Mounted on Garuṛ came Gopâl, (and said)
"Say, and I will upset the world!
Say, and I will raise it on my hand!
Say, and I will raise the dead cow to life,
That all may see the miracle!"
Nâmâ prostrated himself
And made the cow suckle her calf.
He then milked and filled a pail,
And took and laid it before the king.
The king went into his palace
And his heart was very sore.
The Qâzîs and Mullas besought (Nâmâ):

---

* To her son. † God according to the *Musalmâns*.
‡ = Kṛishṇa = God. § God. ‖ = Kṛishṇa = God.
¶ Garuḍa, the miraculous bird and vehicle of Kṛishṇa.

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"Hindû, forgive us; we are thy cow's!"*
Said Nâmâ, "Hear, O King!
Thus much miracle have I performed.
Let the miracle remain proved.
Do thou dwell in truth and virtue, O King!"
Nâmdev's honor was greatly increased.
All the Hindûs went to Nâmâ:
(Saying), "Had he not restored her this time,
The virtue of Nâmdev had gone."
Nâmâ's glory shall remain in the world.
God ever protecteth his saints.
May the backbiters suffer all troubles.
There is no secret (difference) betwixt Nâmâ and Nârâyan!†

II.

TRANSLATION.

Refrain.

"Eat not dry bread, my Master! eat not dry bread!
The plate of butter is in my hand, take thy share.
Running away, my Master, with the bread in thy mouth.
Thou runnest, and I cannot reach thee, I would meet thee, my Holy One!
Thou art the Lord that knowest the heart!" In a moment the body changed.
The dog became the Lord, and Nâmdev beheld him.‡

* Conventional phrase: the cow being the most sacred of all things in the Hindû's eyes, to be treated as his cows is to be well treated by him.

† God.

‡ The point of this is that a dog ran away with Nâmdev's food, and instead of beating him the saint addressed him as above. Thereon the dog turned into God and so Nâmdev beheld God. The moral is obvious.

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No. XXI.

SAKHÎ SARWAR AND JÂTÎ,

AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI IN THE LÂHOR DISTRICT FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL.

[This story relates a miracle performed by Sakhî Sarwar for a Brâhman follower in the Gujrânwâlâ District. The scene is laid at Emanâbâd near the town of Gujrânwâlâ, and in the tale the Brâhman, Pherû, the son of Jâtî, is made governor of that place in the time of Akbar (1556-1605 A.D.)]

[Emanâbâd is an old town in the district, said to have been a hunting ground of Śâlivahâṇa. The present town was founded by one Emana, a nurse of the Emperor Firoz Shâh Khiljî (1282-1296 A.D.) Under the Musalmân rulers and before the Sikh times (say up to 1750 A.D.) it was a very important place and the headquarters of a *mahâl*. The legend here recorded may possibly relate the temporary possession of power by some local Brâhman, whose name has not been preserved in general history.]

[The prose portions of the legend being in ordinary Urdû have not been given in the original.]

Sakhî Sarwar and Jâtî.

Sâîṅ Sachhe ! yá Rabb !
*Terî dhano pârjâ !**
Jat thal Maullâ tûî hai !
Rabb, tero nâm dhiâîye !
Kiâ kiâ qudrtâṅ thâpdâ ?
Berangî Sâḥib jápdâ !
Sâje Dhartî te âsmân !
Bâjh thamâṅ kalâ ṭikâie !
Dhartî dâ kitâ joṛ hai,
Unwajá lâkh karoṛ hai.
Aṭhârâ bhawan banâs, jî,
Rabb qudrat bâgh banâie !
Bhawan te bishrâmî,
Râm Chand, Kishn jawânî.

---

* For *upárjá*.

Nawâñ Budh laṭakdâ,
Phir dase autâr khiḍâie.
Bhagat pare to pare, jî!
Terâ nâm jape so tare, jî!
Kughṛâ paiṇḍâ bhagat dâ,
Gur bardiâñ ho vikâîye!
Pîr Bâî núñ gâwandâ,
Nit eho kâr kamâwandâ.
Dâyam dîve bâldâ,
Nit ghare salâm karâie.
Jâtî kardâ seo, jî;
"Sarwar, miṭṭhâ meo deo, jî!
Miṭṭhâ meo deo, jî!"
Múñh mangiâ dân diwâie!
Jâtî de ghar jamdâ,
Pherû, bahote karm-jaram dâ;
Sayyidpurâ saloia,
Jithe Pherû paidâ hoiâ,
Châkar Bâî Lanj dâ,
Nit ghare salâm karâie!

O True Lord! O God!
Blessed be thy creation!
Thou art Lord of the land and sea!
O God, let us meditate on thy Name!
What wonders hast thou performed?
O Lord, appearing in many forms!
Thou hast ordered the Earth and Sky,
Upraising the sky* without pillars!
He hath reckoned up (all) the Earth,
Forty-nine *lâkhs* of *karoṛs* (of miles in area)!†
The eighteen loads of herbage
Made God into a garden of his power!
The dwellers in ease in heaven,
Râma Chandra and Kṛishṇa the youth,

---

* *Lit.*, the machine. † 49 billions.

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And the nine *Buddhas* flourished,
And then He made the ten incarnations.*
The saintship is unfathomable, Sir!†
(Only) he that worships Thy Name shall be saved, Sir!
Steep is the path of the saintship,
Let us become servants to our teachers.
(Jâtî) sang of the Saint and Bâî,‡
This duty did he perform,
Keeping the lamps§ ever lighted,
Ever worshipping them at home.
Jâtî did service: (saying)
"Sarwar, grant me sweet fruit‖ (of my prayer),
Sweet fruit grant me!"
(Sarwar) gave him his desire in charity.
In Jâtî's house is born
Pherû, the most fortunate.
In beautiful Sayyidpurâ,¶
Where Pherû was born,
The servants of Bâî and Lanjâ (Sarwar),
Worship them every hour!

When Jâtî was at the point of death he admonished his son Pherû, saying, "My son, you were born to me solely through the favor of Sakhî Sarwar, therefore it is incumbent on you to ever worship at his shrine." So Pherû in obedience to his father's behest attended regularly at Sakhî Sarwar's shrine and worshipped him, and although at one time he became very poor he never failed in his devotion. One day he said to himself that if Sakhî Sarwar give me the government of Emanâbâd I will build him a splendid shrine, whereupon the holy Bhairoṅ** was ordered by Sakhî Sarwar to appear to the Emperor Akbar in a dream and frighten him. Bhairoṅ accord-

* The modern Brahmanical mythology is referred to here!
† Addressing the audience.
‡ Sarwar and his wife: see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 96.
§ *i.e.*, of the shrine.
‖ The invariable form of prayer for a son.
¶ Sayyidpurâ Salonâ is the old name of Emanâbâd.
** See Vol. I., p. 75.

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ingly did so and Akbar asked him what he wanted. Bhairoń replied, "Make my freind Pherû governor of Emanâbâd to-morrow, or I will worry you." To this Akbar agreed, and in order to refresh his memory he made a knot in his coat. Accordingly, next day, when sitting in his Court, the knot reminded him of his promise, and he issued orders through his minister appointing Pherû the Brâhman governor of Emanâbâd.

A horseman was therefore sent with the order and suitable robes who arrived in due time at Emanâbâd and made enquiries after Pherû. But he, fearing that the man had come about the recovery of certain debts of his father, hid himself in the house of one Mâttî, an old woman. At last, however, thinking it over in his mind that there is no escape from the will of gods or of kings, and that if he escaped for to-day the horseman would catch him to-morrow, he gave himself up. To his astonishment the horseman (according to orders) treated him with the greatest respect, bathed him, dressed him up in the robes of honor and gave him the letters patent (*parwânâ*) investing him with the power of a governor of Emanâbâd. After which the horseman went away.

Jo kuchh Pherû loṛ dâ;
Lâkh miliâ mulk karoṛ dâ,
Paṭṭâ, ra'iyat, parganâ:
Muṛ ghare salâm karâie.
Ghoṛe charhke chaldâ,
Pherû jâ Kachahrî maldâ.
Qâbû pâve ḥukm dâ
Phir iksî mat dahâie.
Ḥâkim nâl chabûtre
Pherû bahke majlis lâie.
Lashkar kaṭak barâmî,
Naqqâre nâl nishânî.

Whatsoever Pherû desired
He obtained, a land of boundless wealth,*
Title-deeds, tenants and lands:

* *Lit.*, worth of a billion of rupees.

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Going home he gave thanks (to Sarwar).
Riding on his horse
Pherû went frequently to Court.
Taking the opportunity of power
He made (every one) of his faith.
With nobles in his Palace.
Pherû sat and held his Court.
Splendid his cavalcade and retinue
With drums and standards.

Now since Pherû was a Brâhman and Sakhî Sarwar was a Muhammadan the people of Emanâbâd were much displeased at his following Sarwar, and once it so happened that one of his own caste brethren refused to permit him to attend at a marriage, because of his being Sarwar's disciple. Finding at last that it was a question of losing the fellowship of his caste or of giving up Sakhî Sarwar, he deserted the latter and joined his caste.

"Aiṛ chele ditiâ,
Phir chele hoe mitthiâ!
Gurâṅ Pîrâṅ to mukaṛe
Sidh âpî âp sadâiye!"

"I gave my disciple a flock,
And my disciple hath become faithless!
Denying his Saint and Teacher,
He hath made himself into a saint!"

(Spake Sarwar) and was very much enraged against Pherû, for whose punishment he sent the holy Bhairoṅ.*

Bhairoṅ qamchî mârdâ,
Brâhman nûṅ jhuthiârdâ!
Oh dî dehî rang wiṭâiâ,
Adh vichoṅ hî laṭkâie!
Dard kalîjâ pharkdâ
Pherû ṭangâṅ bâhwâṅ kharkdâ.
Chhâle bhîme pai gae,
Dehî dâ rang witâie:
Kul qabîlâ tarkdâ,

* See Legends about Sarwar, *ante, passim.*

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"Ih nûṅ thâoṅ diwâo faraq dâ.
Jis dâ sidqa bhog de,
Muṛ use to sukhâiye."
Rang mahlâṅwâliâ,
Phir kakkhâṅ vich sowâ liâ.
Phir jhuṅgî vich bahâ liâ,
Phir istar heṭh vichhâie.
Pûndâ dudh piâlîâṅ,
Phir pânî ṭiṇḍ sawâliâṅ,
Chattî bhojan jîwandâ.
Phir tukṛe nûṅ tarsâie.

Bhairoṅ struck him with his club,
Calling the Brâhman a liar.
He changed the color of his body.*
And hanged him by his waist (to the roof).†
Pain tore his heart,
Pherû (hanging) kicked about his arms and legs.
Great blotches came over his body.
And the color of his body changed.
(Said) his family trembling,
"Let us give him a place apart;
Whose favor he enjoyed
Let him again relieve him."
From a gorgeous palace
They made him sleep in a hut.
They made him dwell in the hut,
And spread a bed of straw beneath him.
He that drank milk from (brass) cups,
Drank water from earthen cups.
The liver on sumptuous food
Craved for crumbs.

When Pherû the Brâhman got leprosy and his brethren gave him a detached hut to live in, one day everybody forgot him except an old female servant, who recollected that no one had

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* *i.e.*, made him a leper.
† *i.e.*, severely punished him: allusion to a favorite Sikh punishment.

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sent him any food since the previous day, and thinking that if he was neglected much longer he would soon die, she made up her mind to supply him daily with four loaves out of her own allowance of food. That very day she went to Pherû with the bread and an ewer of water, who ate two of the loaves and gave the remainder to the birds. Finding that he only ate two loaves she restricted his allowance to that number and kept the rest for herself. She went to him daily before eating any food herself, because she was obliged to bathe after coming in contact with a leper and also, by the custom of the Hindûs, before breaking her fast. In this way some time passed.

Now Sakhî Sarwar had made Pherû a leper in order to force his relatives to desert him, so that when he felt the pangs of hunger he might return to his old allegiance. But finding that that the old woman kept him well fed, he ordered Bhairoṅ to prevent her. Accordingly, next day Bhairoṅ met her on the road to Pherû's hut and asked her who she was and where she was going. She replied "For the grace of God and out of pity for my old master I give him daily two out of my allowance of four loaves and I am taking them to him now." "But," said Bhairoṅ, "when your master is so bad with leprosy that none of his own relatives will go near him, why do you go? Suppose you got the disease: who would look after you, when even so great a man as Pherû is totally neglected? If you must look after your master take my advice and tie the bread to the end of a bamboo and throw it to him from a distance." Next day the woman took his advice, and when Pherû saw what she was doing he was vexed and told her that she had served him well enough so far, but that if she meant to treat him like this in future she had better cease bringing him food. Being thus rebuffed the woman stopped bringing him food.

So Pherû began to starve and in the misery of his heart he remembered Sakhî Sarwar and said:

"Sab jag bhulanhâr: bhuliâṅ Sîtâ jehiâṅ Râṅiâṅ, Sultâṅâ,
Bhûle Râm te Lachhman Deote, Sultâṅâ.
Maiṅ tere dîve bâlsâṅ,
Maiṅ tere nâm chitârsâṅ.

Bahaṛe, Sarwar Aulîâ,
Dukh merâ dard gawâîye!"

"All the world errs: even as the Queen Sîtâ erred, O Sultân (Sarwar),
Erred also Râm and Lachhman, O Sultân.*
I will light thy lamps,
I will call on thy name.
Come, O Saintly Sarwar,
Relieve me of my agony and pain."

When Pherû began to cry out and acknowledged his guilt Sakhî Sarwar had pity on him. So mounting his mare and taking Bhairoṅ with him he went to Pherû's hut and asked the road to Kâbul. "What do you want in Kâbul?" said Pherû. "We are physicians from Dehlî," said they, "sent to teach the king of Kâbul medicine." "If you will but treat me," said the leper, "I will remember you all my days." "But if we treat you, what will you give us?" said the physicians. "Alas!" said he, "I have nothing to give!" "*Something* we must have," returned the physicians, "at any rate a pound of flour for our horses." Pherû promised anything in his power if they would only cure him. Whereupon

Chashmâ† kaḍḍh nikâliâ,
Pherû Bâhman nûṅ ghol piâ lîâ.
"Sîtal jhole, Sâhibâ,
Dehî nûṅ ṭhaṇḍ pawâîye!"

They took out some of the holy soil,
And mixing it (in a cup of water) they gave it to Pherû the Brâhman.
(Said Pherû), "O Lord, as a breath of cool air,
Hast thou cooled my (burning) body!"

As soon as Pherû had drunk up the dissolved earth he was cured at once. The rapid cure made him doubt the real character of the physician, and so he laid hold of Sarwar's

* Allusion to the well known story in the *Râmâyaṇa* of Sîtâ's disobedience of Râma's instructions not to go out of the charmed circle (*kâr*), while their error was in leaving her alone.

† Sacred soil from Makkâ, but here from Nigâhâ, the shrine of Sakhî Sarwar.

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mare and said, "You are concealing yourselves, your are not physicians. You are Sakhî Sarwar and Bhairoṅ, the holy."

"We are indeed physicians," replied they, "it is your will to call us Sarwar and Bhairoṅ. However, bring us the grain you agreed to give us."

"I will not move a yard" replied he, "for you may gallop off, while I go for the grain."

At last finding that he would not leave them they dropped their whips and asked him to pick them up, and as he stooped to do so, they galloped off, leaving him staring after them.

Changâ karke ghaliâ,
Pherû Bâhman ghar nûṅ chaliâ.
Bahutâ sukh ânand nâl,
Ghar sukhî sândî jâie.
Pahilâṅ waṛe muqâm, jî:
Phir niû-niû kare salâm, jî:
Hatthîṅ bûhâ kholke
Jâ andar pairî pâie.
Roshan hûe chirâgh, jî.
Bâhman de waḍḍe bhâg, jî.
Pairîṅ paindî Lachhmî,
Man andar khushî wadhâie.

Having cured him they sent him away,
And Pherû, the Brâhman set out for home.
With great rejoicings
He reached home safe and sound.
First he went to the shrine, sir:
And made his lowly salutations, sir:
Opening the door with his own hands
And prostrating himself within.
There was a lighting of the lamps, sir.
Very fortunate was the Brâhman, sir.
Lachhmî* fell at his feet,
Happy in her heart.

Returning home Pherû went on to serve Sakhî Sarwar as heretofore. After a while it occurred to him that he should

* His wife.

go to Nigâhâ and be fed from the hands of the revered Bâî* and obtain some boon from Sarwar. So he went towards Nigâhâ and getting as far as the Trimmû† ferry he sat down by the banks of the Râvî. Here Bhairoṅ appeared to him in the form of a groom and asked Pherû why he was there. Pherû replied that he was going to Nigâhâ.

"But who goes to Nigâhâ at this season," said the groom, "when the river is so swollen? It is no easy matter to cross at this season. Better go back and come again with the regular company of pilgrims (*sang*)."

"I will never go back," replied Pherû, "I have made my vow and go I will."

On this the groom was very pleased and said, "Very well, if you must go across, sit on this grass mat and shut your eyes."

Pherû did so and immediately found himself across the river, but neither the mat or its owner could he see anywhere.

When he reached the Satluj, Bhairoṅ the holy visited him in the form of a shepherd and told him that if he wanted to cross he could take him over on a reed mat. Pherû sat on it and was taken across in a moment, but the shepherd disappeared. Then Pherû knew that it was the same man that had helped him over the Râvî.

At length he reached Nigâhâ and there Sakhî Sarwar visited him assuming the form of an Aroṛâ and asked him to take food in his house, saying that there were no Brâhmans in the village. He offered him eleven gold pieces in return for the honour. Pherû could not resist the temptation, saying to himself that he would visit the shrine afterwards. So he accompanied the sham Aroṛâ to his house.

Bîbî Bâî rang vitâiâ;
Kar chauṅkâ bhâṇḍâ pâiâ;
Kar bhojan bhalâ jimâiâ.
Pîrâṅ dittî dakhnâ,
Jyuṅ dharm sahâie.

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* Sakhî Sarwar's wife. † Towards Multân.

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The Lady Bâî changed her form,*
She made a cooking place and placed the vessels,
Preparing the food in plenty.
The Saint gave him his (Brâhman's) fee,
As though bound by religion.

After Pherû had been fed by Bâî, whom he supposed to be the wife of the Aroṛâ, and had received the customary present from the sham Aroṛâ, he returned to the shrine, buried the remainder of the food and sat down expecting that Bâî would give him bread with her own hands and Sakhî Sarwar himself the usual present. Knowing this Sakhî Sarwar appeared to the shrine attendant, Chhattâ, in a dream and told him to ask Pherû why he was sitting there, for that what he wanted had been accomplished. "If he says he has received nothing, then tell him that the supposed Aroṛâ was Sakhî Sarwar, and that the food he had eaten was prepared by Bâî. If he does not believe you then tell him to put his little finger to his chest and the food that he ate will come out of his mouth and the food that he buried in golden utensils will be found to be in brass ones, and that the gold pieces he had as a present will be turned into brass also. So Chhattâ, the shrine attendant, went to Pherû and said, "Why don't you go home since you have got what you came for?" But Pherû rejoined, "I have got nothing as yet." On this the attendant told him that the food he had eaten had been prepared by Bâî and that the present he had received was from the hands of Sarwar himself. But the Brâhman would not believe him. So then the attendant prayed that the gold pieces presented him might turn to brass, that the golden utensils might also become brass, and that the food he had eaten might come out of his mouth. All this came literally to pass. On seeing this the Brâhman was very much ashamed and cried out to Sakhî Sarwar, "I cannot return home disgraced in this wise." Then a voice called out, "Let the vessels and gold pieces become golden," and behold! it was so, and the Brâhman took them home.

* *i.e.*, became an Aroṛâ's wife.

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Changû karke ghalliâ;
Pherû Bâhman ghar nûn chaliâ,
Bahutâ sukh ânand nâl
Ghar sukhî sandî jâie.
Majlis tambû tânadâ,
Phir oh khushîân mânadâ.
Jeḍâ agge tul sî, mur
Osî tul charhâie.

Curing him they sent him (home);
Pherû the Brâhman went home,
With great rejoicings
Reaching his home safe and sound.
They pitched his camp in the Court,
And then rejoiced.
Even as he was before, again
They placed him in his former state.

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No. XXII.

THE MARRIAGE OF SAKHÎ SARWAR,

AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI OF THE LAHORE DISTRICT FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL.

[This legend gives in detail what has been already alluded to in previous ones about Sakhî Sarwar. It is valuable as showing his thoroughly Indian character and descent. The purely Hindû cast given to all the ceremonies connected with the marriage is remarkable.]

[It should be noted that the governor of Multân marries his daughter to an ordinary *faqîr*. Though there is no evidence, as far as I know, to show that there ever was such a governor as that mentioned in this legend, such marriages were by no means unknown in former days: *e.g.*, the marriage of the daughter of the Emperor Bahlol Lodî, in 1452 A.D., to Shekh Sadar Jahân of Kotlâ-Mâler.]

[The prose parts, being in ordinary Urdû, have not been given in original.]

Jal thal ik Allâh, jî !
Rabb qudrat dâ Bâdsháh, jî !
Terâ, Alláh, Nabbî gawâh, jî !
Lenâ nâm Rasûl dâ,
Phir ummat de Sarband dâ.
Dhol Dharti dhárdá ;
Rabb Chaudân Tabaq sawârlâ ;
Pânî pave jhalâr dâ ;
Ashṭam târe laṭakde ;
Chánan bâle chand dâ.
Ádam Ḥawwâ paindâ,
Rabb duniyâ sisht wadhaindâ,*
Rabb sir sir dhande laindâ.
Jo jo ḥukm, Nihâliâ,
Karo kamâo dhand dâ.
Sat Jugî Multánî ;
Koî Shahr bhalâ pirânî ;
Shahr 'ajab sohnâ ; mân
Sakhî, 'Álam Nau Khand dâ.

* For *sarisht*, creation.

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Piû Zainu'l-'âbadîn nit nâm
Lâîye khair wand dâ.
Ghar Sayyidâṅ de jammiâṅ,
Sultânâ, pûr karamiâṅ,
Diwânâ ubbhiâṅ lammiâṅ.
Dhan jane Mâî 'Aeshâṅ,
Wadhâwâ waje anand dâ.
Sarwar, 'ajab jâwânî,
Nâl bhâî Ḍhoḍâ Khânî,
Piû Zainu 'l-'âbadîn, nit nâm
Lâîye khair wand dâ.

One God of the land and sea!
God is the king of power!
The Prophet (Muḥammad) is thy witness, O God!
First call on the name of the Prophet,
Then on the Leader of the Sect.*
Dhavala† supports the earth;
God has created the Fourteen Regions,‡
Water He gives to the wells;
The stars He hangs in the sky; §
He lights up the glory of the moon.
He produced Adam and Ḥawwâ (Eve);
God gave increase to the creatures of the world;
Appointed his place unto each.
O Nihâlâ,‖ whatever be His order,
Do thou perform thy duty.
Multân belongs to the Golden Age,¶
A city blessed by the Saints,**

---

* *i.e.*, Sakhî Sarwar.

† Explained to be a cow: but was there ever any such Hindu notion?

‡ Musalmân notion.

§ *Ashṭam*, apparently a pure misapprehension of the word *âsmân* or *akâs*.

‖ The composer of the poem.

¶ *i.e.*, is a very old city.

** Allusion to the descendants of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, Shams Tabrez and other very celebrated saints, still found in large numbers in Multân.

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A city very beautiful; believe
In Sakhî (Sarwar), Lord of the Nine Quarters.*
Ever the name of his father Zainu'l'-âbadîn,
Full of virtue, take.
Born in the house of Sayyids,
Was Sultân (Sarwar), full of good fortune,
Lord of the East and West:
Happily did Mother 'Aeshân† bring forth,
When the drums of rejoicing were sounded.
Sarwar, the glorious youth,
With his brother Ḍhoḍâ Khân,
And Zainu'l'-âbadîn; ever their names,
Full of virtue, take!

Now Sakhî Sarwar while grazing goats in the pastures had read the Qurân from his childhood. He had four brothers, of whom three were the sons of Rustam Khâtun,‡ his stepmother, *viz.*, Sayyid Dâûd, Sayyid Maḥmûd and Sayyid Sahrâ. His father Zainu'l'-âbadîn dwelt at Garh Koṭ§ about twelve miles from Multân, and after Rustam Khâtun's death he married 'Aeshân‖ there. She bore him two sons, Sayyid Aḥmad (Sakhî Sarwar) and Khân Jatî or Ḍhoḍâ Khân. The saint's grandmother's name was Sâḥibzâdî, who had a sister married to one Râîbâ of the Rihânâ Tribe, by whom she had five sons, *viz.*, Âbû, Dûdhâ, Sahan, Makkû, and Abu'l-khair. But the saint had no maternal uncle.¶

When his mother's father died his brethren came and wanted him to divide the land owned by the grandfather among themselves, to which partition Sakhî Sarwar agreed, but they took all the good land and gave him only the bad. However, as he had paid no attention to agriculture, he was none the wiser, and taking his share proceeded to cultivate it. So he

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* *Hindû* belief. † Mother of Sarwar.

‡ Observe the Mughal form of the name.

§ Shâhkoṭ, 12 miles from Multân according to the usual account.

‖ She was a Khokhar.

¶ To perform the marriage for him. *Hindû* custom.

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sowed it with seed and prayed to God, and by the blessing of the Almighty his fields flourished and were ten-fold better than his brethren's, and they, being astonished, took counsel among themselves. So they went to him and told him there must have been a mistake in the partition and wanted to set up the pillars afresh. "Never mind about altering the pillars," said he, "you collect the whole harvest and give me my share." So the brethren collected the harvest and winnowed the grain, and when it was ready for distribution, they sent round to all the beggars of the neighbourhood to beg alms of grain from Sarwar so as to ruin him, and gave them instructions that if he refused them in any way they were to give him a bad name in all the villages round. Accordingly, when the division commenced, they all crowded round Sakhî Sarwar and begged grain of him in the name of God. Before long he had given all his own grain and commenced distributing that of the fields adjoining. His brethren, however, were quite pleased, "for," said they, "now that he has given away all his grain how will he pay the land revenue? As soon as the tax collector comes he will run away and we shall be rid of him and get all the land." With these notions in their heads they suggested his accompanying them to the Governor to pay the revenue, and his father, too, asked him to go in his place, as he was getting too old to walk. So all the brothers went off to Ghanû, the Pathân,* the ruler of Multân. On the road, being entirely innocent of such matters, the saint asked what land revenue was and they explained it to him. "But," said he, "I have nothing to pay with." "You must take your chance," said they, "the Governor may remit, or he may punish." Sakhî Sarwar felt very frightened on hearing this, for who could tell what the Governor would do to him, and so he determined to show him a miracle.

No sooner had he determined on this, when behold he was joined by a huge multitude which filled Multân, till there was hardly standing space. Seeing this vast concourse the Pathân

* A name apparently not known to history.

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asked his minister to go and enquire about them. The minister came and saw that it was a saint on a mare that had come. So he reported that it was only a *faqîr* and no enemy that had come, and that the concourse had been created by him merely for his own amusement. This made the Governor feel very uneasy. But to try the saint's powers he sent him an empty tray and a pitcher, to see if he had miraculous power enough to fill them, and asked for food and water. The servant, who carried them, however, became afraid that if the saint should find them empty he would think that he himself had done it for a joke and would be wrath with him. So on the road he prayed to God not to disgrace him in the eyes of the saint, and God heard the prayer and filled the tray with rice and milk and the pitcher with water. Now Sakhî Sarwar knew by his miraculous knowledge what had happened, and said to his friend Faqîr Ḥussain Ghâî,* "look, the Governor wants me to show him a miracle." So when the servant came they both partook of some of the food and drink, but left some in the vessels to show the Governor that food had been put miraculously into them. When the Governor saw this, he became sure of the miraculous power of Sakhî Sarwar and, being afraid of what he had done, made up his mind to apologize. But Faqîr Ḥussain Ghâî told him that there was no need to do that, as he was justified in testing the power of a saint, and that Sakhî Sarwar would pardon him if he would behave himself in future!

The Governor, in his gratitude, gave Sakhî Sarwar a fine horse, a dress of honor and a *lâkh* and a quarter of rupees† but he imprisoned his five brethren for having forced him to come to Multân. Sakhî Sarwar took his presents and went straight to the Jail. On seeing him there the Governor of the Jail asked him why he came there, and Sarwar replied he was there because of his brethren, who were imprisoned. The Governor of the Jail asked him which among the prisoners

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* *Ghâî*, apparently a tribal name: but habitat and origin unknown.
† Rupees 1,25,000.

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were his brethren. "Every man in the Jail is my brother, and I have no intention of moving until they are all released," replied the saint. So the poor Governor went to Ghanû, the Paṭhân, who had perforce to release all the prisoners.

After this Sakhî Sarwar spent his *lâkh* and quarter of rupees in shaving and dressing decently all the beggars in Multân, for the large numbers of which the place has always been famous, and then he proceeded on his way home to Garh Koṭ riding on his horse in his new clothes. On the road he met 360 *faqîrs* who begged for food, as they had been starving for twelve years. So the saint, having nothing else, gave them his horse and his clothes to buy food with in Multân. But no one would buy either horse or clothes for fear of incurring Ghanû's displeasure. The *faqîrs*, therefore, returned disappointed to Sakhî Sarwar. The saint asked them which they really wanted, money or food. "Food is all we want," said the *faqîrs*. "Then slaughter the horse and eat it," said Sarwar, "and make up the clothes into breeches and necessary clothing." So the *faqîrs* did accordingly.

Now the saint's brethren still nourished great enmity against him, and when they saw this they rejoiced greatly, as they thought that when the Governor of Multân heard of it he would surely punish the saint. So they filled pitchers with the blood of the horse and took them to Ghanû, the Paṭhân.

Khorân dî pakkî wâdî!
Khor jâ karan faryâdî;
Khale kûkan Bâdshâh te:
"Kyûn nahîn niyâṅ karandâ?"
It is always the way of the wicked!
The wicked went and complained;
And stood crying out to the Governor:
"Why dost thou not do justice?"

When Sakhî Sarwar's brethren showed the pitchers full of blood and explained how the present had been treated, Ghanû, the Paṭhân, became furiously angry and ordered his messengers to demand the horse and clothes from the saint. With great

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fear and trembling the order was carried out. The messengers went to Garh Koṭ and sat down in Sakhî Sarwar's house, but said never a word. At last Zainu'l-'âbadîn asked them what they wanted, to whom they replied that they were very perplexed; the order they had received was a very shameful one, but as it was the Governor's they felt obliged to carry it out. "The fact is," said they, "the Governor wants back the horse and clothes he presented to Sakhî Sarwar, and has sent us for it." Sakhî Sarwar and his friends heard of this and said naturally, "If the Governor be an honest man, how can he possibly want back what he has given away?" However, they went off to where the bones of the horse lay to see if God would help them by a miracle out of their dilemma. There were the Governor's messengers and some fifty other persons present. On reaching the bones Sakhî Sarwar desired the messengers to stand aside, as the miracle to be performed was one of God's mysteries and not fit for vulgar eyes. So they went aside and then Sarwar's friends and the *faqîrs* present threw a sheet over the bones and prayed—

Ralke Sayyid karan pukârâ;
"Suneṅ, Muhammad, Châre Yârâ!
Kamm sawâreṅ, Parwardigârâ!
Oho ghoṛâ âve sârâ!"
* *'Ibrîl ne ândî jiṇḍrî,*
Sâbit ghoṛâ turiâ.
Sarwar âkhe, "wâh, wâh, Saiṅiâ!
Ghanû Paṭhân kare aṅiâiâṅ!"

Together the Sayyids prayed;
"Hear us O Muhammad and the Four Companions.†
Perform our desire, O Cherisher of the Poor (God)!
May the horse become whole!"
Jibrâîl brought him to life,
And the horse stood up whole.
Said Sarwar: "Hail, hail, Lord!
Ghanû the Paṭhân hath done injustice!"

* For Jibrâîl = Gabriel.
† These are Abu Bakr, 'Umar, 'Usmân and 'Ali.

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When the horse was restored to life and the clothes resuscitated Sarwar proceeded with them to the Governor. Ghanû saw him coming from his window and was much astonished and fully convinced that Sakhî Sarwar was a great saint. It followed that he himself was a very foolish man and a great sinner, as he had thwarted and worried Sarwar, so he became very much afraid of what he had done. Seeing that Sarwar was fast approaching he took his minister aside, explained to him all that had happened and asked his advice. The minister suggested that the best way out of the difficulty was to offer the saint a daughter in marriage. To this the Governor agreed, and when Sarwar came into the presence, Ghanû, the Paṭhân, very humbly begged forgiveness for his roughness and disbelief, and offered him his daughter as an atonement. Sakhî Sarwar replied that it was a very wicked act to annoy *faqîrs*, but that as far as he himself was concerned he would overlook everything, except that he would not now accept either the horse or the clothes. As for the girl he himself thought he ought not to marry her, being only a poor *faqîr*, while her father was a great Governor, but he would be guided by his own father's wishes entirely. And so Sakhî Sarwar went away home.

In a few days Ghanû, the Paṭhân, sent a Brâhman, a Ḍom, and a Barber in the regular (Hindû !) fashion to Zainu'l-'âbadîn with a proposal for Sakhî Sarwar's betrothal to his daughter and many apologies for his conduct.

Bhânâ hoiâ Rabb dâ
Ghoṛe de sabab dâ !
Bibî Bâî, Ghanû dî dhî,
Bâdshâh Pirân thîn mangdâ.
Glory was to God
On account of the horse !
The Lady Bâî, Ghanû's daughter,
The Governor betrothed to the saint.

When the three messengers told Zainu'l-'âbadîn what the Governor proposed, he replied that it was not a correct thing for a *faqîr* to marry a Governor's daughter, but that as the

proposal had been made it could not be well refused. So the proposal was accepted and Zainu'l-'âbadîn sent back by the hands of the servants a magnificent present of pearls, a horse and splendid robes to the Governor, such as he could accept. He found no difficulty about this, as the great Saint Sakhî Sarwar always found whatever he wanted on his praying carpet (*musallâ*).

Ralke gaṇḍhî pâwande,
Pîrâṅ núṅ pîr sadâwande.
Ae Pîr samâule,
Dîwânâ, khúsh rang dâ.
Gaṇḍhî leke chaliâ wadhâwâ,
*Ghar Sayyidâṅ waje wadhâwâ.**
Mele âwan Pîr Farîdâ,
Tere utte karam Nabbî dâ!
Pîr Bannoî dieṅ dhôî,
Pîr Sunnâmoṅ charhiâ.
Degî khâne pakde
Masâle ajab mahkde:
Langrîâṅ te chhanîâṅ
Pîrjî thâl bharandâ.
Nafar khâ uṭhâloṅ,
Sab hove kamm anand dâ.
Neúṅ de moharân paindîâṅ
Zar, sonâ, anand dâ!
Satrâṅ andar sawâniâṅ
Ral gáwan bîbîâṅ râniaṅ:
Tâîâṅ, phuphîáṅ, mâsîâṅ,
Sab hove kamm anand dâ.
Sarwar Sayyid nahâwandâ;
Awwal tahmat chaukî âwandâ.
(Nihâlâ bahâr ban gâwandâ,
Kahinâ kahe Rasúl dâ.)
Kappar wal pahindâ.
Dhoḍâ Khâṅ nahwâlie,

* There is a pun here—*wadhâwâ* is a hanger on, a servant, and also a drum.

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Pahin, bâghân vich bahâlie.
Donoṅ bhâî baiṭhde
Sarbâlâ takht buland dâ,
Zainu'l-'âbadîn nahâwandâ ;
Kappaṛ rang sahâwandâ,
Bahishtî joṛâ pahinke,
Á beṭiân kol bahandâ.
Janj chaṛhî Sultân dî :
Kul joṭ zamîṅ asmân dî.
Ziârat kare jahân, jî ;
Viyâh si adambar rang ba-rang dâ.
Bhairoṅ Devî nâl hai,
Nâl mohar nuqârâ bamb dâ.

Together they tied the marriage knots,
Saints calling Saints.
Glorious Saints came there,
Careless and happy.
The servants took the marriage knots,
And drums were beaten in the Sayyid's house.
Shekh Farîd* joined the marriage party.
The blessing of the prophet is on thy (Sarwar's) head !†
Pîr Bannoî gave thee protection,
Coming from Sunnâm.‡
Food was cooked in the caldrons,
With savoury spices ;
With small cups and saucers
The Saint filled a platter.
The servants ate it up
And were all pleased.
(The Saint) obtained the marriage presents ;
The golden coins of delight !
Behind the curtain were the matrons
Singing with the ladies and maidens :

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* The celebrated Saint of Pâkpaṭṭan.
† That such great men should be present.
‡ A well known Saint from Sunnâm, near Paṭiâlâ.

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Aunts and cousins
All rejoiced.
Sarwar the Sayyid was bathed;
First they brought him towel and stool.
(Nihâlâ sings it beautifully,
Giving the praise to the Prophet.)
They clothed him splendidly.
Ḍhoḍâ Khân bathed (Sarwar);
Dressed and seated him in a garden;
Both brothers were sitting
On a lofty throne.
Zainu'l-'âbadîn (also) bathed (Sarwar);
Clothes of beautiful colours
And heavenly raiment wearing,
He sat down beside his sons.
Sultân's (Sarwar's) marriage procession started,
And the earth and heavens were lighted up.
The whole world came to see, sir;
For the marriage was a scene of beautiful colours.
Bhairoṅ and Devî were present
With drums beaten before them.*

A *lâkh* and a quarter of visible and a *lâkh* and a quarter of invisible *faqîrs* attended Sakhî Sarwar's wedding procession. The Governor was afraid that, as he was marrying his daughter to a *faqîr*, the bridegroom's procession would consist of ragged beggars, and would be a source of permanent annoyance to him, so he sent his minister out to see what kind of procession it really was, that he might have time, if necessary, to arrange something suitable. Expecting to see something very mean the minister was astonished at finding a most magnificent procession approaching, attracting enormous crowds to itself, and so he went and reported that the procession was so large that there would be no finding food and drink for them. When it

* These verses apparently refer to the well known *Hindú* sacred song (*rág*) of the marriage of Śiva and Pârbatî, in which Bhairoṅ and Sanîchar are made to play a prominent part in this manner.

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arrived it had to be accommodated outside the city, and when all the tents and canopies were pitched the space covered was found to measure twelve *kos* (miles) round the town.

Now the Governor had ordered the confectioners not to charge anything for their supplies, which he engaged to pay for on the completion of the marriage. Bhairoñ the Holy and Devî, who had accompanied the procession, had a mind to view the city. As they were wandering about they saw a confectioner giving a farmer a large quantity of sweets for nothing and asked him why he did so. He replied that it was the Governor's orders to supply whatever the procession wanted without payment. When they heard this they were very pleased.

It so happened that the Governor's invitation to the marriage feast fell on the day that was a fast both to Hindûs and Musalmâns, so the Hindû Gods and Muhammadan Saints refused to attend.* Consequently there was a very large quantity of food wasted; however, as Bhairoñ the Holy and Hanwant (Hanumân) the Holy were mere children† and not affected by the fast, they were requested to eat some of the food. So they began and very soon ate it all up and asked for more! Thus it turned out to be quite true as the minister had said, the procession was so great that there would not be enough food and drink for them. The Governor asked the gods to forgive him, as it was not his fault that there was not sufficient food. On this Bhairoñ the Holy and Hanwant the Holy took their departure.

Now the Governor erected a long bamboo on the top of which he placed six more and the top of all he put a brass cup (*kaṭorâ*) and asked Sakhî Sarwar to see if he could hit it with an arrow, saying that it was a necessary ceremony in his family, before giving away a daughter.

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* The marriage feast fell on the fast of Ramzân which also happened to be an *ekâdshî*, or turn of the moon, occurring every 15 days and is a fast with Hindûs.

† A mythological point probably worth following up.

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Ghanû kuppî uḍwâwandâ,
Sultân Sayyid azmâwandâ:
Pahlâ wâr Paṭhân dâ
Tîr jândâ pâs ghûmdâ.
Pher wâr âiâ Pîrâṅ dâ:
Joṛ Kakkî, azmat khân dâ,
Pîr mâre tîr kumân dâ;
Soṅ kaṭorî jhaṛ pâe;
Pîr pahlî chot uṛandâ.
Sayyidâṅ lîâ maidânî:
Shakr hoiâ nûrânî:
Pîr hawelî utare,
Pachkârâ kare anand dâ.
Qâzî Ghanû sadâwandâ;
Rât Juma' dî âwandâ:
Bîbî Bâî nûṅ samjhâiâ,
Paṛhiâ 'aman to bi'llah' khush rang dâ.
Qâzî paṛhe nikâh, jî,
Kol saddio vakîl gawâh, jî:
Sabhî shartâṅ kîtiâṅ:
Paṛhiâ 'aman to bi'llah' khush rang dâ.
Zainat Khâtun boldî
Sandûk lakkhâṅ de kholdî:
Bîbî Bâî nûṅ pahnâwandî,
Kappaṛ man pasand dâ.
Pippal patrewâliâṅ,
Phûl kaṛiâṅ te ḍaṇḍiâṅ,
Chhalle, mundre, ârsî,
Vich phumman bâzûband dâ.
Lâl samundaroṅ âiâ,
Hîrâ chaunk puraiâ,
Joṛî jaṛe jawâhirâṅ,
Koî lâl matthe dhalkdâ.
Pahin nath sohâg dî,
Putreṭî waḍḍhî bhâg dî;
Do motî vich lâbṛî
Pâsî sone tand dâ.
Sarwar le salâmiâṅ
Sauhre thîṅ widiâ mang dâ.

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Nîyat khair parhan jawân, jî,
Khâs Musalmân, jî,
Wâja wajje nihâliâ,
Pîr dharan mohânâ pinḍ dâ,
Mâî 'Aeshân pânî pherdî,
Kîtâ nûh sas piyâr chum dâ.
Lassî mundrî pâwanâ,
Sarwar te Bâî khaḍwâunâ
Donoṅ barâbar khaḍde,
Kîâ sar pâsâ panch rang dâ.
Dûm jo âe chalke,
Darwâzâ bahande malke:
"Deîṅ, Sarwar Sayyidâ,
Pher jî asâḍâ mang dâ."
Kanak jawâr ubâlde,
Bâî te Lany sambhâlde:
Ghunghanîâṅ ṭhaṇḍelke
Châdar pallû pawandde.
Bhâḍî mangan doâ, jî;
"Pâlûṅ kare Khudâ, jî."
Pâlûṅ âin, Nihâliâ,
Kîâ sawâd ik rang dâ.
Pher jo âiâ chalke,
Darwâzâ bahandâ malke,
"Deîṅ, Sarwar Sayyidâ,
Jî asâḍâ mang dâ"
"Is khiyâl nâ pâo, jî,
Joṛe ghoṛe le jâo, jî."
"Bharde thailî asâṅ dî"
Jehṛâ lâiâ kingdâ.
Wan hoe hariâule,
Chhaḍḍ kalûṅ ae bâule,
Wan tan pîlûṅ lagiâṅ;
Chun khâ padânoṅ pand dâ.
Gît hai ajab khiyâl dâ,
Hîre, motî, lâl dâ.
Mere Rabb, namâne Pâldâ,
Teriâṅ tûî jâunâ hai,
Terâ pâr na wârâ pâidâ.

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Ghanû made (him) shoot down the cup,
To test Sultân the Sayyid:
First (Ghanû) the Paṭhân's
Arrow flew past it.
Next came the Saint's turn;
Placing Kakkî,* the Lord of power,
The Saint shot an arrow from his bow;
The golden cup fell down;
The Saint shot it down at the first shot.
The Sayyid won the field:
The City was lighted up:
The Saints went to his (Ghanû's) home
And alighted with joy.
The Qâzî sent for Ghanû;
Friday night came†
They taught the Lady Bâî,
And she repeated 'God's peace on thee' with joy.
The Qâzî performed the marriage,
And summoned the representatives and witnesses:
Made all the settlements:
And they repeated: 'God's peace on thee' with joy.
Zainat Khâtun§
Opened the chest of a *lâkh's* worth (of clothes),
And put on the Lady Bâî
Garments that she desired.
Earrings like *pîpal* leaves,
Flower-like rings and earrings,
Rings and mirrored rings,
And tasseled armlets,
Rubies from the sea,‖
Diamonds set for the hair,
Jewelled bracelets,

* His mare. † The marriage day amongst Mussalmâns.
‡ The completion of the marriage. § Bâî's mother.
‖ The superstition is that rubies spring from the sea.

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And put the red spot on the forehead.*
Put on the nose-ring of wifehood
On the lucky girl;
And two pearls
Suspended by a golden thread (from her nose).
Sarwar received the presents
And took leave of his father-in-law.
Having repeated the blessings the young man (Sarwar),
A true Musalman (Sir),
With music of rejoicing,
Set out for his home.
Mother Aeshâñ drank the water.†
The mother kissed her son's wife lovingly.
Putting the ring into milk and water,‡
Both Sarwar and Bâî drew the augury,§
Both tried together
As though they were playing at chess.‖
The bards came
And sat together at the door:
(Saying), "Give us, Sarwar Sayyid,
What our hearts desire."
They boiled the wheat and millet,
And gave it to Bâî and Lanjâ (Sarwar):
Cooling the millet
They put it into their kerchiefs.¶
The bards prayed,
That God would give them *pîlû* fruit.**
Pure *pîlûs*, O Nihâlâ,
They desired immediately.
Again they came

---

* *Hindû* sign of wifehood.

† *Hindû* ceremony of circling a cup of water round the heads of the newly wedded pair and drinking it.

‡ *Hindû* custom. § Of which was to be the better in life.

‖ Eagerly to see which would draw out the ring first.

¶ Purely *Hindû* custom.

** See Vol. I., pp. 96-7. These verses explain a miracle. Sarwar is said to have made the *pîlû* to fruit out of season to please his bards.

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And sat together at the door
"Give us, Sarwar Sayyid,
What our hearts desire."
"Desire not thus, sirs;
Take clothes and horses from me, sirs."
"(No) fill up our wallets (with *pîlûs*),"
Said they obstinately.
The forest became green,
And the *pîlû* trees blossomed,
And *pîlûs* came on to the branches,
And the bards picked them up and ate eagerly.
This song is truly wondrous,
Full of diamonds, pearls and rubies.
O God, the cherisher of orphans,
Thou only knowest Thyself;
None can fathom Thee.

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No. XXIII.

THE BALLAD OF CHÛHAṚ SINGH,

AS KNOWN TO THE SIDDHÛ AND BARÂṚ JAṬṬS AND AS RECORDED IN A GURMUKHÎ MS. COMMUNICATED BY SARDÂR 'ATAR SINGH OF BHADAUṚ.

[The Vâr (or Bâr), or Ballad, of Chûhaṛ Singh is one of the most famous popular poems of the Sikh Districts of the Panjâb. It relates a well known historical fact which occurred in 1793 A.D., *viz.*, the treacherous burning to death of Chûhaṛ Singh and Dal Singh, his brother, in a small *burj* or tower, into which they had been invited for the night by Sajjan, a Barâṛ Jaṭṭ. Sajjan himself was soon after killed by Bîr Singh and Dîp Singh, the sons of Chûhaṛ Singh, in revenge, with the help of the Paṭiâlâ troops under Albel Singh Kâleka and Bakhshî (Commandant) Saide Khân Ḍogar. See Griffin's *Râjâs of the Panjâb*, pp. 257-8.]

[The most important tribe in the Panjâb are the Jaṭṭs, and the most important branch of these are the Siddhûs. At the present day the chief families of these Siddhûs are those called Phûlkîân or descendants of Phûl, a Chaudhrî, or Revenue Collector, and also chief local magnate, under the Emperor Shâhjahân. Phûl died in 1652 A.D., and from him are descended the Mahârâjâ of Paṭiâlâ, the Râjâs of Jînd and Nâbhâ, the Sardârs of Bhadaur and many minor families.]

[The Barâṛs or Siddhû-Barâṛs broke off from the main line of the Siddhûs apparently about 1350 A.D., and are represented now by the Râjâ of Faridkoṭ.]

[Chûhaṛ Singh of Bhadauṛ was the great-grandson of Râmâ, the second son of Phûl, and the first great chief of the house of Bhadauṛ. Dal Singh was his youngest brother and was the ancestor of the Koṭ Dunnâ Sikhs. The present chief of Bhadauṛ is the great-grandson of Chûhaṛ Singh through Dîp Singh, the younger of the two sons who avenged his death. Râjâ Sâhib Singh of Paṭiâlâ, mentioned as having helped in the vengeance exacted for the death of Chûhaṛ Singh, was the great-grandson of Râjâ Âlâ Singh, the third son of Râmâ, from whose eldest son, Dunnâ, the Sardârs of Bhadauṛ are descended. The following genealogy will show the relationship of the various actors in the tale.]

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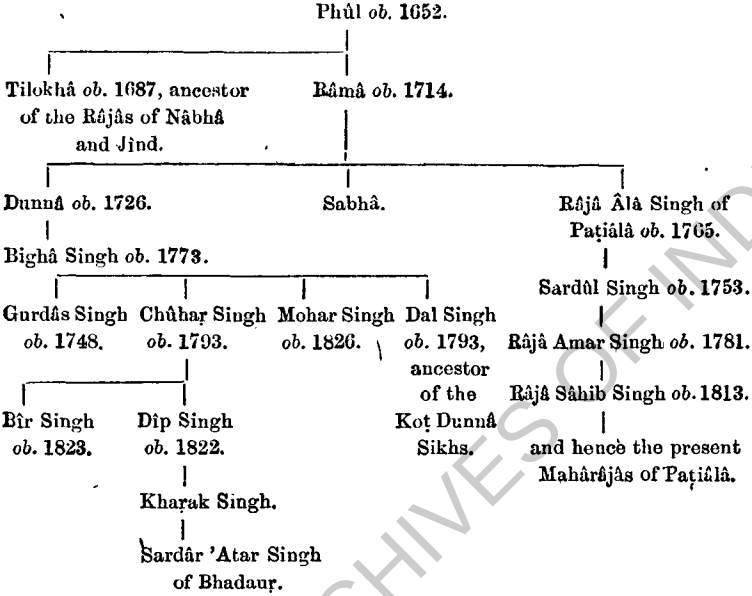
Phûl ob. 1652.
Tilokhâ ob. 1687, ancestor of the Râjâs of Nâbhâ and Jind.
Râmâ ob. 1714.
Dunnâ ob. 1726.
Sabhâ.
Râjâ Âlâ Singh of Paṭiâlâ ob. 1765.
Bighâ Singh ob. 1773.
Sardûl Singh ob. 1753.
Gurdâs Singh ob. 1748.
Chûhaṛ Singh ob. 1793.
Mohar Singh ob. 1826.
Dal Singh ob. 1793, ancestor of the Koṭ Dunnâ Sikhs.
Râjâ Amar Singh ob. 1781.
Bîr Singh ob. 1823.
Dîp Singh ob. 1822.
Râjâ Sâhib Singh ob. 1813.
and hence the present Mahârâjâs of Paṭiâlâ.
Kharak Singh.
Sardâr 'Atar Singh of Bhadauṛ.

[Baraṛakkî or the Land of the Barârs consists of the parts about Mârî, Marâj, Mukatsar, Mudkî, Buchoṇ, Bhadauṛ, Sultân Khân and Farîdkoṭ, and patches in Paṭiâlâ, Nâbhâ and Malaudh, *i.e.*, the greater part of the Firozpûr District, parts of the Lodiânâ District and of the Paṭiâlâ and Nâbhâ States and the whole of the Farîdkoṭ State.]

TEXT.

Bâr Chúhaṛ Singhjî kî, jis ko Baraṛakkî meṅ âm log gâte haiṅ.

Vichch Bhadauṛ de Chûhaṛ Singh Bhîm Sain sadâve!
Baddhî te ralî kise de pasand mûl na lâve.
Likhke chiṭṭhî Dunne de Koṭ nûṅ chalâve:
"Taiṅ chaṛh âṅwanâ, Dal Singhâ, râj Baraṛakkî dâ thiâve;
Ajj dîâṅ khaṭṭîâṅ bahke putt potâ vichch Bhadauṛ de khâve.
Bigaṛ gae rijjat* Ghanayye Bâje dî, ghar baiṭhe nûṅ Sajjan râj âpâṅ diwâve."

* For ra'îyat.

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Vekhke parwânâṅ sikhar dupahre Dal Singh chaṛh âve.
Bhrâ dâ sadyâ jattî mûl nâṅ pâve.
Chaṛhde Dal Singh nûṅ sâṅun ho gaiâ mandâ: ik chûhṛâ lakṛâṅ dâ bharî laike darbajje nûṅ mohre âve.
Ganâṅ dâ gheriâ, ṭakor dhauṅse nûṅ lawâve.
Vichch Barnâle de Dal Singh patte Chûhaṛ Singh nûṅ bulâve:
"Kî mahimm paî, Chûhaṛ Singhâ, tainûṅ? kâh dî khâtar Dal Singh nûṅ sadâve?"
Chûhaṛ Singh Dal Singh chaṛh Bhadauṛ nûṅ âe.
Donâṅ bhirâwâṅ matâ matâke sabh phauj Ghanayye Bâje nûṅ chaṛhâyâ.
Pahile ḍerâ vichch Bhâî-ke-Dyâlpure lâyâ;
Panjâh rupaie dâ karâh parsâd Mâi Rajjî de chulhîṅ bartâyâ.
Dusrâ ḍerâ chak ke vichch Ghanayye Bâje de lâyâ.
Bolyâ Sajjanâṅ "tûṅ kaḍḍh layâvîṅ maṭṭîâṅ, Raushanâ Kalâlâ, jehṛîâṅ sajdîaṅ tund dîâṅ tund kaḍhâîâṅ." Akk te dhatûrâ jahar dîâṅ gaṇḍîâṅ vichch dârû ke Sajjan neṅ ralâîâṅ.
Iknâṅ ne bukkîṅ, iknâṅ ne ukkiṅ, iknâṅ ne chakk gaṛvîâṅ muṅh nûṅ lâîâṅ.
Jinhâṅ de piû dâde dârû akkhîṅ nâṅ ḍiṭṭhî, unhâṅ ne chakk maṭṭîâṅ muṅh nûṅ lâîâṅ.
Din chhipde nâl phaujâṅ ho gaîâṅ khîvîâṅ; auro aur de nâl Sajjan neṅ dholkî bajâî.
Mârke kambal dîâṅ jhumbâṅ bâhar Baraṛakkî dî âî.
Dhoke rohî* dîâṅ khittîâṅ bâṛ chubâre dî banwâî.
Udoṅ boliâ Chûhaṛ Singh, "Sajjanâṅ, dholkî kehî bajwâî?"
Kahandâ, "Jaṭṭ dâ gamâch gaî dhâṇḍî; tûṅ paike sauṅ rahu, Phûl ke,
Âṅkul ke dîviâṅ, man vichch gam rakkhîṅ nâṅ kâî!"
Machâke pâthî use vele agg chubâre nûṅ lâî.
Jâṅ mach uṭṭhî murde-khânî bolyâ Chûhaṛ Singh, "Sajjanâṅ, masûl kâh nûṅ machâî?"

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* *Rohî = bâr*, the uplands, deserts.

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"Tûṅ paike sauṅ rahu, Chûhaṛ Singhâ, man vichch gam rakkhîṅ naṅ kâî!"

Ghoṛâ te dusâlâ laike rijjat Baraṛakkî dî milan âî.

Jâṅ mach uṭṭhî agg murde-khâṅî kuchhak ḍig paîâṅ chubâre dîâṅ kaṛîâṅ; agg Chûhaṛ Singh de bambe dâhṛe aur mohanî gogâṛ nûṅ âî.

Chûhaṛ Singh boliâ, "Dal Singhâ, upar chaṛh chubâre de, kuchh mardângî dikhaîe!

Marnâṅ tâṅ ab sir pur â giâ, lâj kul nûṅ kâh nûṅ lâîe?"

Âp dî jân dî nâṅ banî, bharke retî dî dhâl Dal Singh de pairâṅ nûṅ ḍâhlî.

Mardâ hoyâ bolyâ, "Dal Singhâ, jamme the bâro bârî, maut kaṭṭhîâṅ nûṅ âî!

Phûl Maṛâj dâ pichhâ sâḍâ, honîṅ hatth Jaṭṭâṅ de âî."

Bolyâ Chûhaṛ Singh, "Dal Singhâ, gharîk dî der' thâu rakkh laîṅ, sânûṅ ḍer na kâî."

Bolyâ Chûhaṛ Singh Nainâ Singh Jhanjar ke nûṅ, "eh belâ hai, mardângî dikhâî."

Batherîâṅ chalâîâṅ Nainâ Singh Jhanjar ke neṅ pes chalî, nahîṅ kâî.

Tâṅ bolyâ Sajjan, "tûṅ phaṛâ de hathiâr, Chûhaṛ Singhâ, tainûṅ mârde naṅhî."

"Âke phaṛ lai hathiâr, Sajjanâṅ, nahîṅ bhej de Pardhânâ bhâî."

Mâr dittî Pardhâne nûṅ Sajjan neṅ, Chûhaṛ Singh de chubâre nûṅ chaṛh lâyâ Pardhânâ; bagṭâke tîrâṅ dî kânî Chûhaṛ Singh neṅ Pardhâne de mukhe nûṅ lâî.

Tîmî Sajjan dî bharke chhannâṅ duddh dâ liâî:

"Maiṅ sadke, we Chûhaṛ Singhâ te Dal Singhâ; mere deuro, jândî wâr dâ duddh dâ chhannâ hatthoṅ merio chhakke jâṅî!

Tusiṅ âdî Barâṛ mudhâṅ de dhohe, basâhu karnâ nâṅhî."

Itne mar gayâ Chûhaṛ Singh: mare Chûhaṛ Singh dîâṅ khabarâṅ vichch Gurû-de-Koṭhe âîâṅ.

Likh laî chiṭṭhî Mâî Rajjî neṅ vichch Bhadauṛ de âiaṅ.

Vâch lai chiṭṭhîâṅ muharâṅ munsîâṅ: kehiâṅ kahar dîâṅ âîâṅ!

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Saddke Lahaurî Ḍûm nûṅ chiṭṭîâṅ palle Lahaurî de
âîâṅ.
Toṛke chiṭṭhîâṅ Paṭiâle nûṅ Mâî Râjkur ne khoh siṭṭîâṅ
mîḍîâṅ sajdîâṅ saj gudâîâṅ.
Mar gae Chûhaṛ Singh te Dal Singh unhâṅ dîâṅ khaba-
râṅ âîâṅ.
Thabbiâṅ de thabbe gahne lâh vichch paṭâre de pâîâṅ.
Rondî Mâî Râjkoṅwar Chûhaṛ Singh nûṅ kahke sir de
sâṅîâṅ.
Turîâṅ chiṭṭhîâṅ vichch Paṭiâle de âîâṅ.
Vichch Paṭiâle Saide Khâṅ Dogar Albelâ Singh Kâlekâ,
jinhâṅ ne sabh nûṅ chiṭṭhîâṅ dikhlâîâṅ.
Chaṛhdîâṅ phaujâṅ Sabhar Dogar ne haṭâîâṅ;
"Garmîṅ dâ mahînâ phaujâṅ marangîâṅ tihâîâṅ."
Kaḍḍke kâlîâṅ pîlîâṅ akkhâṅ gussâ khâeke Albel Singh
Kâleke nûṅ phaujâṅ Ghanîe Bâje nûṅ chaṛhâîâṅ.
Phaujâṅ Ghanîe Bâje nûṅ âîâṅ.
Pahilâ ḍerâ vichch Kuraṛchhâpe, dûjâ ḍerâ vichch Bhâî-ke-
Dyâlpure, jitthe degâṅ kunke dîâṅ bartâîâṅ.
Bolyâ Bîr Singh Jalâl kâ, "merâ te bairî dâ ṭâkrâ, Devîe,
tûn karâî."
Satîṅ sawârâṅ nâl kheḍḍâ sikâr Sajjan, Phûlkîâṅ de
dhauṅsiâṅ dîâṅ ṭakorâṅ sunke, ghoṛe dî bâg pachh-
âhâṅ nûṅ bharnâî.
Ûh Chûhaṛ Singh dâ garaṛâ ghoṛâ, hatth de utte bâj kare
hawâî.
Dekhke Phûlkîâṅ dîâṅ phauj nûṅ ghoṛe te bâj rondc,
thamdeṅ nâṅhî.
Bolyâ Sajjan, "lah laû pagṛîâṅ, Barâṛ bachyo, Sunâm te
Paṭiâle dîâṅ bolîâṅ chiṛîâṅ ghar baiṭhyâṅ nûṅ Rabb
neṅ phasâîâṅ."
Khâ gayâ gussâ Bîr Singh Jalâl ke nûṅ: "deh hukam,
Râjâ Sâhib Singhâ, Jaṭṭ nûṅ jân dindâ nâṅhî."
De diṭṭâ hukam Râjâ Sâhib Singh neṅ, ghoṛî magar Jaṭṭ
de lagâî.
Rûṛî chaṛhde nûṅ mil gayâ Bîr Singh barchî Sajjan de lâ.
Bâhî dî sâng vichch dhartî de raṛ kâî.

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Koloṅ ṭapp gayâ Lahaurî Ḍûm waḍhke sir Sajjan dâ agg dahṛî nûṅ lâî.
Mâr lîâ Sajjan Ghaniâṅ sunk basûgâ nâṅhî.
Â gaî andherî kise kahar dî, Jattâṅ dî jân Rabb neṅ bachâî.
Ûdoṅ dâ ujâṛîâ Ghaniâ Bâjâ, uthe muṛ basiâ nâṅhî.
Muṛî phauj Paṭiâle nûṅ jândî vichch Bhadauṛ de âî.
Sabhnâṅ bhâîâṅ kaṭṭhâ karke Râjâ Sâhib Singh neṅ majlas baṭhâî:
"Ḍhâî gaî hadd ajj Baraṛakkî dî, dhohî Barâṛ tikaṅge nâṅhî.
Takṛe hoke raho, bhirâvo, âpo apnî thâṅî.
Jo bhânâ bartâyâ Gurû neṅ, so muṛdâ nâṅhî, Mâî.
Eh velâ kise de moṛan dâ nâṅhî, bâh chaldî nahiṅ âî."

TRANSLATION.

The Ballad of Chûhaṛ Singh as sung by the common people in the Barâṛ Country.

In Bhadauṛ they called Chûhaṛ Singh Bhim Sain.*
He gave no heed to any one's opinion or advice.
He sent a letter to Koṭ Dunnâ,†
"Come along, O Dal Singh, and rule the land of the Barâṛs;
That our sons and grandsons may enjoy the gains of to-day in Bhadauṛ.
The people of Ghanayyâ Bâjâ‡ are in revolt, and Sajjan offers the rule to us at home."
When he saw the letter Dal Singh came on at noon-day.
(On receiving) his brother's message he did not (even) put on his shoes (in his haste).
As Dal Singh advanced an evil omen befel him: a scavenger carrying a head-load of wood met him at his gate.

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* That is Bhîma, the Pâṇḍava, the personification of strength and power.
† In the Paṭiâlâ State.
‡ In the Firozpûr district, now in possession of the Bhadauṛ family.

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Encompassed by the messengers (of death) his death-drum was beaten.
In Barnâlá* Dal Singh exchanged compliments with Chûhar Singh:
"What difficulty has befallen thee, O Chûhar Singh? Why hast thou called Dal Singh?"
Chûhar Singh and Dal Singh went on to Bhadaur,
And the two brothers consulting advanced their whole force to Ghanayya Bâjâ.
Their first camp was at Dyâlpurâ of the Bhâîs,†
Where they distributed fifty rupees in sweets in honor of Mâî Râjjî.‡
The next camp was in Ghanayyâ Bâjâ.
Said Sajjan, "Do thou get out the flagons, O Raushan Kalâl,§ of which (the wine) is fresh and very strong."
Sajjan mixed the poisonous seeds of the asclepias and datura with the wine.
Some in both hands, some in one hand, and some drank it off in cups.
They whose fathers and grandfathers had never set eyes on wine, brought flagons to their lips.
At nightfall the army were drunken, and when it was dark Sajjan beat the drums.
Making masks of their blankets the men of the Barâr country came in.
Collecting the thorns of the deserts they made a fence round the house.
Then spake Chûhar Singh, "O Sajjan, why didst thou beat the drums?"
Saith he, "Some husbandman hath lost his cow; go thou to sleep, thou son of Phûl.

---

* In Paṭiâlâ State.

† Dyâlpura is in Paṭiâlâ State. The Bhâîs or Bhaikiân family are Siddhû Jaṭṭs claiming senior descent to the Phûlkiân families, with whom they are intimately connected.

‡ Wife of Chûhar Singh.

§ The Kalâls are the caste that make and sell spirituous liquors.

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O thou light of thy race, have no fear in thy heart."
Lighting cowdung (fuel) he set fire to the house.
When the corpse-destroying flame arose said Chûhaṛ Singh, "O Sajjan, what torch hast thou lit?"
"Do thou sleep, O Chûhaṛ Singh, and have no fear in thy heart."
The people of the Barâṛ country took a horse and a shawl and came to meet (the conqueror Sajjan).
When the corpse-devouring flames arose some of the beams of the roof fell down, and the fire reached the handsome navel and the fine beard of Chûhaṛ Singh.
Said Chûhaṛ Singh, "O Dal Singh, go up on to the roof of the house and show them some spirit!
Since death hath come upon our heads, why should we disgrace our family?"
He cared nothing for his life, and threw his shield full of sand on the feet of Dal Singh.*
Dying he said, "O Dal Singh, born at different times, our death has come to us together!
Phûl and Marâj are our homes† and we meet our death at the hands of Jaṭṭs."
Said Chûhaṛ Singh, "O Dal Singh, keep thy life a moment, I will make no delay (in dying with thee)."
Said Chûhaṛ Singh, "O Nainâ Singh, thou Jhanjar,‡ this is the time to show thy spirit."
Many an effort did Nainâ Singh, the Jhanjar, make, but none availed.
Then said Sajjan, "Give up thy arms, O Chûhaṛ Singh, and we will not kill thee."
"Come and take the arms, O Sajjan, or send thy brother Pardhânâ."

---

* To protect them.

† Phûl in the Nâbhâ State and Marâj in the Firozpûr district are the original homes of the Phûlkiân and Mahârâjkiân Sikhs.

‡ A police officer or *thânádár* under Chûhaṛ Singh.

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Sajjan signed to Pardhânâ, and Pardhânâ went up into the house to Chûhaṛ Singh, and Chûhaṛ Singh threw a burning arrow in Pardhânâ's face.

The wife of Sajjan filled a cup with milk and brought it.

"I am your sacrifice, O Chûhaṛ Singh and Dal Singh. O my kinsfolk, drink this cup of milk at the time of your death from my hands and go.

Ye real Barâṛs were treacherous from the beginning: there is no trust in you."

And then Chûhaṛ Singh died, and the news of Chûhaṛ Singh's death reached Gurû's Koṭha.*

The Lady Rajjî wrote letters and sent them to Bhadaur.

The clerks and officials read the letters: and how terrible was the news!

They sent for Lahaurî the Bard and the letters† were given to Lahaurî.

Sending the letter to Paṭiâlâ the Lady Râjkur tore the locks that she had (but) lately dressed.

The news that Chûhaṛ Singh and Dal Singh were dead reached.

Heaps of jewels were taken off and put away into boxes.

Weeping the Lady Râjkoṅwar‡ called out, "O Chûhaṛ Singh, O my Lord!"

The letters journeyed and reached Paṭiâlâ.

In Paṭiâlâ were Saide Khâṅ Ḍogar§ and Albelâ Singh Kâlekâ‖ who showed the letter to all.

Sabhar the Ḍogar¶ kept back his force from advancing; (saying)

"The army will die of thirst in this month of heat."

---

* In the Farîdkoṭ State. † Bards were the postmen of the old days.

‡ *i.e.*, Râjjî the wife of Chûhaṛ Singh.

§ He was the Commandant of the Paṭiâlâ troops. The Ḍogars are Musalmâns that claim Râjpût descent in the Firozpûr district.

‖ Sardâr Albelâ Singh Kâlekâ was the Minister of the Paṭiâlâ state under Sâhib Singh and a powerful man at the time. His sister was married to Chûhaṛ Singh.

¶ Another Commandant of Paṭiâlâ troops.

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With eyes black and red from anger Albel Singh Kâlekâ advanced his force to Ghanîâ Bâjâ.

The army reached Ghanîâ Bâjâ.

The first camp was at Kurarchhâpâ,* the second at Dyâlpurâ of the Bhâîs, where caldrons full of sweets were distributed.

Said Bîr Singh of Jalâl,† "O Devî, do thou confront me with my enemy."

Sajjan was hunting with seven horsemen, and hearing the drums of the men of Phûl, he turned his horse.

He had with him the grey horse of Chûhar Singh and his hawk on his hand.

Seeing the army of the men of Phûl the horse and the hawk began crying out, and ceased not.

Said Sajjan, "bring me three turbans, O sons of Barâr. These are but chattering birds of Sunâm‡ and Paṭiâlâ, God hath brought them to us at our homes."

Said Bîr Singh of Jalâl in great wrath, "give me the command, O Râjâ Sâhib Singh, and I will not let the Jaṭṭ go alive."

Râjâ Sâhib Singh gave the order and he set his mare after the Jaṭṭ.

As he was passing the dunghill§ Bîr Singh's spear reached Sajjan,

And he struck the straight spear (through him) into the ground.

And when Lahaurî the bard passed by him he cut off the head of Sajjan and set fire to his beard.

Now that Sajjan is dead, Ghaniâ Bâjâ cannot live in peace.

A storm came over it in great violence, and (only) God can spare the lives of the Jaṭṭs (now).

Ghaniâ Bâjâ has been deserted from that day and no inhabitant has gone back again.

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* In the Paṭiâlâ State. † The son of Chûhar Singh.

‡ A large, ancient and well known town near Paṭiâlâ itself.

§ *i.e.*, just as he was entering the village.

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The army returned to Paṭiâlâ going by way of Bhadaur.
Râjâ Sâhib Singh collected all the brotherhood together and held a council:
"The honor of the Barâṛ country has died to-day and the Barâṛs will not let go their revenge.
Have a care, O my brethren, each in his own place.
What fate the Gurû (Nânak) hath ordained cannot be avoided, O my Lady (Rajjî).
Such a time cannot be avoided, for strength avails not."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

No. XXIV.

SANSÂR CHAND OF KÂNGṚÂ AND FATTEḤ PARKÂSH OF SARMOR.

AS SUNG BY TWO *MÎRÂSÎS* FROM JAMMUṄ.

[This song purports to relate a war between the famous Râjâ Sansâr Chand, the Kaṭoch of Kângṛâ, and Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh of Sarmor, and is interesting as showing how rapidly facts become distorted into mere tradition in India. According to the song Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh married Râjâ Sansâr Chand's sister and the war between them, ending in the death of the former, was caused by a foolish quarrel between Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh and his wife.]

[Sansâr Chand died as a very old man in 1824 A.D., while Fatteḥ Parkâsh was not born till 1805, and was placed on the throne of Sarmor by the British Government in 1815, and died after a prosperous and well spent life in 1850. According to a MS. history in Urdû I have of the Sarmor Rajâs, Fatteḥ Parkâsh's uncle, Râjâ Dharm Parkâsh, was killed in 1793 in a personal encounter with Râjâ Sansâr Chand in this way. Sansâr Chand *more suo* had attacked Râjâ Mahân Chand of Kunhiâr on the Satluj, who, in his extremity, implored the aid of Dharm Parkâsh, agreeing to pay a *lâkh* of rupees as indemnity. Dharm Parkâsh, with his barons and Râjâ Râm Singh of Hindûr or Nâlagarh, awaited Sansâr Chand at Jarârtokâ, where he was killed in the battle that ensued by Sansâr Chand himself. Neither this MS., nor a similar one I have about the Kaṭoch family, says a word about Sansâr Chand's sister. Dharm Parkâsh left no issue and was succeeded by the incompetent Karm Parkâsh, his brother, and father of Fatteḥ Parkâsh.]

[The prose portion of the narrative being in Urdû has not been given in original.]

Râjâ Sansâr Chand of Kângṛâ and Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh of Sarmor, *alias* Nâhan, were related through the sister of Râjâ Sansâr Chand, who had married Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh. One day Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh went to his wife and told her to play at chess with him, the stake to be her brother's head. Said he, "if you lose I will go and bring Sansâr Chand's head here." "Very well" said the Rânî, "and if you lose my brother will come and fetch your head." On this the Râjâ became very angry and threw the pieces in the Rânî's face and said, "How will your brother take my head? I have a large army

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and many allies, and your brother is but a dancing boy. How should he wield the sword?" "My brother's slaves are as many as your whole army," said the Rânî, and wrote the whole story to her brother Râjâ Sansâr Chand. Whereon he attacked Sarmor and slew Râjâ Fatteh Parkâsh and took his sister back with him to Kângṛâ.

JANG RÂJÂ SANSÂR CHAND, WÂLÎ KÂNGṚÂ.

Achal Sansâr Chand, Rám Rájá, karat ashnán, ot dhyán pûrâ, jape Nám Náráyan se dhyán lagî.

Dharoî Dhyán Singh Jai Singh ke mán pár, "pakaṛ kábû, karo bát sárî."

Geṇḍá Dhaḍwál jab uṭhá sambhálke japhî jawán kí lagî bhárî.

Chhuṭî jab kard Dhyán Singh ke háth se lagî Dhaḍwál ke ghaúkárî.

Bhuj balítáṅ sapûran Kaṭoch ká sis soṅ pakṛá jab kesdhárî.

Karî maslihat Khushhál Chand Sansâr Chand tegh biṛe dhare pán darbâr,

Iláá jab bîṛá Fatteh Chand Mahárâj ne sâya Sarmor par bándhî talwâr:

Baiṭh darbárá Bhûp Mahárâj ne sárî fauj ká lâá ikhtiyár.

Milî Suket, Kahlûr, Kolá milá, milá Goler sab karî ik tár.

Húá aswâr Tegh Chand ke chakarwe sâya Sarmor ke hil gae dhár.

Bhút baitál kul khet rîsen, khaṛe Kálká kalak Rânî judh lâyá.

Bhajeṅ jambû, aur garj ujhal kareṅ, bigas Nárad ran rág gáyá.

Baje bandúk aur tîr tartar chaleṅ, garj bâdar bareṅ Indar puhâr.

Piliá sipáh, nakib bingárdá, hâzirî bheṛdá sár sarsár.

Dúsrî taraf Dayyá Rám lalkárdá, mohar padmoṅ phireṅ kareṅ hathiyár.

Jitá hai jang Mahárâj, Mahárâj Sansár Chand ne jang ko jál bájî badhái.

Márá Sarmor, aur Ránî se mel kiá, fauj Satluj ko sudhái.

Pitá Tegh Chand saput sujhal kie; aṭal Mahárâj Ehúp bhae!

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The War of Râjâ Sansâr Chand, Lord of Kângṛâ.

The powerful Sansâr Chand, (like) the Lord Râma, was bathing, and was absorbed in meditation, and turned his to the worship of the name of Nârâyan.*

A bitter complaint (arose) against Dhyân Singh, (who was) under the protection of Jai Singh, "seize him so that he escape not."

Then up gat Gendâ the Ḍhaḍwâl† and seized him in his arms.

When Dhyân Singh used his dagger he inflicted a severe wound on the Ḍhaḍwâl.

(Then) the whole of the strong men of the Kaṭoches seize the long-haired one‡ by his hair.§

Khushhâl Chand and Sansâr Chand held a consultation and placed the sword and the betel-leaves in the assembly.‖

And Fatteh Chand,¶ the great, took up the betel leaves and girded on his sword for the land of Sarmor.

Sitting in the assembly the mighty monarch (Sansâr Chand) mustered his forces.

Suket, and Kahlûr, and Kolâ and Goler all joined together and stood in a line.**

---

* Vishnu.

† The Kotwâl of Kângṛâ. Ḍhaḍwâls are Râjpûts.

‡ *i.e.*, Dhyân Singh, in allusion to his uncut hair as a Sikh.

§ These five lines have no connection with the rest of the story and evidently refer to quite another matter, probably belonging to another song. In 1774 Saifu'llah (or Saif 'Alî) Khân, the Muhammadan Governor, under the Dehlî Emperors, of Kângṛâ Fort died, and Sansâr Chand invoked the aid of Sirdâr Jai Singh Kanhayyâ in recovering it for himself. Jai Singh sent his son Gurbakhsh Singh who procured the surrender, not for Sansâr Chand, but for his father. Afterwards in 1784-5 Sansâr Chand joined Mahân Singh Sukarchakiâ in defeating Jai Singh at Batâlâ and so recovered Kângṛâ. The Dhyân Singh of the song was probably an official sent to govern the fort for Jai Singh.

‖ See Vol. I., pp. 43, 479, etc.

¶ Brother to Sansâr Chand.

** Various hill states in the Kângṛâ and Simlâ districts.

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All the followers of Tegh Chand* mounted and made the hills of the land of Sarmor to shake.
The ghosts and devils were rampant over all the field, and Queen Kâlkâ† raged furiously.
The jackals ran about and kites wheeled (overhead), and Nârada sang songs of joy.‡
The guns went off and the arrows flew incessantly, the air resounded as when Indra sends down heavy rain.
Yellow (dressed) were the soldiers and the herald was shouting, and the men were fighting with crossed swords.
On the other side was Dayyâ Râm taunting, the warriors in front were crossing swords.
The great king won the fight, the great king Sansâr Chand winning the fight finished his work (game).
Killing Sarmor and meeting the Queen, he took back his army to the Satluj.
The dutiful son of Tegh Chand distinguished himself; may the great king remain (ever) a monarch!

---

* The father of Sansâr Chand.
† *i.e.*, Durgâ, the goddess of death and murder.
‡ The Indian Orpheus, and also the "maker of strife."

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No. XXV.

RÂJÂ JAGAT SINGH OF NÛRPÛR,

AS RECITED BY TWO *MÎRÂSÎS* FROM JAMMÛṄ.

[The facts related here are meant to be historical, and the story is valuable as showing how the mountaineers of Kângrâ and the neighbouring tracts have kept the tradition of the doings of this illustrious leader, whose deeds are recorded in sober history and have excited the admiration of real historians.]

[It need hardly be said that the bards have got most of the history and all the geography wrong. The real facts seem to have been as follows: taking advantage of internal troubles Shâhjahân made an attempt to recover Balkh and Badakhshân and sent the famous 'Ali Mardân Khân to conquer them in 1644 A.D., but he was not as successful as the Emperor had hoped, and so in 1645 Râjâ Jagat Singh was sent with 14,000 Râjpûts, who performed great things, but did not apparently reduce the country, as that was accomplished afterwards by 'Ali Mardân Khân working under the nominal guidance of the Imperial Prince Muḥammad Murâd Bakhsh. The whole affair ended tamely in 1647 by the relinquishment of the country to its original owners.]

[The story being recorded in Urdû has been given here in translation only.]

The Story of Râjâ Jagat Singh, Paṭhânî, Lord of Nûrpûr in the Kângṛâ District.

Râjâ Jagat Singh, Paṭhâniâ Râjpût, of Nûrpûr in the Kângṛâ District, took service under the Emperor Akbar* of Dehlî, who had granted him territories yielding a revenue of six *lâkhs.*† One day Akbar laid the betel leaves and naked sword of challenge‡ for an expedition to Kâbul, but though there were two and twenty Râjâs in the Court at the time no one would take up the challenge. So at last the Emperor turned to Râjâ Jagat Singh who accepted the challenge. The Emperor was

* Really under Shâhjahân.
† Rs. 600,000.
‡ See Vol. I., p. 43, etc.

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so pleased at this that he told him to demand whatever he pleased, and all that the Râjâ asked for was an army. As he had 30,000 men* of his own the Emperor doubled them, but pressed him further as to his wants; whereon the Râjâ replied that he, who had an army, wanted for nothing, neither in treasure nor territory. In the end the Emperor gave him 40,000 men with whom he started for Kâbul. With him were the Nawâbs 'Izzat Khân and Parzat Khân and the Dîwâns Kâsî Nâth and Todar Mall.†

On the road to Kâbul there is a fort called Shahr Shafa' built by Nawâb Shafî' Shâh,‡ who had been harrassing the Emperor's territory, burning down his hunting-boxes and imprisoning his officials. Râjâ Jagat Singh therefore attacked him with 30,000 men, but did no more than surround the place. It was a habit of Nawâb Shafî' Shâh to leave his fort at night and go hunting. On one of these expeditions he was caught, and Râjâ Jagat Singh, putting silver fetters on his feet, sent him to Dehlî, where he was tortured to death by being hanged at the palace gate and having nails driven into him.

After this Râjâ Jagat Singh enquired of the people of Shahr Shafa' where the other marauders were to be found, and they showed the way to where nine *lâkhs* (900,000!) of spears of the Yûsafzai Paṭhâns§ were congregated. This force belonged to Hamîd Khân,‖ king of Khurâsân, and was commanded by Nawâbs Saifu'llah Khân, Raḥmatu'llah Khân, 'Abdu'llah Khân and Aḥmad Khân. A great battle ensued, lasting eight days, during which all the commanders, except Nawâb Aḥmad Khân, were killed. On the last day the Nawâb and Râjâ Jagat Singh met each other in battle and the Nawâb managed to wound

* Really 14,000.

† Todar Mall died in 1589, so it is clear that he was not present. Who the others are meant for I cannot say.

‡ Probably meant for Shâh Safî, 8th Safvî king of Persia, *ob.* 1642, to avoid whose tyranny 'Ali Mardân Khân, then governor of Kandahâr for Persia, seceded to Shâhjahân in 1637.

§ These belong to the Peshâwar valley.

‖ The persons, who really opposed Shâhjahân's forces, were Nazar Muḥammad Khân of Balkh and his son 'Abdu'l-'azîz Khân.

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Jagat Singh in the face over his shield, which made Jagat Singh so furious that he struck the Nawâb with such force as to cut him in half down through the saddle and wound the horse under him. After this the Râjâ occupied the territory and posted the Imperial garrisons over it.

The people then pointed out to him the fort occupied by Nawâb 'Ali Mardân Khân* still further in the territory of Khurâsân, whom the Râjâ found to be a most powerful man. However the Râjâ proceeded onwards and sent his messenger (*vakîl*) to declare war. "He had better go his way," said 'Ali Mardân Khân, "or I will drown him in the fords of Aṭak and Nilâb."† Finding him very strong the Râjâ resolved on treachery. He caused 500 *mans*‡ of poisoned sweetmeats to be prepared, as he ascertained that such things were much valued in those parts, and loaded them on 500 bullocks, which he had driven past the fort at night with torches tied to their tails. The Paṭhâns in the fort at once concluded that they were being attacked and rushed out and finding only a quantity of bullocks laden with sweets seized them as booty. The poison, however, soon killed them off either on the spot or in their houses. Jagat Singh thereon attacked the remainder of 'Ali Mardân Khân's forces and after eight days routed them. 'Ali Mardân Khân then fled for refuge to the Chief of the Bangash (Paṭhâns§), who imprisoned him.

The Chief of the Bangash sent Raḥmat Khân with 18,000 men against Râjâ Jagat Singh, but the Râjâ overcame him and entered the Bangash territories. On this the Chief collected all his forces, 40,000 men, and faced Jagat Singh, but in 28 days he was killed and his territories annexed.

The Râjâ next proceeded to Kâbul, where 'Ali Mardân Khân was king,‖ and opposed him. But the Paṭhâns had only daggers

* The whole of this is of course all nonsense historically.

† Both over the Indus near Aṭak. The hopelessness of the geography is becoming apparent.

‡ Over 20 tons.

§ Near Balkh and Bukhârâ says the bard! really this tribe lives in the Kohât District of the Panjâb.

‖ The bard is now utterly regardless of sequence, *more suo*.

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and Jagat Singh's men had guns, and so after many days the king of Kâbul was killed and the Imperial authority was established.

Then the Râjâ went on to Khurâsân and was opposed by the Wazîr Sâus Khân with 18,000 men of his own and 40,000 men of the king. A tremendous battle ensued in which the Râjâ lost 10,000 men, but one of the Râjâ's men speared Sâus Khân. After which the battle lasted 76 days till the king fled and the Râjâ overcame his leaderless army. Having got possession of the kingdom, he placed his right foot on the throne and wrote news of the victory to the Emperor at Dehlî.

On his return to Dehli the Emperor Akbar rewarded him with territories yielding two *lâkhs* of rupees, which with his previous income of six *lâkhs*, gave him a total revenue of eight *lâkhs*.*

KABIT.

Jab dayyá kar, bulâve târe jal sâyar ko. Dârad ko dûr kare; yeh hî tero kâr hai.

Nâmhoṅ kî lajjá tû pâle qaul apne ko, sangaṭ ko niwâre; Har, tû hî rachpâl hai.

Bhukhe ko bhare, sûkhe ko hare kare, ḍûbe ko târe; terî qudrat âpâr hai.

Chaudah hî tabaq meṅ sab base jiv jete jape nâm terâ ik; tû hî nirankâr hai.

Bâjnî ke jâe bâj, lâj nâ lukâe lûkeṅ; murghî ke jâe bâj hot nâ ghajâeke.

Mânnî ke jâe madh mâte matwâre phireṅ; singhnî ke jâe sher mâs ke khilâe se.

Gaûṅ kâ bachhâ achhâ dhoṛe lipṭânâ hot, gadhâ bhî na hot bachhâ Gang ke nhalâe se.

Kahit Kabî Gang, "Suno, Dindiyâl, baglâ na hot hans motî ke chugâe se.

* Say £80,000.

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VERSES.

By thy kindness (O Hari) we can cross the ocean. Thou art the remover of pains: this is thy doing.

For thy name's sake thou dost perform thy word, and relievest us of pain; Hari, thou art our protector.

Thou dost feed the hungry, and makest green the dry (places), and savest the drowning; unfathomable is thy power.

In the fourteen quarters of the world all the people worship only thy name; and thou art without form.

The falcon bears the falcon, he cannot hide his dignity if he try; the chick of the hen becomes not a falcon by teaching.

The son of the great wanders drunken with his pride and glory; the whelp of the lioness is fed with prey.

The calf of the cow is born from a fine bull, but an ass cannot become a calf by washing with Ganges water.

Saith the poet Gang, "Hear, Cherisher of the Poor,* the heron doth not become a swan by eating pearls."†

---

* The king.

† Refers to the common legend that the swan (*hansa*) lives on pearls only.

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No. XXVI.

A HYMN TO 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR JÎLÂNÎ,

AS SUNG BY A BARD FROM THE MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[This very spirited song relates a miracle attributed to Ghausu'l-'Âzam or 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, who may be called the greatest Muḥammadan Saint in India. But it is much more likely that the story was originally told of his descendant Shekh Muḥammad Ghaus Jîlânî of Ûchh in the Multân district.]

[Pîrân-i-Pîr, Pîr-i-Dastagîr, Ghausu'l-'Âzam, Ghausu-'s-Samdânî, Maḥbûb i-Subhânî, Mîrân Muḥayyu'ddîn, Sayyid (or Shekh) 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, Ḥasanu-'l-Ḥussainî, the founder of the Qâdiriâ order of mendiçants, was born in Gîlân or Jîlân, but properly Kîl-o-Kîlân, a western district of Persia in A.H. 471 or A.D. 1078, and died at Baghdâd in A.D. 1166, where his tomb is still held in great reverence. He had two sons Sayyid 'Alî Muḥammad and Shekh 'Abdu'l-Wahhâb. Ninth in descent from the latter was Shekh Ḥâmid Jahân Bakhsh, better known as Ḥazrat Shekh Muḥammad Ghaus Jîlânî, who settled at Ûchh in the Multân district about 1394 A.D. in the time of Taimûr (1336-1405 A.D.), and is still the patron saint of the Dâûdputras of the Bahâwalpûr State. His descendant, Pîr Mûsâ Pâk Shahîd, a saint of great renown, was buried at Multân in 1593 A.D., and from him are descended the Makhdûms of Multân. The descendants of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir's eldest son also settled later in the Sarâî Siddhû *tahsîl* of the Multân district. These facts are sufficient to account for the celebrity of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir in the Panjâb and India. Sayyid Muḥammad Qâsim of Dânâpûr published a work in 1855 called *'Ajâ'ib Ghausiâ* in Urdû, giving full details about 'Abdu'l-Qâdir.]

TEXT.

MADAḤ ḤAZRAT 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR 'URF PÎRÂN PÎR.

Tûṅ pîr tamâmî pîrâṅ dâ!
Tûṅ sarwar kul amîrâṅ dâ!
Gham dûr karo dilgîrâṅ dâ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!
Tûṅ dost pâk Ilâhî dâ!
Tûṅ vich Ḥazûrî châhîdâ!
Sar-chhat julandâ Shâhî dâ!

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Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Terâ waḍâ buland sitârâ, jî!*
Tujhe seveṅ 'âlam sârâ, jî!
Terâ kul chaukoṭ nuqârâ, jî!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Tûṅ Shâh Mardân dâ potâ haiṅ!†
Tûṅ Nabbî Sâḥib dâ dohtâ haiṅ!
Vich nûr Ilâhî de dhotâṅ haiṅ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Tûṅ Sayyid pâk Gîlânî haiṅ!
Tûṅ zâhirâ qutub Rabbânî haiṅ!
Tûṅ roshan doheṅ jahânî haiṅ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Jag hûe bahut azârî, jî:
Je châ parheṅ madaḥ tumhârî, jî:
Oh dî bhî turt kar denâ kârî, jî!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Jag hûe bandîwân, pîrâ,
Oh de mushkil kare âsân, pîrâ!
Oh nûṅ bah waṛh har maidân, pîrâ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Ik jo buḍhî mâî, jî,
Us terî yârhî châî, jî,
Tûṅ oh dî murâd pahunchâî, jî!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî.
Us buḍhî ghar farzand hûâ:
Sûrat wâgoṅ chand hûâ:
Oh sohanî qad buland hûâ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Buḍhî kuṛam te ghar sadâî, jî:
Woho sâun din ṭakâî, jî:
Woho maulî gaḍh pawâî, jî:
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!

* *Jî*, sir: addressed to the audience, left out in the translation: see Vol. I., p. 421.

† These are mere figures of speech, but the saint was descended on the father's side from Ḥasan, and the mother's from Ḥussain, hence his title of Ḥasanu'l-Ḥussainî.

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Buḍhî nîngar turt mangâiâ, jî;
Oh de gânâ dast bandhâiâ, jî:
Sâyâṅ mil mil khûb nahâiâ, jî,
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Oh de âge thâl takâiâ, jî:
Ohnâṅ nânak dâdak âiâ, jî:
Oh nûṅ ṅeudrâ sab ugharâiâ, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Laṛke nûṅ mehndî turt lagâî, jî:
Oh nûṅ chaṛhâ rang Ilâhî, jî!
Oh de shukar kare hai mâî, jî!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Buḍhî ne ghoṛî turt mangâî, jî:
Oh de mukh lagâm diwâî, jî:
Sab velâṅ dinde bhâî, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Laṛke pair rikâbe pâiâ, jî,
Un barse nûr sawâyyâ, jî.
Jo kuchh likhâ hai so pâiâ, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Unhîṅ bahin jo pakaṛe wâg, jî,
De bahinâṅ dâ lâg, jî:
"Tainûṅ Allah lâiâ bhâg, jî!"
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Us ditta sî ûcherâ, jî:
Us ûṭh, ghoṛâ, wichherâ, jî:
Us gâîṅ, mahîṅ lawerâ, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Laṛkâ jaṇḍî jâ namdâr hûâ:
Oh bhâîâṅ nâl tayyâr hûâ:
Sab sâun te shagun vichâr hûâ!
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Tâ janj pattan te âî, jî:
Un beṛî turt mangâî, jî:
Sab mâl matta' bharâî, jî:
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
Râtî jâ namdâr hue:

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Sab sâun te shagun vichâr hue !
Sab 'âlam nâl takrâr hûe ! •
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Oh aglâ âhâ fardâ, jî :
Oh bhûkâ mâl nâ żar dâ, jî :
Us jo kuchh dittâ sardâ, jî :
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Janj kartî eh salâḥân, jî :
Wanj pakaṛe ân mallâḥân, jî :
Beṛâ turke hûî agâhân, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Uthe ghulî miṅh hanerî, jî :
Uthe bhul gaî terî merî, jî :
Uthe pesh na jâe dilerî, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Vichoṅ to laṛkî bolî, jî :
" Mainûṅ kâh nûṅ pâiâ ḍolî, jî ?
Sad shagun to merî jholî, jî : "
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
" Rabbâ, mainûṅ kâh nûṅ paidâ kîtâ, aî !
Mere kanth khaṛâ chip kîtâ, ai !
Sas wâr nâ pânî pîtâ, ai ! "
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Uthe ghullâṅ te chawâiâ, jî !
Dariyâ lahar vich âiâ, jî !
Us beṛâ chak ulṭâiâ, jî !
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Beṛâ laṭṭhâ jâe dughâtî, jî :
Janjî gharq hûe jâ pânî, jî :
To ḥukm Ilâhî Wâlî, jî !
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Tâṅ budhî aisî khushî vich âî, jî :
Agge khabar dittî jâ râhî, jî,
Jo wartî khol sunâî, jî :
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Oh budhî huṛî nit vichhâ dhare :
Oh nûh dekhan dâ châh kare :

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Oh qudrat Oh dî nûṅ wâḥ kare !
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Buḍhî â khaṛî dariyâe te ;
Jithe beṛî buḍhî so jâe te :
Us badhâ lakkh do'âe se.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Buḍhî nâ kuchh pî khâî, jî :
Oh dam dam pîr manâî, jî :
Oh din rât kurlâî, jî.
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Ik roz pîr shikâr âe :
Oh pâro lang urwâr âe :
" Kyûṅ ronî hâl wanjâṅ, Mâî ?"
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
" Maithe iko pût vichârî dâ :
Oh bûḍh mûâ hatiârî dâ :
Koî aur nâ augun hârî dâ."
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Uthe do'â to mângî pîr, jî :
Us nadî kâ wagge nîr, jî :
Beṛâ kaḍḍhâ ṭor zanjîr, jî :
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
" Abû Sâliḥ ke tum bans bahâdar !
Jodhâ baṛâ sipâhan nar ! "
Mîrâṅ qudrat eh dikhâî nîṅgar ḍolî 'âm bhar !
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
Dholak tâṅ tambûrî waj kar,
Shâdî ho gâî vich shahar ;
Mîrâṅ qudrat eh dikhâî, nigar ḍolî 'âm bhar !
Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !

TRANSLATION.

A Hymn to the Holy 'Abdu'l-Qâdir, known as Pîrân Pîr.

Thou saint of all the saints !
Thou head of all the holy ones !
Put away the sorrows of the sorrowful !
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !

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Thou friend of the Holy God!
Thou beloved of the Court (of God)!
The royal canopy is waved (over thee)!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân.
Thy star is exalted on high!
The whole world follows thee!
The drums (of thy fame) are beaten in all the four quarters (of the earth)!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Thou art the grandson of Shâh Mardân ('Ali)!
Thou art the grandson of the Holy Prophet!
Bathed in the light of God!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Thou art the Holy Sayyid of Gîlân!
Thou art the visible pillar of God!
Thou art the light of both worlds!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Who is much afflicted in the world,
If he sing thy praises,
Thou dost relieve him early!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Who hath become a prisoner, O Saint,
His distress dost thou relieve, O Saint.
To him thou dost appear in any place, O Saint!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
There was an old woman,
She vowed to observe thy feast.*
And thou didst fulfil her desire!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
In the old woman's house a son was born,
In beauty as the moon.
Tall and beautiful was he!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman invited her kith and kin,

* The *yârhî* or *yâhrî* is the *gyârvîn*, or chief feast in honor of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, held on the 11th *(gyârvîn)* of Rabî'u's-sânî, a full description of which is to be found in Herklots' *Qanoon-e-Islam*, p. 155 ff.

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And fixed an auspicious day,
And put on the marriage knots.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman sent for her son quickly,
And (wound) the marriage bracelet round his wrist,
And the matrons bathed him well.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The platter (of presents) was placed before him:
His father's and mother's kindred came,
And he received all their gifts.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The *mehndî** was quickly put on the boy,
The dye was put on him (in the name) of God!
And his mother gave thanks.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman at once procured a mare,
And put the bit into its mouth.
The kindred made the sacrifice.†
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The boy put his foot into the stirrup,
And the light (of God) was shed upon him,
And he obtained what was written in his fate.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
His sister held the reins,
And he gave her her dues.‡
(Said she), "God grant thee fortune!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!"
He gave her a camel;
He (gave) a camel, a horse, and a colt;
He (gave) a cow and a milch buffalo.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!

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* *Mehndî* or *hinâ* is myrtle powder for colouring red the nails, etc., of bride and bridegroom.

† *Belân denâ*, is to wave a *takâ*, copper coin, over the bride and bridegroom's heads by their respective relatives as a sacrifice, and to give it to the bards. It is a Hindû custom.

‡ This present is obligatory in Hindû marriages.

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The boy went to the *jaṇḍî* tree,*
And his brethren went with him,
And all the propitious omens were observed!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Then the procession went to the ferry,
And demanded a boat at once,
And loaded up their goods and chattels.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
At night they reached (the bride's house),
And all the propitious omens were observed!
And all the world collected there!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Her father was well-to-do,
He had no lack of goods and money,
And he gave according his wealth.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The procession were enjoying themselves,
And the boatmen seized the poles,
And the boat went forward.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
A storm of rain came on,
And they could not recognize each other,
And no resource was of any avail.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
From within said the bride,
"Why didst thou put me in the *ḍolî*, (O God),
The marriage sheet is in my wallet."†
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
"O God, why was I born!
My bridegroom stands silent!
His mother has not yet waved the water‡ (over me)!"

* *Acacia leucophlæa*—The bridegroom in Hindû marriages must cut off a branch himself.

† The marriage sheet is that by which the bride and bridegroom are tied together at the wedding and is kept by the bride as long as she is a virgin; hence reference in the tale. The child-brides of India are of course virgins for years after their marriage.

‡ A ceremony, the bridegroom's mother has to wave water over the bride's head, and then drink it.

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O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
(Then) the whirlwinds blew there,
The river broke into waves
And the boat upset.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
And the boat sank deeply;
And the procession was drowned in the water:
It was the order of God!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Meanwhile the old woman was very happy,
Until a stranger came and told her
And explained what had passed.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman had kept her mat spread,*
As she was very anxious to see her son's wife.
And she cried out at the power of God!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman came to the river:
The old woman went to where the boat had sunk,
And vowed a thousand vows!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
The old woman could neither eat nor drink,
And invoked the saint with every breath,
And wept and wailed day and night.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
One day the saint went a-hunting
And came across the river (to her):
"Why weepest so bitterly, mother?"
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
"I am the helpless (mother) of an only son;
The miserable (mother) whose (son) hath been drowned,
The sinful (mother) that hath no other"
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
She prayed then to the saint:

* For the bride and bridegroom to sit on when they return.

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And the waters of the river became disturbed,
And the boat burst its chains!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
"Thou son of the great house of Abû Sâliḥ,*
Valiant and brave warrior!"
And the saint showed his power by bringing forth the bride and bridegroom!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
Sounding the drums and timbrels,
There was rejoicing in the city.
For the saint had showed his power, by bringing forth the bride and bridegroom!
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!

* Said to have been the name of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir's father.

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No. XXVII.

JALÂLÎ, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER,

AS SUNG BY A BARD OF THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT.

[This is a most popular tale all over the country, and is known not only to the bards, but also to the women who live entirely at home. I have, however, been able to ascertain nothing satisfactory about it.]

[The story of Jalâlî is that she was a Blacksmith's daughter, (Lohârî,) seized upon by a local king from whom Roḍe Shâh or Roḍâ spirited her away. Her home is given variously as Paṭnâ (in a chap-book entitled *Qissa Roḍâ Jalâlî*), and somewhere in the Karnâl or Multân Districts. About Roḍe Shâh all I have been able to gather is that there is a tomb or shrine to him near Lâhor on the Amritsar Road, otherwise he is said to come from Multân, as a follower of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, in which case we must place him about 15th century at the earliest. All the legends agree in saying he came from Makkâ, just as this one says the Lohârî was from Baghdâd, but this must be sheer nonsense, as his name, Roḍe Shâh, the Shaven Mendicant, is purely Indian, just as is that of her 'caste.' The great feat and miracle attributed to Roḍe Shâh is that of making the invaluable *dûb* grass of India green and sweet for ever!]

[The language in which the legend is here given is well worth examination.]

TEXT.

Lohârî Jalâlî kâ sâkh.

Lohârî Jalâlî Shahr Baghdâd meṅ paidâ hûî, aur Roḍe Shâh Faqîr Makkâ meṅ paidâ hûâ. Roḍe Shâh Faqîr ko Lohârî Jalâlî khwâb meṅ nazar paṛî, aur Roḍe Shâh Faqîr ko usî waqt 'ishq paidâ ho gayâ. Aur Lohârî Jalâlî ko Roḍe Shâh Faqîr khwâb meṅ Shahr Baghdâd meṅ nazar paṛâ.

Itnî dekh Roḍe Ṣhâh Faqîr ne Duldul lîe saṅwâr;
Hâth kujâh, gal tasbîḥ, baghaloṅ bîch Qurân.
B'ismi'llah karke Duldul chheṛ dîe: raste meṅ mile Châroṅ Yâr.
Châroṅ Yâr bolde Roḍe Shâh se, kareṅ sawâl:

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"Kaunse mulk se âwanâ? kaunsî vilâyat ko jân?"
"Makkâ Sharîf se âwanâ; Shahr Baghdâd ko jân."
Itne kahke chal pare, aur raste meṅ ho gaî rain.
Rain ko dekhke Roḍe Shâh hûe be-chain.
Roḍe Shâh Faqîr ne jangal kî ghâs ukṭhî karî; ghâsoṅ se kareṅ sawâl:
"Sawâ hathî deo bistarâ, phakar nûṅ paṛhnî namâz."
Itnî sunkar ghâs boldî phakar se kareṅ sawâl:
"Hamâre par bistarâ nahîṅ, dekho koî ṭhaur."
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr dil hûe udâs.
Gandî ghâs boldî, Roḍe Shâh se kareṅ jawâb:
"Ḍhâî bhâr, Ḥasrat, badh lo, bistar lo jamâe."
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr ne ghasoṅ se kareṅ sawâl:
"Aur ghâs sab jal jâenge, tere se mâregî khushbû.
Gawwâṅ chugeṅ, dûdh deṅge, aur duniyâ meṅ ṛahegâ terâ nâm.
Aisâ nanhâ ho chalîye bande, jaisî nanhî dûb!
Aur ghâs sab jal jâegî, harî rahegî dûb!"
Itnî kahke Roḍe Shâh Faqîr chal paṛâ, âyâ mallâḥ ke pâs:
"Laṛke re mallâḥ ke, sun merî ardâs.
Ik beṛî Allah nâm kî phakar ko lakhâ de pâr."
Itnî sun mallâḥ boldâ; "sun, phakar, merî bât;
Ḥukm hûâ Lohârî Jalâlî kâ: tumheṅ kaise lakhâve pâr?"
Itnî sun phakar boldâ; "sun, mallâḥ, merî bât:
Auroṅ se lendâ paishâ, phakar se le le do châr:
Ik beṛî Allah nâm kî phakar ko lakhâ de pâr."
"Je tum phakar auliâ âpoṅ se langh jâo pâr."
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr ke tan meṅ lag gaî âg.
Kishtî kî beṛî banâe, soṭî kî balî lagâo:
B'ismi'llah karke phakar baiṭh gae, langh gae parle pâr.
Apne dil meṅ mallâḥ sochtâ, "phakar nahîṅ, koî darvesh."
Jâkar qadam darvesh ke pakaṛ lîe, shâhjî se kareṅ sawâl:
"Maiṅ nâ jânoṅ tum aise auliâ, chashmoṅ par lendâ bithâe.
Koî aisî do'â mangîyo merâ beṛâ kar jâîyo pâr."

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Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh boldâ, mallâh se kareṅ jawâb :
"Bahutâ khaṭîyo, bahutâ kamâîyo, thâre khaṭe meṅ barkat ho lîyo nâh !"
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr kî mallâḥ huâ udâs.
Itnî kah Roḍe Shâh châl paṛe Shahr Baghdâd ko jân :
Lohârî Jalâlî ke bâr meṅ detâ 'âlakh' jagâe.
Itnî sun Lohârî Jalâlî ne Kamâlî bahin lîe boldî :
"Jâîye, bahin lâḍlî, bhichhâ de pâo."
Lekar bhichhâ chal paṛî, âî phakar ke pâs :
"O phakar, bhichhâ lo, khaṛî Kamâlî tere pâs."
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr ne Kamâlî se kareṅ jawâb :
"Ham ne bhichhâ kyâ karnî ? Jalâlî kâ len dîdâr."
Itnî sun Kamâlî chal paṛî, âî Jalâlî ke pâs :
"Kâlâ kâlâ bhuṇḍ sâ, paṛ rahâ sâḍe khiyâl.
Motîoṅ kî bhichhâ nahîṅ leṅdâ leṅge terâ dîdâr ! "
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr Lohârî se kareṅ jawâb :
"Kâlâ kâlâ kis ko batâutî ? kâlâ hai burî bulâo.
Kâlâ sir ke bâl haiṅ : yeh mardoṅ ke singâr.
Kâlî ânkhoṅ kî pûtlî, mohe kul sansâr.
Kâlâ Pachham kî bâdalî, barse kul sansâr.
Itne kâloṅ ko mârke, phir phakar se karîyo jawâb !"
Itnî sun Jalâlî Kamâlî se kare jawâb :
"Jis phakar se maiṅ ḍarûṅ, wahî âyâ sâḍe pâs ! "
Hâth joṛ Jalâlî boldî, "sun, Kamâlî bahin, merî bât :
Bâbal mere se kah de, 'yeh phakar nahîṅ, koî bad-ma'âsh.' "
Itnî sunkar chal paṛî, âî bâbal de pâs :
Hâth joṛ kah rahî, "sun, Bâbal, merî bât ;
Phakar nahîṅ koî maskhrâ, mange terî beṭî kâ dîdâr !"
Itnî sunkar chal paṛâ, âyâ beṭî ke pâs :
"Ḥukm, beṭî, de de, jo châhe, so hove."
"Is phakar ko nikâl do, dhake do do chân."
"Jâîye, phakar, haṭ jâ : yeh hai Lohârî kâ farmân."
Itnî sun boldâ phakar, kare sawâl :
"Turtoṅ Makkâ se â giâ, dekhan terâ dîdâr."
Itnî sunkar ghussâ ho gaî woh chanchal sî nâr.
Ghar ke jallâd lîe bulwâo, mangwâe apne pâs :

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"Is phakar ko pakaṛ lo, mashkân deo âj.
Yâ tû kah do phakar ko 'haṭ jâ,' aur nahîṅ, ṭukre kar do châr."
Itnî sun phakar boldâ, aur Lohârî se kare jawâb:
"In batoṅ se nâ ḍarûṅ; lûṅgâ terâ dîdâr!"
Itnî sun Lohârî Jalâlî ne ḥukm dîâ, charhâo:
"Jaldî maskan bandh lo, ṭukre kar do châr.
Itnî ṭukre banâe do, aur kambal ke bândho piṇḍ."
Itnî sun jallâd ne bahâ dîe talwâr,
Phakar bhî na boldâ, ḥukm hûâ Dargâh.
Châr châr ungal ke ṭukre kar dîe, lîe samundar ko jân.
Jâkar samundar ger dîâ aur machhlîoṅ ne baḍh lîâ mâs.
"Sârâ mâs tum khâe lo, do nain deîyo chhoṛ.
Mujh ko piyâ milan kî âs." Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se Khwâj Khizar darmiyân:
"Is phakar kî deh sampûran kar do: is ko piyâ milan kî âs."
Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se sampûran ho gaî deh.
Jalâdoṅ se pahile chal paṛâ, âyâ Lohârî ke bâr:
"Lohârî Jalâlî, Allah kî piyârî, phakar nûn deîyo didâr!"
Bolî Jalâlî, "kyâ kahe? sun, Kamâlî, bât!
Kaisâ phakar boldâ is ḍeoḍhî darmiyân?"
Dekh Kamâlî ro paṛî, âî bahin ke pâs:
"Bahin, phakar nahîṅ, koî auliâ, aur phakar bure bulâe
Jis phakar nûṅ tû mâriâ, oh phakar khaṛâ tere darbâr!"
Itnî sun ghusse hûî aur nain lîe bhartâr:
"Ai phakar, tû na haṭâ, tere ṭukre kar dûṅgî châr!"
"In batoṅ se nâ ḍaruṅ, lûṅgâ terâ didâr!"
"Sunkar â gayâ, Jalâlî, terâ bâp."
"Bâp, taiṅ is phakar ko mâr do; nahîṅ, marûṅ kaṭârâ khâe."
Itnî sunkar boldâ jhaṭ us kâ bâp:
"Jo kahî so karûṅ is ghaṛî woh bât."
Lohe kâ tandûr gaṛwâ de, aur lakṛoṅ kî kar dî ânch.
Bandh mashkân, ger de us tandûr darmiyân.
Tandûr jhaṭ gaṛwâ dîâ aur lakṛoṅ kî kar dî ânch.
Surkh tandûr ho gayâ aur phakar se kare sawâl:

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"Jâ, be phakar, haṭ jâ: nahîṅ, jal bal ho jâegâ râkh!"
"Dhur Makkâ se â gayâ len terâ dîdâr."
Itnî sunkar jal gaî, tan man lag gaî âg.
Bandh mashkâṅ ger dîâ us tandûr darmiyân.
Sârâ shahr ro rahâ, Lohârî se kare sawâl:
"Ai, Lohârî, taiṅ kyâ karâ, phakar dîâ marwâe?"
Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se dhûeṅ ko waṭ dîe chaṛhâe.
Kajlî Ban meṅ so rahe Roḍe Shâh Faqîr.
Lohârî Jalâlî boltî, "Sun, Bâbal, merî bât;
Is sârî râkh ko samundar men deîyo bahâo.
Ab is phakar kî chuk lîe kaise legâ dîdâr?"
Itnî sun kûṇḍî soṇṭâ boldî Lohârî se kîe jawâb:
"Tû kaisî nâhîṅ kar rahî? phakar legâ dîdâr."
Itnî sunke boldî Lohârî karî jawâb:
"Râkh thî bahâ dî, ab tîjâ dûṅ karwâe."
Usî waqt Lohârî ne degâṅ de chaṛhwâe.
Shahr meṅ ḍhaṇḍhora de dîâ, aur faqîr lîe bulwâe.
Satranjîâṅ bichhâ dîe, faqîr baiṭhe âe.
Kuṇḍî soṇṭâ sochde rahe, na âe Roḍe Shâh Faqîr.
Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se, Roḍe Shâh ke khul gae ânkh:
"Tum, phakar, kyâ so rahe? thârâ tîjâ ho rahâ âj!"
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh chal paṛe, âe Lohârî ke pâs.
Majlis lag rahî darbâr meṅ: â Roḍe Shâh kare sawâl:
"De dîyo, Lohârî Jalâlî, Allah kî piyârî, phakar nûṅ de dîdâr!"
Itnî sunkar Lohârî Jalâlî kare sawâl:
"Dekhîyo, phakar nahîṅ, koî auliâ: phakar bure bulâe.
Meṛâ singâr le jâ, aur phakar nûn de dîdâr."
Pahiṅ singâr Kamâlî nikal paṛî, âî phakar ke pâs:
"Â, phakar, dîdâr le, khaṛî Jalâlî tere pâs."
Itnî sunkar phakar boldâ Jalâlî se kare sawâl:
"Je tû Mâî Jalâlî hai, to tere chhere par barsîyo nûr:
Je tû phakar nûṅ ṭhag rahî, terî ho jâ rûh se be-rûh."
Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se, ho gaî rûh se be-rûh.
Rondî pâṭdî âwandî, âî Jalâlî ke pâs:
"Bhalî châhîye dîdâr de: aur nahîṅ, ho jâegî rûh be-rûh."

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Dekh sûrat Jalâlî ro paṛî, naṭh bhajke â gaî us phakar ke pâs:
"Â, be phakar, dîdâr le le, khaṛî Jalâlî tere pâs."
"Yûṅ to dîdâr nâ leûṅ; yeh hai phakar kâ jawâb.
Mahil par apne chaṛh jâ, aur sir se sâhî târ.
Denâ dîdâr, Bîbî, aur sifat karûṅ terâ jag mân."
Itnî sunkar ro paṛî, kare phakar kâ sawâl:
"Aisî bateṅ mat kaho; rakho paṛdâ tum âp."
"In bâtoṅ se na haṭûṅ: ye phakar kâ sawâl;
Chhaje ûpar khaṛî ho, dekhe kul sansâr."
Itnî sunkar chaṛh gaî woh châtar sî nâr.
Roḍe Shâh boldâ, "suno, Shahr ke log,
Jalâlî chaṛh gaî mahil par, sir se sâhî dîâ târ."
Duniyâ ke log dekhde, Roḍe Duldul lîe singâr.
Jhaṭ sawâr us Duldul par âp:
"Sûrat terî bahut hai aur tû châtar sî nâr:
Ham chale Makkâ Sharîf ko, tû rahe âbâd!"
Itnî sun Lohârî ne ûpar se mârî chhâl;
Jhaṭde se Duldul pakaṛ lîe, aur phakar kare sawâl:
"Yâ tû mujh ko le chal; nahîṅ, khâkar marûṅ kaṭâr."
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr Lohârî se kare sawâl:
"Ham phakar darvesh haiṅ, terâ hamârâ kyâ sâth?"
"Chîṭak, Phakar, lâ chalâ, ab jîne kî kyâ âs?
Yâ chalûṅ tere sâth; nahîṅ, khâkar marûṅ kaṭâr."
Itnî sun phakar ne jhaṭ le lî apne sâth.
Lekar phakar chal paṛe, paṛî lambî râh.
Râh meṅ phakar jangal â gae, ḍere dîe lagâe.
Is jangal ke bîch meṅ baiṭhe dono â.
Jalâlî ke le âe Makkâ ke darmiyân.

TRANSLATION.

The Tale of Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's Daughter.

Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, was born in the City of Baghdâd, and Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr in Makkâ. Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, appeared to Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr

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in a dream and Roḍe Shâh Faqîr fell in love with her at once. Likewise Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr appeared to Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, in the City of Baghdâd.

Seeing this (dream) Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr mounted his (mule) Duldul,*
His gourd in his hand, his beads round his neck, his Qurân under his arm.
Saying "*Bi'smi'llah*"† he spurred on Duldul: on the road he met the Four Friends.‡
Said the Four Friends to Roḍe Shâh:
"From what country comest thou? To what land goest thou?"
"I am come from the Makkâ the Holy and I go to Baghdâd."
So saying he went on, and the night came upon him on the road.
Seeing the night Roḍe Shâh became miserable.
Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr took up the grass of the wilderness and said to the grass:
"Make me a bed of a span in length,§ for the *faqîr* must pray."
Hearing this the grass said to the *faqîr*;
"Thou canst not make thy bed on me, seek some other place."
Hearing this Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr was grieved.
Then said the *dûb* grass‖ to Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr:
"Take two and a half (mule) loads of me and spread thy bed."

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* Really the name of the mule of 'Ali: here merely a fine mule.

† "In the Name of God:" the Musalmân invocation on commencing anything.

‡ Abû Bakar, 'Umar, 'Usmân and 'Ali: the "four friends" of Muhammad.

§ A half bed used as a penance by *faqîrs* on account of its extreme discomfort.

‖ *Kusa*, the *cynodon dactylon* or sacred grass of the Hindûs: it has a fresh sweet smell.

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Hearing this Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr said to the grasses:
"The other grasses shall be burnt up, but thou shalt give forth a sweet smell:
And the cows shall eat thee and give milk and thy name shall live in the world.
Let the servants (of God) be humble as the lowly *dûb*!*
The other grasses shall be burnt up, but green shall remain the *dûb*!"
Saying this Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr went on and came to a boatman:
"O son of the boatmen, hear my prayer.
See the *faqîr* across (the river) in a boat in the name of God."
Hearing this said the boatman; "Faqîr, hear my words.
I have the orders of Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter: I cannot see thee over."
Hearing this said the *faqîr*; "Boatman, hear my words:
From others thou hast one *paisâ*,† take two or three from the *faqîr*,
And see the *faqîr* over in a boat in the name of God."
"If thou be a (true) *faqîr* and saint take thyself across."
Hearing this Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr's body was aflame (with wrath).
Making a boat of his gourd and an oar of his staff,
And saying "*Bi'smi'llah*" the *faqîr* sat in it and went across.
Thought the boatman in his mind, "He is no *faqîr*, he is a saint?"
He went and fell at the saint's feet and besought the saint:‡
"I knew not that thou wert so great a saint, or I would have served thee well.§

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* Allusion to its low spreading character.
† One-third anna or a half penny nearly.
‡ *Shâhjî* is one of the extravagant titles assumed by *fakîrs*.
§ *Lit.*, sat thee on my eyes.

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So pray for me that my boat may safely cross over (into the next world)."

Hearing this said Roḍe Shâh to the boatman:

"Labour much and earn much, but let not thy labour prosper thee!"

Hearing these words of Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr the boatman became sorrowful.

Saying this Roḍe Shâh went on to the city of Baghdâd:

And called '*âlakh*' at the door of Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter.

Hearing him Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter said to her sister Kamâlî:

"Go, sweet sister, and give him alms."

She went with the alms to the *faqîr*:

"O Faqîr, take the alms, Kamâlî stands beside thee."

Hearing this said Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr to Kamâlî:

"I came not for alms. I came to see Jalâlî.'*

Hearing this Kamâlî went to Jalâlî:

"Black, black as a beetle, hath fallen in love with thee.

He will not take the alms of pearls, he would see thee!"

Hearing this Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr shouted to the Blacksmith's daughter:

"Who is she calling black? blackness is a deep stain.

Black is the hair of the head, the adornment of man.

Black are the pupils of the eyes, beloved of the whole world.

Black are the clouds of the West, that water the whole earth.

Destroy these black things ere thou answer the *faqîr!*"

Hearing this Jalâlî said to Kamâlî:

"The *faqîr* I dreaded has come to us!"

With joined hands said Jalâlî, "Sister Kamâlî, hear my words:

Go and tell my father, this is no *faqîr*, but some scoundrel."

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* To say that he had come to see a *parḍânishîn* woman was, of course, to insult her grossly.

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Hearing this she went to her father;
And said with joined hands; "Father, hear my words.
He is no *faqîr*, but some jester and would see thy daughter!"
Hearing this he went to his daughter:
"Give thy commands, my daughter: it shall be as thou wilt."
"Turn out this *faqîr*, thrust him away."
"Go, thou *faqîr*, go away: this is the command of the Blacksmith's daughter."
Hearing this said the *faqîr*:
"I came walking from Makkâ to see her (face)."
Hearing this the silly woman became angry.
She called the household executioner!
(And said); "Sieze this *faqîr* and bind his arms behind him at once.
Either induce the *faqîr* to go away, or cut him to pieces."
Hearing this said the *faqîr* to the Blacksmith's daughter:
"I fear not thy words; I will (assuredly) see thee!"
Hearing this Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter gave orders to proceed:
"Quickly bind his arms behind him and cut him to pieces.
Cut him into many pieces and tie up his body in a blanket."
Hearing this the executioner flourished his sword,
But the *faqîr* said never a word, (as) it was an order from the Court (of God).
He cut him into little bits and took them to the river.*
Going to the river he threw them in and the fishes divided the flesh.
(Said the *faqîr*) "eat up all the flesh, but leave the two eyes;

* Hindû custom.

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I would meet my beloved." An order went from the Court (of God) to Khwâjâ Khizar: *

"Make whole the body of this *faqîr*, (for) he would see his beloved."

The order went from the Court (of God) and the body became whole.

He went on before the executioners and came to the door of the Blacksmith's daughter:

"O Jalâlî, thou Blacksmith's daughter, beloved of God, show thyself to the *faqîr*!"

Said Jalâlî, "what saith he? Kamâlî, hear my words!

What *faqîr* is he that is talking in the doorway?"

Kamâlî went to see and came weeping to her sister:

"Sister he is no *faqîr*, but some saint, and (that too) a powerful saint.

The *faqîr* that thou didst slay is the *faqîr* (now) standing at thy door!"

Hearing this she was wroth and her eyes grew stern:

"O *faqîr*, if thou dost not go, I will cut thee in pieces."

"I fear not these words, (but) I will see thy (face)!"

"Hearing this, Jalâlî, hath thy father come."†

"Father, slay this *faqîr*, or I will stab myself to death with a dagger."

Hearing this her father said quickly:

"I will do as thou sayest this moment."

He made an iron oven and lighted wood within it.

Binding his arms behind him he threw (the *faqîr*) into it.

Quickly he made the oven and lighted the wood.

The oven became red-hot and the (Blacksmith's daughter) said to the *faqîr*:

"Go, O Faqîr, go away or be burnt to ashes!"

"I came from far Makkâ to see thy (face)."

Hearing this she was aflame (with wrath), and the fire (of wrath) caught her body and soul.

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* See Vol. I., p. 416, &c.

† Jalâlî's father says this.

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Binding his arms behind him they threw him into the oven.
All the city wept and said to the Blacksmith's daughter:
"O thou Blacksmith's daughter, what art thou doing, slaying this *faqîr*?"
It was the order of the Court (of God) and the smoke went up in circles.*
And Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr slept in the Kajalî forest.†
Said Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter; "Father, hear my words:
Throw all these ashes into the river.‡
Now that we have finished this *faqîr* how shall he see (my face)?"
Hearing this his pestle and mortar§ said to the Blacksmith's daughter:
"How wilt thou deny (thy face) to the *faqîr*?"
Hearing this said the Blacksmith's daughter:
"The ashes have been sent afloat, now will I hold the funeral ceremonies."‖
And that very moment the Blacksmith's daughter put the cauldrons on (the fire).
She sent a cryer through the City and called all the *faqîrs*.
She spread carpets and the *faqirs* came and sat on them.
The pestle and mortar began to grieve because Roḍe Shâh Faqîr came not.
It was the order of the Court (of God) and Roḍe Shâh opened his eyes.
"Why art thou sleeping, *faqîr*? They are holding thy funeral ceremonies to-day!"
Hearing this Roḍe Shâh went to the Blacksmith's daughter.
The company were all assembled when Roḍe Shâh came and said:

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* Through which Roḍe Shâh escaped.
† Brought in merely as a famous name: see Vol. I., p. 520.
‡ *Hindû* custom.
§ Kept by *faqîrs* for making *bhang*.
‖ *Tîjâ* or *soyam*, the ceremonies on the third day after death held by Musalmâns.

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"Show (thy face), Jalâlî, thou Blacksmith's daughter,
beloved of God, to the *faqîr!*"
Hearing this said Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter:*
"Behold, this is no *faqîr*, but some saint: and (that too)
a powerful saint.
Put on my clothes and show thyself to the *faqîr*."
Putting on the clothes Kamâlî went out to the *faqîr*:
"Come *faqîr*, behold me, Jalâlî standeth beside thee."
Hearing this the *faqîr* said to Jalâlî:
"If thou be the Lady Jalâlî, then let thy face glow with
light:
But if thou art deceiving the *faqîr* may thy beauty
vanish."
It was the order of the Court (of God) and her beauty
vanished.
Weeping and wailing she went to Jalâlî:
"If thou seek thy good show thyself (to him), or thy
beauty will vanish."
Seeing her Jalâlî wept and ran quickly to the *faqîr*:
"Come, Faqîr, behold me, Jalâlî standeth by thee."
"I will not see thee thus: this is thy *faqîr's* reply.
Go upon the palace roof, take the veil from off thy
head.
Show thyself, Lady, and let the world praise thee."
Hearing this she wept and said to the *faqîr*:
"Say not such words; keep my honor!"
"I will not go back upon my words: this is the *faqîr's*
request:
Stand on the roof and let the whole world see thee."
Hearing this the wise woman went up (on to the roof).
Said Roḍe Shâh, "hear, ye people of the City,
Jalâlî hath gone up on to the roof of her palace, and
taken the veil from off her head."
All the world was looking (at her) while Roḍe (Shâh)
saddled his (mule) Duldul.

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* To her sister.

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Quickly he mounted him:
(Said he) "great is thy beauty and thou art a wise woman:
I go to Makkâ the Holy, do thou dwell (here)!"
Hearing this the Blacksmith's daughter leapt down from above;
And quickly she seized Duldul and said to the *faqîr*:
"Either take me with thee, or I stab myself to death with a dagger."
Hearing this Roḍe Shâh Faqîr said to the Blacksmith's daughter:
"I am a *faqîr* and a saint, what connection can there be twixt me and thee?"
"Thou hast enchanted me, O Faqîr, and how can I live now (away from thee)?
Either I go with thee or stab myself to death with a dagger."
Hearing this the *faqîr* took her at once with him.
The *faqîr* took her, and they went a long road.
On the road they arrived at a desert and made a halt.
They both settled in that desert.
And he (at last) took Jalâlî to Makkâ.

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No. XXVIII.

THE LEGEND OF 'ABDU'LLÂH SHÂH OF SÂMIN,

As taken down in the Balochî language from the Narrative of Ghulâm Muhammad Balachânî Mazârî, and translated by M. Longworth Dames, Esq.

['Abdu'llâh Shâh belonged to a Sayyid family living at Samîn, a village some miles south of Derâ Ghâzî Khân. He enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity, which is maintained by his family, now represented by a grandson of the original 'Abdu'llâh Shâh. The story is chiefly remarkable for the introduction of the heroes of the very favorite Panjâbî tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ in the after-world. Rânjhâ is represented as still following his original occupation of a buffalo-herdsman, and as supplying milk to the Prophet.]

[The story of Hîr and Rânjhâ is of world-wide celebrity in the Panjâb, and will be given in full later on in these volumes. Hîr was the daughter of Chûchak, a Syâl of Rangpûr, in the Muzaffargarh District. Rânjhâ's true name was Dîdho; he was by caste a Râujhâ Jaṭṭ, and is known almost exclusively by his caste name, which also takes the diminutive forms Ranjhuâ, Rânjheṭâ, and Ranjheṭrâ. His father Manjû was a Chaudhrî or Revenue Collector, and local magnate at Takht Hazâra, in the Gujrânwâlâ District].

[The Syâls are of Râjpût origin, and claim higher rank than the surrounding Jaṭṭ tribes, to whom they will not give their daughters in marriage, although they may marry Jaṭṭ women. Thus, though Hîr and Rânjhâ were both Muhammadans, their love was illicit, and ended disasterously. The pride of the Syâls is illustrated by another celebrated love story, "Sâhibân and Mirzâ," which will also be given in full later on, the scene of which is at Khîwâ near Jhang. It is even now an insult to a Syâl to mention either Hîr or Sâhibân, and no Syâl will remain present, while either of these stories is being recited. They are, however, celebrated in the Panjâb as the types of constant lovers, much in the same way as Abelard and Héloïse in Modern Europe, or as Laili and Majnûn in Arabic, and Farhâd and Shîrîn in Persian story. Hîr's tomb is about half a mile from the civil station of Jhang, and is marked on the survey map as "Mookurba Heer," which stands for "Maqbara-i-Hîr," or Hîr's monument. It is a brick building, resembling in style the ordinary Musalmân tomb of the 16th century, with the exception that instead of being covered by a dome it is open to the sky. There are niches or windows on the four sides. That on the west is closed, while the other three are open, the reason assigned

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being that the wind should blow on Hîr from every direction except that of her home Rangpûr, where she had been murdered. The tomb stands close to an old bed of the Chenâb, and it is related that at the time of Hîr's death the river was still flowing in this old bed, and that Hîr appeared in a vision to a merchant who was travelling past in a boat, telling him to build her tomb in this place, and to build it so that the rain of heaven should always fall on it. This was done after Hîr's body had been placed in the tomb, but before it was closed Rânjhâ appeared, and, entering the the tomb alive, was buried with her. This is not in accordance with the poem, but is the account given by Bhuṭṭâ Vais, an old Jaṭṭ in charge of the tomb. A *melâ* or fair, of some local celebrity, is held at the tomb in the month of Mâgh (February). Hîr and Rânjhâ are commonly said to have flourished 700 or 800 years ago, but others assign them to Akbar's time (16th century A.D.), and the architecture of the tomb is in accordance with this supposition].

[The first poem in their honour is said to have been composed by Namodar Paṭwârî, of Jhang, but the most celebrated is the poem of Wâris Shâh, a native of Takht Hazâra in Gujrânwâlâ, Rânjhâ's native place. It even now forms a favourite subject for local bards. Wâris Shâh is supposed to have flourished 150 to 200 years ago].

[It should be remembered that the letters printed in the following text as *ṭh* and *ḍh* are pronounced in Balochî as the *th* respectively in 'breath' and 'breathe'].

TEXT.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Saidh nishtaghâ Samînâ. Ravâṅ bîṭha ḥajjâ, shuṭho jahâzâ chaṛiṭha. Ravâna ravâna shuṭha, jahâz ǫshtâṭha bîṭha. Jahâz mardâṅ hîlâ khuṭha, jahâz na bokhta.

Samundar kharghâ murgh-gale nishtagheṭh. Guḍâ jahâz-wâzhâ gwashta. "Banda eṅ choshen bî, ki wâstâ Huḍḥâîâ waṭhî sarâ dâṭh, azh jahâzâ er-khafîṭh, baroṭh, hawâṅ murghâṅ bâl dâṭh? Murgh bâl girant, guḍâ jahâzâ gwâṭh mâṅ-khâiṭh, jahâz ṭilhîṭh." 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta, "Maṅ deâṅ waṭhî sarâ wâstâ Huḍḥâîâ." Er-khaptaî azh jahâzâ, shuṭho hawâṅ murgh bâl dâṭhaghant, murgh bâl giptaghant; gwâṭh mân-âkhta, jahâz ṭilhiṭha.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Samundar pahnâḍhâ dighârâ rawâṅ bîṭha. Jâhe ki âkhta, gindî gwâmeshânî rand eṅ. Zurtha-î hawâṅ rand, zîrâna zîrana shuṭha; baroṭh gindî duhoṅe dukhagheṅ, gwâmeshânî jhok eṅ hamoḍhâ. Suhr-sareṅ zâle nishtîyeṅ. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh ki nazî âkhta, phâḍh-âkhto hawâṅ zâl, gwash-

ta-î, "B'ismi'llâh 'Abdu'llâh Shâh Samînewâlâ, biyâiṭhe!" Phol-khuṭhaî ki, "Mâî, tha khai e?" Zâlâ gwashta ki, "Maṅ Mâî Hîr âṅ; Mîâṅ Rânjhâ go mêhîân eṅ. Makhta tho khush bî nind, begahâ Mîâṅ Rânjhâ dî khâiṭh." Begahâ gwâmesh âkhta pha jhokâ, suhr-rîsheṅ marde pheḍhàgheṅ. Phol-khuṭha 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ ki, "Haweṅ mard khai eṅ ki pheḍhâgheṅ gwameshânî randâ?" Mâî Hîrâ gwashta ki, "E Mîâṅ Rânjhâ eṅ." Aṅ ki âkhta 'Abdu'llâh, Shâh phâḍh-âkhta. Aṅ mardâ gwashta, "B'ismi'llâh, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh, biyâ durr sh'âkhtaghe!" 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta, "Mahairâ, Mîâṅ Rânjhâ." Mîâṅ Rânjhâ ch'eshiyâ ḥâl gipta. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh waṭhî ḥâl thewagheṅ dâṭhaghant. Mîâṅ Rânjhâ gwashta, "Thaî ḥajj azh dargâhâ qabûl eṅ, maṅ begahâ shîre barâṅ phujainâṅ ma Huzûrâ."

Guḍâ maṭî shîrâ phur khuṭho sar chakhâ zurtho, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh dastâ gipt-î, gwashta-î, "Waṭhî chhamâṅ bûṭ." Chhamâṅ bûṭṭhaghantî. Guḍâ gwashta Mîâṅ Rânjhâ, "Nî chhamâṅ phaṭ" Nî ki chhamâṅ phaṭṭhaghantî dîṭha-î ki Rusûlu'llâh nishtagheṅ waṭhî takht sarâ. Rusûlu'llâh salâm dâṭha-î, ḥajj qabûl bîṭha-î.

Gindî ki ya kumbhâr Samîn-nindokheṅ, âṅhî chakhâ chyârgîst rûpîâ chaṭîâ khapto bastha-ich. Guḍâ Rusûlu'llâh pharmaintha ki, "Mîâṅ Rânjhâ tharâ hukm eṅ ki 'Abdu'llâh Shâh waṭhî shahrâ rasain dai." Dar-khapto âkhtaghant jhokâ. Mîâṅ Rânjhâ gwashta ki, "Do rosh nind hameḍhâ, shîrâ bawar gwâmeshânî, guḍâ tharâ waṭhî handâ rasainâṅ." Do rosh nishta hamoḍhâ; saimî roshâ Mîâṅ Rânjhâ gwashta ki, "Nî dastâ manâṅ dai, guḍâ chhamâṅ bûṭ." Dast dâṭho chham bûṭṭhaghant-î. Guḍâ Mîâṅ Rânjhâ gwashta, "Nî maiṅ dastâ bil dai, chhamâṅ phaṭ." Chhamâṅ phaṭî gindî ki maṅ Samîn Shahr lâfâ oshtâṭhaghâṅ. Jihânâ dîṭha ki 'Abdu'llâh Shâh âkhta. Kumbhâr âkhtâ greâna gwar 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ ki, "Philâṅ handâ Drâkâne logh duzâṅ bhorentha, rand ârtho maîṅ logh pahnâḍhâ gwâzenthaish; 'Nî Sarkâr gushîṭh ki chyârgîst rûpîâ chaṭî phur khan dai.' Maṅ be-gunâh âṅ. Huḍhâî wâstâ manâṅ choṛain." 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta ki "E chaṭî maîṅ choṛainagh neṅ," ki huzûr dîmânâ thaî chakhâ basthiyeṅ. Baro phur khan dai."

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TRANSLATION.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Sayyid lived at Samîn. He started on a pilgrimage [to Mecca,] and went on board a ship. Going on he proceeded, when the ship stopped. The crew exerted themselves, but the ship did not move.

A flock of birds were sitting on the seashore. The ship's master said: "Is there any such man here, who, for the sake of God, will risk his life* and alight from the ship, and go and make those birds fly away? If the birds fly away the wind will reach the ship, and the ship will go on." 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "I will risk my life for God's sake." He alighted from the ship, and went and made the birds fly away, the wind reached the ship and the ship went on.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh (left alone) on the edge of the sea started off along the land. He came to a certain place, and there he saw tracks of buffaloes. He took up these tracks, and following and following them he went on and saw a smoke rising.† There was a buffaloes' grazing station (*jhok*) there. A red-headed woman was seated there. When 'Abdu'llâh Shâh approached the woman rose and said, "In the name of God, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh of Samîn, you are welcome!" He asked her, saying, "Mother, who art thou?" The woman said, "I am Hîr; Mîâñ Rânjhâ is with his buffaloes. For the present sit down and rest. In the evening Mîâñ Rânjhâ also will come." In the evening the buffaloes returned to the station, and a red-bearded man came with them. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh asked (of Hîr) "Who is this man that is coming in the track of the buffaloes?" Hîr replied, "This is Mîâñ Rânjhâ." When he came 'Abdu'llâh Shâh rose. The man said, "In the name of God, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh, you are welcome!" 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "All is well, Mîâñ Rânjhâ." Rânjhâ asked him for his news. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh told him all that had happened to him. Rânjhâ said, "Thy pilgrimage is accepted at the (divine) threshold. In the evening I shall take some milk, and bring you into the presence (of the Prophet)."

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* *Lit.*, give his head. † *Lit.*, a smoke smoking.

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Then having filled an earthen pot with milk and lifted it on to his head, he took 'Abdu'llâh Shâh by the hand, and said "Shut your eyes." He shut his eyes. Then Rânjhâ said, "Now, open your eyes." When he opened his eyes he saw the Apostle of God sitting on his throne. The Prophet saluted him, and his pilgrimage was accepted.

There he saw a certain Kumhâr (potter), an inhabitant of Samîn, on whom (the Prophet's court) imposed a fine of eighty rupees. After this the Prophet gave this command: "Mîân Rânjhâ, thou art ordered to conduct 'Abdu'llâh Shâh back to his own town." They went out and returned to the station. Mîân Rânjhâ said, "Stay here for two days, and drink my buffaloes' milk. Then I will take thee to thy own place." For two days he stayed there: the third day Rânjhâ said, "Now give me your hand and then shut your eyes." He gave him his hand and shut his eyes. Then Rânjhâ said, "Now let go my hand, and open your eyes." He opened his eyes and found himself standing in the town of Samîn. The whole world saw how 'Abdu'llâh Shâh came. The Kumhâr came weeping to 'Abdu'llâh Shâh saying, "At such and such a place thieves have broken into the house of a certain carpenter. They brought the track and made it pass by the side of my house, and now the Government says, 'Pay up a fine of eighty rupees.' I am innocent, for God's sake get me off." 'Abdu-'llâh Shâh said, "It is not for me to get this fine remitted, for it was imposed upon thee in the court of the Prophet's Majesty. Go and pay it."

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No. XXIX.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ JAGDEO,

AS TOLD BY A BARD OF THE MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[It is probably hopeless to find out who Râjâ Jagdeo the Puṅwâr was in the flesh, as the ancient Râjpût tribe of the Pramara, Puṅwâr or Paṅwâr, have so long lost all vestiges of royalty that nothing but vague tradition remains of their former grandeur. There is not a name in the legend among the several mentioned of Jagdeo's family that gives any clue to his identity. Dhârânagarî or Dhârâ, his home, is meant by the bard to be Pâkpaṭṭan, but, I think, it is more probably a confused recollection of the real Dhâranagar of the old Pramaras in the Vindhya mountains. The scene of his exploits with the demon is laid at Dipâlpûr, once an important place, but now an obscure village in the Montgomery District, and affords no clue to chronology. The scene of his second exploit is laid in the modern city of Jaipûr and referred to modern times.]

[The legend is pure folklore of the ordinary sort, and what history crops up is, of course, confused and contradictory. The story of Jagdeo's birth is referred to the time of the Emperor Salîm Shâh Sûr, who flourished 1545-1554 A.D., and one of his exploits to the days of the great Jai Singh Sawâî, founder of Jaipûr, who died in 1743 A.D.]

[I have not thought it worth while to give the prose portion of the legend in original, but much of the language of the verses is archaic.]

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ JAGDEO PANWÂR OF DHÂRÂNAGARÎ.

There was once a Râjâ of the Dwâpar Jug* whose name was Udâdît and who was a Paṅwâr by caste. From him was descended Râjâ Karan, the Paṅwâr.

Now Râjâ Udâdît had no son, and one day, as he was out hunting, he chanced upon a *faqîr* sitting in the wilds. The Râjâ got off his horse and paid his respects to the holy man and made all his followers do the same. The *faqîr* was much pleased at this and also at the Râjâ's humility in standing in his presence while he himself remained sitting, so he asked him what he wanted, and the Râjâ replied that he had no son. On this the *faqîr* stretched out his hand and gave him two

* A random statement to give an air of antiquity to the legend.

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apples which he told him to give his wives, who would then bear him two sons, and the Râjâ did accordingly.

About five months after this Salîm, the Emperor of Dehlî, demanded tribute to the extent of two and a half *lâkhs* of rupees (250,000), but as the Râjâ could only pay one and a quarter *lâkh* he was detained in Delhî. When he had been there four months a bard was sent to congratulate him on the birth of Jagdeo, his eldest son, and four days after a Brâhman was started off to congratulate him on the birth of a younger son, Randhaur. The Brâhman outwalked the bard and reached Dehlî first, so the news of Randhaur's birth reached before that of Jagdeo's and Randhaur was recorded as the successor of Udâdît by the Emperor. When the true facts were explained to the Emperor he refused to alter the succession and so it came about that Randhaur was treated as the elder son.

Now the Emperor had refused to receive the one and a quarter *lâkh* offered by Udâdît, as it was only half his demand, so the Râjâ still had this sum with him, and when he explained to the bard why it was he was detained in Dehlî the bard explained to him that he had better spend what he had on an entertainment in honor of the birth of his two sons and see what would happen. Whereupon the Râjâ ordered an entertainment to the public on a scale never before seen even in Dehlî and made all the people very happy. The Emperor and his wife, of course, heard of it and she persuaded her husband to forgive the Râjâ who had spent his all in delighting the Emperor's subjects. Next day when the Emperor was seated in his hall of audience he sent for Râjâ Udâdît and he not only remitted all the revenue due from him, but gave him a dress of honor (*khil'at*) and let him go home free.

Afterwards when the boys grew up Randhaur was appointed successor to the throne and all the people went to pay their respects, but when Jagdeo went to the audience he thrust his spear into the ground and went away, saying in his heart that he himself was the lawful heir. The ministers and courtiers observed this and told Râjâ Udâdît that Jagdeo was a strong

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man and had envy in his heart and would some day slay the Râjâ Randhaur. Râjâ Udâdît informed Jagdeo of what the people said, and Jagdeo, thereupon, resolved to leave his country and started off to seek his fortune with his horse and one servant.

As he wandered on he came to the country of Râjâ Kankhâr and put up at a Brâhman woman's house, who lived with her son next door to Râjâ Kankhâr's palace. She was a widow and the Râjâ paid her five gold pieces* for accommodation for the night only.

At that place a demon (*deo*) had been in the habit of coming at night and killing and eating three or four of the people, so the Râjâ had built a fort of a mile square for him to live in and into it he sent as a sop to the demon twelve loaves and some meat from his own table and one human victim from the city daily. This demon's name was Maṛhâ,† and his city of Maṛhâ still stands near Dipâlpûr‡ about 30 miles from Mungamrî (Montgomery). While Râjâ Jagdeo was staying with the old woman the chief constable came to her to say that it was her son's turn to go as the victim next day, whereon she fell to weeping and said :—

"Je mujh ko hotî sâr chhor nagarî uṭh jâtî;
Kisî dharm vilâyat baiṭh jâ, mushqat kar khâtî.
Yehân baiṭhan jî dahâio;
Jarmû pût sapût, nîr naînî bhar âio.
Ab kî rât kaṭân afsos karân:
Is rât kâ is nagarî meṅ kyûṅ rahân?"

"Had I my will I would leave this city,
And go to some more favored land and earn my living.
Here I bewail my life;
I have a duteous son, for whom my eyes are filled with tears.

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* Five *mohars*, = 80 rupees. † In Panjâbî, a corpse.

‡ An ancient site in the Montgomery District and in former times an important city second only to Lâhor and Multân as late as the 16th Century. It is not far from Pâkpaṭṭan.

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I pass this night in sorrow:
Ah, why do I stay this night in this city?

And while she was still weeping the chief constable went his way, and seeing her in great distress Jagdeo's heart was moved with compassion, as he was a pure, chaste, earnest, austere and generous-hearted* man, and he said to her:—

"*Nâ ro, mâganhâr*:† *sîs maiṅ apnâ desâṅ.*
Desâṅ Nâm Khudâe ke, sobhâ do jag meṅ lesâṅ.
Tumhârâ pût chhoṛâusâṅ; Rajpût bât sâchî kare!
Sîs desâṅ maiṅ apnâ, jo pût tumhârâ nâ mare."

"Weep not, Brâhmanî: I will give my head.
I will give it in the Name of God and secure a good name in both worlds.
I will release thy son; and Râjpûts speak the truth!
I will give my head that thy son may not die."

Saying this he lay down to sleep and the old woman was content with the pledge. Meanwhile the chief constable came and said, "Give your son, mother." When Râjâ Jagdeo heard this he bethought him of his pledge and taking his sword in his hand went up to the chief constable and asked where the demon dwelt. The chief constable began thinking to himself who he could be, as he did not look like a Brâhman or a servant, so he said to him:

"*Kis des kâ dhanî? kaun hai gâûṅ jo thârâ?*
Kis bâp kâ pût? kaun hai ism tumhârâ?
Kis des tum chale? suno ik 'araz hamârâ!
Âj kâl thârâ dise. Woh âfât balwant hai, jî: lâkh khûn kîe use."

"What lord's son art thou? where is thy house?
What father's son? what is thy name?
Whither goest thou? Hear a word from me!
Thou hast met thy fate to-day. The monster is very strong and has slain thousands."

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* *Jatî, satî, hatî, patî, sakhî.*
† *Mâganhâr, lit.* beggar, used towards Brâhman women when addressed.

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Replied Râjâ Jagdeo :

"Kahe Râo Jagdeo, kul sab fânî hosî.
Maidân paṛá Rajpût sîṭh de kadhî nâ desî.
Kyûn bât jhûṭî kaho ?"
Jagdeo kahe Koṭwâl ko, "tum hî lok thir hî raho ?"
"Saith Râjâ Jagdeo, all are mortal.
Once on the field of battle the Râjpût never turns his back.
Why dost speak terrifying (false) words ?"
Saith Jagdeo to the chief constable, "will you people remain where you are ?"*

Said the chief constable, "I will take him to the demon as he is willing to be destroyed, but as the people will accuse me of offering up a stranger I will take witnesses with me."

Lîá sâth Jagdeo, pânch sât aur bulâe.
Gae Râsak† ke pâs, já khulá darwâza lâe.
Baṛe dhanî Panwâr, "Râm Râm" mukh se kare.
Soch piá us log ko, Rajpût nâhîn hargiz ḍare.
He took Jagdeo with him, calling four or five (others).
He took him to the demon and opened the door.
The brave lord, the Panwâr, said adieu‡ with his lips.
Thought the lookers on, a Râjpût will never fear.

Then the chief constable went to Râjâ Kankhâr and told him the news.

Giá pâs Kankhâr koṭwâl ik bât bakhânî :
"Ik dekhá Rajpût, jân us kî thî fânî.
Us tumhâre nagar meṅ achraj bât dekhî thî.
Is Dwâpar Jug meṅ Rajpût dekhá sakhî."
Sunî bât Kankhâr ânkhoṅ se nîr palaṭṭe,
Giá hos farmosh bâl pât pât saṭṭe.
Kankhâr kahe koṭwâl ko, "tumháṅ bât âge kyûn na kare ?
Rakh leo Rajpût ko, jo pût Brâhman ká mare."
The chief constable went to Râjâ Kankhâr and told the story :

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* *i.e.*, will you not die too ?

† For *Rákshasa*, and so all through this legend with the allied words *Rákas, Rákchas, &c.*

‡ *Râm Râm :* the usual salutation on coming and going.

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"I have seen a Râjpût, who puts no value on his life.
I have seen a wondrous thing in thy city.
I have seen a (truly) generous Râjpût in this Dwâpar Jug."
Hearing this Râjâ Kankhâr's eyes dropped tears,
And being disturbed in his mind he tore off his hair.
Said Râjâ Kankhâr to the chief constable, "Why didst thou not say this before?
Spare the Râjpût and let the Brâhman's son die."

Said the chief constable:

"Ham barjo lakh wár bât, us ik na mánî.
Us shîsh dîâ Rabb Nâm; mard kî yeh hî nishânî.*
Soláh kalâ shapût hai, chaudah bidyâ nidhân.
Súrat sairat us kî, jo sundar 'aqal jawân."

"I tried a thousand persuasions, he would not listen to one.
He gave his head in the Name of God; this is the sign of a true man.
He has the sixteen (good) qualities and knows the fourteen sciences.
Beauteous is his form and beauteous his mind."

And the chief constable said to the Râjâ, "he was not out of his senses and fully understood the risk he was running, but he said he had given his pledge in the name of God and would not draw back."

Meanwhile, Râjâ Jagdeo was sitting inside the closed door, and said to himself, it was well that he had given his head in the name of God.

Kîâ soch Jagdeo daur darwâzâ âyâ:
Dîe hâth kâ jhoshî ṭor darwâzâ ḍhâyâ.
Bâhar âyâ koṭ toṅ jo wâṅg sher bâdal gajeṅ.
Deve fataḥ Khudâwand, shabâsh log mastak sajeṅ.

Jagdeo thought over it and ran towards the door:
He pushed it with his hand and tore down the door.
He came out of the Fort as doth a roaring lion.

* Observe the Muhammadan words for God all through this legend.

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God gave him the victory, and the people bent their heads in admiration.

And coming suddenly out of the door the Râjâ awaited the coming of the demon.

Gaî ghaṛî do rât thî, woh Rákshas áyá.
Chalá ágáo ho Ráo Jagdeo buláyá:
"Pújî pair Paṅwâr ke do háth hamre chhakeṅ.
Lagne háth Paṅwár ke, tû tadáṅ nám hamrá japeṅ."

When two watches of the night had passed the demon came.

When he came in front of him Râjâ Jagdeo called out to him:

"Try the strength of thy hands and feet with the Paṅwâr,

When the hands of the Paṅwâr touch thee, thou wilt take his name."*

When the demon heard this he said:

Bole Rákchas, "bale shábásh! Rajpút piáre!
Já, bakhshî thárî ján; jáo tum apne dwáre.
Aise jodhe balî, kyúṅ kaṭhan maidán meṅ gaho?
Ham kahá; tum samajh já; jo bár bár phiṛ na kaho."

Said the demon, "bravo, friend Râjpût!

Go, save thy life; go to thy own house.

Why should so brave a warrior face this fatal field?

I have said it: do thou hearken; I will not say it again and again."

Replied Râjâ Jadeo:

Bole dhanî Paṅwâr, mukhoṅ ik sakhan á láe:
"Ik máî ke pût, ike tum golî jáe?"
Komar bandh ran baṛe, oh Rákchas, oh Jagde;
Doveṅ sher jodhe lareṅ.

Then out spake the bold Paṅwâr with his lips:

"Art thou thy mother's son or the child of some slave-girl?" †

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* *i.e.*, acknowledge his superiority.

† The taunt here is in the insinuation that he is illegitimate.

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Jagdeo and the demon girded their loins and entered the field of battle,
As two lion-like warriors fight.
And as they fought God gave the victory to Râjâ Jagdeo.

Balî práku bán zor bhuj doheṅ lûe.
Pakaṛ pachhárú deo dant dharnî dhar ḍûe.
Lîo Nám Narangkár ká to kînî deo pukár.
Nîm rât páchhe rahe to páe fatah Paṅwâr.

The brave hero used the might of both his arms.
He seized the demon and dashed him to the trembling earth.
The demon called out to him in the name of God.*
It was after midnight that the Paṅwâr obtained the victory.

When Râjâ Jagdeo overthrew the demon and sat on his breast, the demon began praising the Râjâ and said to him: "I was born in Lankâ† (Ceylon) and I noticed that my parents always prayed that I should be protected from a virtuous man. I used to laugh at them, as mankind is our food, and I could not understand why we should fear a man. When I grew up I left Lankâ and have lived on human beings for the last fifteen years. Even at very sight of me they die and I devour them at leisure, but nevertheless my parents' fear of mankind has never left them."

"Jo sunâ hai kannî, asûṅ ajj ankhîṅ dekhâ.
Desûṅ tudh soghât jo sangrámî uṭhâ.
Bakhsh merî ján, Jagde, Lank chhoṛ Brij wasûwûṅ;
Jît Khag Amî Singh doveṅ terî nagar padháwûṅ."

"What I had heard with my ears I have to-day seen with my eyes.
I will give thee presents if I escape from fighting thee.
Grant me my life, Jagdeo, and I will leave Lankâ and live in Brij,‡

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* To spare his life.
† The fabled home of the demons.
‡ A holy land of the Hindûs and, of course, the very opposite of Lankâ.

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And bring before thee both Jît Khag and Amî Singh."*

And the demon said that Jît Khag had been given to his father by Sulaimân (Solomon) the Holy and that he had the power of scaring off the seventy hundred evils. "And in addition to this I will give you Amî Singh Bîr, and if you will spare my life, I will leave Lankâ and go to Phalankâ† and never come here again." But Râjâ Jagdeo refused to spare his life.

Kîâ âfat ko zer, hâth shamsher uṭhâe.
Mukh se japke Nâm, tegh Râsak ko wâe.
Âfat kâ sir kâṭâ, do jahân shâbâsh lakhî.
Dhârâ'n dhanî Paṅwâr hai, kar balî mard Jagdeo sakhî.

Putting the demon under him, he took his sword in his hand.

Taking the (Holy) Name he brandished his sword over the demon.

Cutting off the demon's head he won glory in both worlds.

The bold Paṅwâr of Dhârâ, the high-spirited Jagdeo, hath put on the garland of manhood.

When Râjâ Jagdeo had cut off the demon's head he determined to go back to his bed in the city, but Râjâ Kankhâr had placed 15 soldiers and 5 guns at each gate from which a continuous fire was kept up to keep off the demon. However Râjâ Jagdeo went on.

Âfat kâ sir kâṭ, zor Jagdeo dikhâe.
Lîâ hâth ke bîch dast sajje se châe.
Âfat kâ sir kaṭke jiwâe dar par khaṛâ:
"Bûâ khol kiwâṛ kâ, ham ghar Bâhman ke chalâ."

Jagdeo showed his prowess and cut off the demon's head.

He took it in his right hand.

He cut off the head of the demon and stood at the city gate,

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* The allusion here is to the very little understood subject of the *Bîrs* or warrior godlings, who seem in India to correspond to the *Pahilwâns* of Persian fable. Their name is legion and they are worshipped as gods, the cult of any particular *Bîr* being strictly local.

† Explained as another and a distant Lankâ.

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(And said) "Open the leaves of the gate, I would go to the Brâhman's house."

And the Râjâ said to the door-keepers:

Chár chíz achhí nahín hotí, háthíwán, sárwán, gáṛíwán, darwán. Wán ká lafs achhá nahín hotá.

Four things are evil, elephant-driver, camel-driver, cart-driver, doorkeeper. *Wán* is a bad ending to a man's name.*

And then the Râjâ said to the door-keepers:

"*Ai mánas darwán, tumheń dar kuluf utáro!*
Ai mánas darwán, kyá hai chálá tháro?
Hamrá kahá mán le, jo yeh bhaloń kí rít:
Ham to khás Rajpút haiń, jo tum se rakhúń prít."

"O friend door-keepers, open the locks of the gate.
O friend door-keepers, what is your intention?
Hear my words, as good men should:
I am a real Râjpût that is your friend."

"Open the doors and I will repay you the obligation." But said the door-keepers:

"*Ham kyá jáneń prít? Kaun hai mánas bandá?*
Us te áio bhág, kam tú kíá mandá?
Bhágáń se túń Rásakoń, ná shish apná díá.
Achraj húá is Shahr meń, jo burá kám tum ne kíá!"

"What know we of friendship? Who art thou?
Hast run away (from the demon), and done an evil thing?
Thou hast run from the demon and not given him thy head.
It is astonishing to this city that *thou* shouldest do evil!"

And said the door-keepers, "it is against our orders that we should take you in." Then thought the Râjâ in his mind that

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* This is a well-known *bon-môt* thrown in for effect. The play is on the termination *bán* and there is properly an answer—"*Hán, miharbán*: Just so, kind sir." *Miharbán*, kind sir, having also this objectionable termination *bán* (or *wán*).

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he had better tell them of his success, as their fear of the demon was so great. So he said to them:

"Jis áfat ká khauf tumheń, humeń woh áfat márí.
Us se líá khos sang kinhán do dhárí.
Áfat ká sir káṭke, jo áyá dar par khaṛá.
Búá khol kiwáṛ ká, ham ghar Báhman ke chalá."

"I have slain the demon whom ye fear.
I have taken his two-edged sword that he had.
I have cut off the demon's head, that stand at your gates.
Open the leaves of the gate, I would go to the Brâhman's house."

Said the door-keepers:

"Khole wohí kiwáṛ jo balkárí hove:
Yá kholwúsí kiwáṛ, joṛá ṭopán dhove.
Áfat ká sir káṭiá, to balí tarán apná karo.
Búá khol kiwáṛ ká, to bhí án andar waro."

"Let him open the gates that is mighty:
Or let him open the gates that hath the guns with him.
If thou hast cut off the demon's head, show now thy strength.
Open the leaves of the gates (thyself) and enter."

Râjâ Jagdeo perceived that they were mocking him, and being furiously angry and a man of miraculous power, he pushed open the door and overthrew the fifteen soldiers and the five guns together.

Bahan phoṛ, jo tajeń so rátí uthe:
Toṛe qufal zanjír, jo darbáne kúṭhí.
Darwáze díe ṭor moṛ, kar phhiche dhára.
Jitne báns patí ke pát, utne Paṅwár ke akháṛe.
Dekhe log sarde ke, "na ját pát púcho bhalo:
Dhárá dhaní Paṅwár hai, jo Maṛhá jhág Jagde chalo."

Throwing down all that were passing the night there,
He broke the bolts and bars and slew the door-keepers.
He broke open the gates and strewed about the pieces.
The Paṅwâr's battlefields were as many as the leaves of the bamboo.

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The people saw and said in admiration, "ask nor clan nor caste:
He is Jagdeo the bold Paṅwâr of Dhârâ that hath slain the Demon."

And all the people cried out that the demon had broken loose and burst into the city, so they took to flight. And the news reached Râjâ Kankhâr who collected his forces, mounted all the guns on the Fort and entered it. But Râjâ Jagdeo went to the Brâhman's house and lay down to sleep. Meanwhile Râjâ Kankhâr's soldiers found the rampart of the Fort broken down and the demon lying dead with his head severed from the trunk and they told him of it. Admiring the bravery of the hero who could slay such a demon the Râjâ returned home.

Pâe fateh Paṅwâr pichhâṅ haṭ dere âio.
Sunî bât Kankhâr, usî ko turt mangâio.
Kul amîr bhaje sabhe, Kankhâr kahe wazîr ko, "Wahî jawân abhî lâio."

The Paṅwâr gained the victory and went home.
As soon as Kankhâr heard of it he sent for him.
He sent all his nobles and Kankhâr said to his minister, "Bring the young man here at once."

When Râjâ Kankhâr's officials came to Râjâ Jagdeo and told him that the king had sent for him, he angrily cried out, "I am not your servant. I will go to the king when it suits me, and that is to-morrow morning. Even then I will merely make over the demon's head and go back to my home." So then the Râjâ sent his minister to Jagdeo who said:

"'Âqil baṛe amîr Râî Kankhâr bulâe:
'Âqil baṛe amîr melkar kul ko lâe."

"The wise and noble Râjâ Kankhâr calls thee:
He hath sent all the wise and noble (of his people) together (to thee)."

And then he asked him his name and home:

"Kis des kâ dhanî? Kharî bât tum hî kaho."
Wazîr kahe Jagdeo ko, "Tumheṅ sher ithe raho."
"Of what land art Lord? Tell me truly."

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Said the minister to Jagdeo, "So lion-like a man must remain here."

So Râjâ Jagdeo bathed himself, put on golden sandals, took the demon's head in his hand and accompanied the minister to the Râjâ's palace. On the way the minister asked him to explain fully who he was to the Râjâ. Presently they reached the king's presence and Râjâ Jagdeo said to him:

"Udâdît kâ pût hûn, Pirthî kâ Râjâ.
Pânchoṅ phar hathiyâr, nahîṅ maiṅ râtî bhâjâ."
Bich kachahrî âeke sab salâm majlis kare:
Kankhâr Jagdeo ko jo âp hâth mâth dhare.

"I am the son of Udâdît, the Lord of the Earth.
Wearing the five arms I did not run away in the night."
As he came into the assembly all saluted him:
Even Kankhâr himself put his hand to his forehead for Jagdeo.

Then Râjâ Jagdeo sat beside Râjâ Kankhâr on the throne with the demon's head before him.

Now Râjâ Kankhâr had long ago promised that whoever should kill the demon should have half his kingdom and his daughter Phûlmâde to wife, whatever his caste might be. So the king said to his minister that, as he had made the promise, and as the person who had fulfilled the conditions was a Râjpût of high descent, a Hindû, and pious, devout, earnest and austere, there was nothing left to him but to carry it out at once.

Khushî hûe Kankhâr, khufia ik bât sunâî:
"Tainûṅ ḍolâ dewâṅ." Shitâb Râje kînî kurmâî,
Hukm hâsil sâre kîe. Kankhâr kahe wazîr ko: "Jo nek kâm Sâhib kîe!"

Pleased was Kankhâr and said privately:
"I will give thee my daughter." Quickly the Râjâ made the betrothal.
And gave all the necessary orders. Kankhâr said to his minister: "How well hath God done!"

So Râjâ Kankhâr married his daughter to Râjâ Jagdeo.

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About a month afterwards Râjâ Jagdeo acquainted his wife with his intention of making a journey, and on her entreating him to take her with him he started off with her, taking also his servants, her maid, and the necessary following.

Ik mahîne ba'd Râjâ ne kî aswârî,
Ik Rânî Phûlmâde, nâl ghulâm piârî.
Majlî majlî pahunchhe ant âe nagarî barî,
Mahilie Jagdeo ne kiwâṛ khol andar baṛe.

After a month the Râjâ started forth
With Rânî Phulmâde and a trusty servant.
At the end of each stage they came to a great city,
And Jagdeo opening the gates of a palace went within.

At Jaipûr the Râjà rented a house and rested there. After four days had passed the maid said that there was no more oil left for the lamps, so the Râjâ ordered her to go and buy some in the *bâzâr*. The maid went accordingly, but was refused at every shop, so she had to return without any oil, and when the Râjâ told her to light the lamp she said :

"*Hukm nahîn is des matâ koî dîwâ bâle.*
Sunî bât Jai Singh usî ko pakaṛ mangâ le:
Ghar nûlâm us kâ kare," *ghulâm kahe Jagdeo ko,* "*jo dîwâ mandar bâle.*"

"It is against the laws of this land that any man light a lamp.
As soon as Jai Singh hears of it he seizes (the delinquent)
And sells his house," said the servant to Jagdeo, "who lights a lamp in his house."

The fact was that Râjâ Jai Singh had strictly forbidden any one to keep a light in his house and allowed no lamp except in his own palace in all his territories. All that the people could tell Râjâ Jagdeo about it was that it was the Râjâ's order. So Râjâ Jagdeo gave his servant five gold pieces (*mohars*) and

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told him to get some oilman to give him oil in return on the ground that they were travellers.

Kahe Râo Jagdeo nafar ko, "tel le âo:
Jo koî kare gumân usî ko pakaṛ mangâo."
Nafar khol mihrân dhare, nâm leve jab tel kâ, to woh kalâm telî kare.

Said Râjâ Jagdeo to his servant, "bring oil:
If any refuse, seize and bring him here."
The servant brought out the gold pieces, but when he mentioned the name of oil the oilman spake as before.*

Being refused the oil the servant went back, and when Râjâ Jagdeo demanded the oil he said, "hear what the oilman said:

Kaun terâ Jagdeo, jisî ne tel mangâyâ?
Aisâ kare gumân kyún Jai Singh te âyâ?
Is Râjâ Jai Singh ke jo lâkh khâe ṭukrâ gâe!
Jâiye kaheṅ Jagdeo ko jo yeh kalâm telî kahe."
Thoṛî âi bât nafar ne kîâ pasârâ:
Telî kare kalâm, "kaun Jagdeo tumhârâ?"
Phaṛ kaṭâr Jagdeo gîâ telî, telî mârke sabhî tel Jagdeo lîâ.

"Who is thy Jagdeo that desires oil?
Who is it that has come thus to mock Jai Singh?
This Râjâ Jai Singh whose gifts thousands enjoy!
Go and tell Jagdeo what the oilman saith."
The servant magnified a small matter:
The oilman had (really) said, "who is thy Jagdeo?"
Jagdeo took his dagger and went to the oilman, and slew him and took all his oil.

When Râjâ Jagdeo reached the oilman's house the latter remarked that a short time before a stupid fool had been at his house, and now that he had come in a rage, whereon the Râjâ slew him at once with his dagger, and as his wife began making a disturbance, he slew her too. He then took all the oil there was in the shop and lit up his house.

Râjâ Jai Singh heard in the morning that a man, calling himself Râjâ Jagdeo, had killed an oilman and his wife and had lit

* *i.e.*, refused to give it.

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up his house with their oil contrary to orders, but he took no notice of it at the time.

Now Râjâ Jai Singh had a moon of his own* which he hung up in the sky to give light to his people and, of course, when Râjâ Jagdeo was in the city it was lighted up as usual, and this made him ask about it, and he learnt that it was an artificial moon made by Râjâ Jai Singh. As soon as he learnt this he determined to play a practical joke, and found out where the moon-makers lived, and sent his servant to fetch them in order to make him a moon like Jai Singh's. The moon-makers had heard of what had happened to the oilman for refusing oil, so they were afraid to refuse also, and accompanied the servant to Râjâ Jagdeo's house. When they arrived he asked them how much they wanted for a moon. They replied, whatever he wished to pay, so he gave them 500 golden pieces and ordered a moon like Jai Singh's.

Kahe Râo Jagdeo kârîgar turt mangâe,
Binâ tel ke chând Râjâ pharnalak charhâe.
Sabhî Shahr ghaughâ kare.
Jai Singh kahe wazîr ko, "isî waqt Sûrij charhe!"

Calling them quickly spake Râjâ Jagdeo to the moon-makers,
And had a Moon put up in the heavens (that burnt) without oil.
All the City cried out at it,
And Jai Singh said to his minister, "the Sun hath risen!"

As soon as the moon-makers had raised up a second moon Râjâ Jai Singh heard of it and asked who had done such a thing. His officials told him that it was by the order of the man who had killed the oilman. "Very well," said Râjâ Jai Singh, "tomorrow morning we will test his strength," and he began collecting his army. Meanwhile Râjâ Jagdeo reflected that he was a mere traveller and had better pay his respects to Râjâ

* This story is a most curious reference to the astronomical proclivities of Jai Singh Sawâi, his scientific feats having in 150 years given rise to such pure folklore as this!

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Jai Singh and depart. So next morning after bathing he put on his golden sandals and splendid raiment and went off to see Râjâ Jai Singh. It was the day of the Salonâ festival,* and before Râjâ Jagdeo arrived at Jai Singh's palace, Kankâlî, the bard's wife,† had been to Râjâ Jai Singh to congratulate him on the day and receive her customary present.

Sûrij dittî châsh Râjâ ne kî Kachahrî:
Pânchoṅ phaṛ hathiyâr Râjâ âyâ hankârî.
Bîch Kachahrî âeke sab salâm majlis kare:
Jaî Singh Râjâ Jagdeo ko jo âp hâth mâth dhare.

When the sun rose the Râjâ held his Court,
Wearing his five arms bold Râjâ (Jagdeo) came there.
He came into the assembly and all saluted him:
Even Jai Singh put his hand to his forehead for Râjâ Jagdeo.

Then Râjâ Jagdeo went and sat beside Râjâ Jai Singh on the throne and all the nobles of the Court were silenced for awe of him and none durst ask him who he was or whence he came. Then up came Kankâlî,‡ the bard's wife and said.

"*Jab jâgo parbhât pirtham Ṭhâkur ke âveṅ;*
Karke mât ḍaṇḍâwat bhat charnî chit lâveṅ;
Gaunî kare ashnân dhyân pûjâ kâr râkheṅ;
Kathâ bârtâ hot pat gîtâ gun bâcheṅ.
'Jithâ sakat ko dân hai,' Bed pât Paṇḍit paṛheṅ.
Pûraṅ sukab kab lâj ko, achal râj jug jug hî kareṅ."

"When ye wake at dawn first go to the God (*Ṭhâkur*);
Making the circuit, bend your hearts to prostration and obeisance;
Sing your hymns, bathe, meditate and worship;
Read your religious books and sing your hymns.
'Give of your ability,' teach the Doctors from the Scriptures,

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* This account of the proceedings at the Râkhî festival of the Râjpûts is worth noting. Salonâ is the last day of Sâwan and falls about the 15th of August.

† *Bhâṭnî*: this is the regular custom.

‡ Kankâlî or Kankâlinî, means a witch or sorceress.

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It is the prayer of the perfect poet that ye may rule for age upon age."

Then Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went up to the Râjâ to bind on the *râkhî** and put a veil over her face. First she raised her right hand and put the *ṭîká*† on the forehead of Râjâ Jagdeo and then with her left hand she put it on the forehead of Râjâ Jai Singh. After this Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went away and so did Râjâ Jagdeo.

When he had gone the nobles said to Râjâ Jai Singh "he seems to be some great Râjâ, but we do not know who he is. We are, however, much struck with the doings of the bard's wife. First she acted improperly in reciting the verses veiled, and then in putting the *ṭîkâ* on the stranger's forehead with her right hand and on your Majesty's with the left." "When she comes again," said Râjâ Jai Singh, "we will ask her what she meant."

In the afternoon, when the Râjâ again held an audience, Kankâlî, the bard's wife, came again to recite verses, but the Râjâ stopped her and demanded of her who it was on whose forehead she had placed the *ṭîká* first in the morning so improperly. To which she replied:—

"Dhanî Dhârân ká dhanî, des pirthî jag jáne:
Dhanî Dhârân ká dhanî, des pirthî án mâne.
Main Kankâlî kandalî, sáf bât mukh se kahán:
Main Kankâlî kandalî, dháp sîs gale kahán."

"Lord of the lordly Dhârâ, all the earth knows him:
Lord of the lordly Dhârâ, all the earth acknowledges him.
I, Kankâlî, am true and speak truth with my lips:
I, Kankâlî, am true and veiled my face and spake."

The Râjâ then asked her why she had veiled her face and marked the stranger first with the *ṭîkâ* with her right hand and then himself with the left. "I veiled myself before him," she replied, "because in him I saw a true man." Then said

* A bracelet bound on the wrist to avert the evil-eye at this festival. Tod, *Râjasthân*, orig. ed., Vol. I., pp. 242 and 457, gives elaborate accounts of the ceremony.

† The mark of royalty.

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the nobles, "she never veiled before us, so if she veiled before him because he is a true man she must take us all for women." Said Râjâ Jai Singh to her, "what are the signs of a true man?" Replied she, "purity, chastity, earnestness, austerity, generosity,* all these I saw in him." Then said the Râjâ, "you say you saw generosity in him, let us then test this first. Go and ask him for a present, and whatever you get I will give you eleven-fold hereafter." "Swear this with an oath of the Hindûs," said she. Then said the Râjâ:—

"Indar bât baram bâch bâtoṅ ṭale nîchar gale!"

"By Indra I say, that if I go back on my word may I rot in the nether world!"

In the old days this oath was so powerful that he who foreswore it was annihilated in the next world. So next morning Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went to Râjâ Jagdeo's house to beg. Said Rânî Phûlmâde, "he is not at home, you will find him at the bathing place." Kankâlî went there and found Râjâ Jagdeo returning from bathing with his towel in his hand and his *loṭâ*† and telling his beads. Kankâlî went up to him and said:—

"Ganpat Ganesh mangal kare!"
Râjâ Jagdeo ne kahâ, "hukm, mânganhâr?"

"May Ganeśa, Lord of Hosts, bless thee."
Said Râjâ Jagdeo, "thy will, thou beggar (of alms)?"

Said Kankâlî, "I am (the Angel of) Death and slay by chance or by disease."

"Ik khaṭ charh mareṅ, ik sote nahîṅ jageṅ.
Ik âg dah mareṅ, ik dang bhú bhajeṅ.
Ik pânî dum mareṅ, ik sâun ghun ghajeṅ.
Har bidh marnâ jâio nâ; suno, Râjâ, mâtâ yûṅ kahe,
Sis kâṭ de bhaṭ ko jo kîrat jag men rahe."

"One dieth in his bed, one sleepeth and waketh not.
One dieth in the fire, one falleth by a serpent's bite.

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* See *ante*, p. 185.

† A brass cup or pot used for drinking and bathing purposes by Hindûs.

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One is drowned in the water, one dieth bold and roaring.
All must die in some way; hear, Râjâ, thus saith the mother;
Give thy head to the bard's wife, if thou wouldst have a good name in the world."

Said Kankâlî, "Râjâ, thy head is the boon I crave." Said he, "My head is His that gave it me: thou cravest it—here it is."

Jas jîwan, ajas maran hai, jas ke kîjîye kâm.
Kahe Baitâl, "sun, Bikarmâ, jo sufal bât hai dân."*

Goodness is life, evil is death, so do good works.
Saith Baitâl, "hear, Bikarmâ, charity is the deed that prospers."

Then said the Râjâ to the bard's wife, "cut off my head." But said she, "I am no murderess that I should cut off thy head in the *bâzâr*. Go to thy house and cover thy head with jewels that all may know it to be a Râjâ's and not a goat's head. Then take a platter in thy left hand and with thy right hand strike off thy head into it with thy dagger and then shall I know thee for a truly generous man. I take only freely given alms. I am no oppressor." The Râjâ went home and told his wife Rânî Phûlmâde of what the bard's wife had asked and what he had promised. Then said Rânî Phûlmâde:—

"Main to torî dâs hûn, woh mâtâ bhagwân.
Jo kuchh mâtâ pitâ kahe, soî gal parwân."

"I am thy slave, she thy blessed mother.
What thy father and mother say is incumbent on thee."

Said the Râjâ, "the head is His who gave it, not father's nor mother's." Then the Rânî covered his head with jewels weeping, and when she had finished, the Râjâ called out to Kankâlî: "Here, thou beggar-woman, come and take thy alms," and Kankâlî presented herself. Whereon the Râjâ taking the platter in his left hand and his dagger in his right struck off his head

* This is a characteristically confused allusion to the variant of this very legend by which Bikarmâ (Vikramâditya) becomes possessed of Ujjayinî from the demon or ogre Agwâ Baitâl. The story is told at length in Mrs. Postans' *Cutch*, 1839, pp. 20-22, and is alluded to in *Panjâb Notes and Queries*, Vol. I., note 832.

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and his body fell to the ground. Then spake Kankâlî to Phûlmâde :—

"Main Kankâlî kandalî Des Dakhan se âî.
Sis deio Rabb Nâm, mard kî phirî dohâî.
Main, Kankâlî kandalî, sâf bât mukh se kahnân.
Tum, Rânî Phûlmâde, suhâg tumhârâ sufal rahân."

"I am the true Kankâlî from the Southern Land.
His giving his head in the Name of God is the deed of a true man.
I, Kankâlî, am true, I speak truth with my lips.
Rânî Phûlmâde, thou shalt live in prosperous wedlock."

"Now let us pray to God (*Khudâ*), for He will mysteriously restore thee to wedlock, and have a care that no fly touches his body."

In the morning Kankâlî took the head in the platter and went with it to Râjâ Jai Singh, to his hall of audience and demanded eleven such heads. The head, however, was so covered with jewels that the Râjâ thought it was merely a platter of jewels and offered her fifteen such, but Kankâlî took out the head in the hall of audience and said :—

"Jas kâran Jagdeo jûn dhar jag meṅ âio :
Jas kâran Harî Chand haṭh pur jâe vikâio :
Jas kâran Bal Bain jîb kâ lobh na kîno :
Jas kâran Jagdeo sis Kankâlî ko dîno."

"For honor came Jagdeo thus upon the earth :
For honor Harî Chand sold himself (as a slave) :
For honor Bal Bain* gave up worldly lusts :
For honor Jagdeo gave his head to Kankâlî."†

When he heard this, Râjâ Jai Singh asked Kankâlî to wait awhile and went to his nine queens and asked them for their heads, but they refused, saying, "we came into the world to enjoy ourselves, not to give up our heads." Then he went to his seven sons who also refused, saying, "if this is what

* Reference to the well-known classical legends of Hariśchandra and Bali.

† *i.e.*, for a good name.

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you want we will pack ourselves off at once." Then said Kankâlî:

"Dharg kai Râjâ Jai Singh, jis dharm wanjâio!
Dharg hai Râjâ Jai Singh, jis nâm gawâio!
Dharg hai tore karan ko bîch nâs jab hot!"

"Cursed be Râjâ Jai Singh, that went back on his word!
Cursed be Râjâ Jai Singh, that lost his (good) name!
Cursed be thou to be destroyed by thy own act!"

Saying this Kankâlî returned to Râjâ Jagdeo's house, where she joined the head to the body, and then she said to Rânî Phûlmâde: "my daughter let us pray to God (*Khudâ*) together, and if it be His will that you again enjoy wedlock the Râjâ will live." For she said:

"*Jab Khudâ kî Kachahrî kâ velâ hotâ hai, jab sawâlî ke sawâl kâ velâ hotâ hai, aur us Kachahrî men un kî do'â mustajât hoe.*"

"When it is the hour for God to hold his Court, then is the hour for the prayer of the suppliant, for then his prayer prevaileth in the Court (of God)."

In the morning Kankâlî told Rânî Phûlmâde to see if God had heard their prayer, and when the Rânî went to awaken the Râjâ he sat up and spake. And Rânî Phûlmâde gave heart-felt thanks to God.

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No. XXX.

RÁJÂ NAL,

AS PLAYED ANNUALLY AT JAGÂDHRÎ IN THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT.

[This poem is a *swâng* of the same description as those previously given, and is performed or sung in precisely the same way.]

[The tale of Nala and Damayantî has been so often edited and translated from the Saṅskṛit that it needs no special explanation here, except to point out that the present version closely follows—but in a vastly inferior fashion—the legend as related in the *Mahâbhârata* up to the point where Nala and Damayantî are driven into the forests. After this the bard wanders off into other stories and ends lamely and abruptly.]

[The part played here by the gods as superior heroes under an abstract God—mentioned under various names—just as ordinary mortals could be, points to the vast difference that really exists between the popular Hinduism of modern days and the religion of the authors of the *Mahâbhârata*, &c.]

[According to the bards Rangâchâr the Brâhman relates the tale as Vṛihadaśva does in the *Mahâbhârata*. This Rangâchâr has already turned up as the narrator in previous *swângs*.]

[There is a common modern story current in chap-books and very popular in the Panjâb called *Nal Daman*, based on the *Mahâbhârata* legend. These versions of *Nal Daman* are translations or renderings of a Persian work of the same name, which in its turn is an adaptation of a Saṅskṛit variant of the tale. An abstract of this tale will be useful here to be read with the Saṅskṛit and modern bardic versions.]

[The *Nal Daman* story is as follows. Râjâ Nal sees Daman in a dream and falls in love with her, and a similar dream comes to Daman. Her nurse, or duenna, attempts to disuade her from falling in love with Nal, and so does her father the King of Badar (Vidarbha) when he hears of it. A swan then carries the correspondence which ensues between Nal and Daman, and at last her father, finding it useless to separate them, has them married at his house. Nal takes her to his country and gambles away his property to his younger brother, who turns them both out into the deserts. In the deserts Nal loses his last covering in attempt to catch a bird for food, and is also unsuccessful in attempting to catch some fish. After this he loses Daman, and being driven mad by the bite of a serpent, wanders to the country of Ratbaran (Rituparṇa of Ayodhaya). Upon this there is a diligent search made by Brâhmans, and Nal and Daman are finally united.]

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TEXT.

Swâng Râjâ Nal kâ.

Jagat jot Jwâlâmukhî, dharte terâ dhyân !
Kirpâ apnî kîjîyo ; karo chhand kâ gyân !

Bhawânî, man ichhâ bar pâûn !
Karo budh pargâsh, simarke Nal kâ swâng banâûn.
Hath joṛ âdhîn hovegî, charnoṅ sîs niwâûn.
Maiṅ tumharî âdhîn, Mâtjî ; man ichhâ bhar pâûn.

He Mâtâ rî, maiṅ mûrakh hûn, mand 'aqal mujh ko hai thoṛî.
Karo kirpâ jag, Mât, saran maiṅ lenî toṛî.

TRANSLATION.

The Legend of Râjâ Nal.

O Jwâlâmukhî,* light of the Earth, let me worship thee !
Grant me thy grace ; give me knowledge of verse !

O Bhawânî† fulfil my heart's desire !
Give me the light of wisdom, that worshipping thee I may sing the legend of Nal.
With joined hands will I honor thee, laying my head at thy feet.
I am thy worshipper, O Mother ; fulfil my heart's desire.

O mother, I am but a fool and little wisdom have I.
Have mercy on me in the world, Mother, for I am thy servant.

---

* Any fire coming from the earth, or a volcano, supposed to represent the fire in which Satî the wife of Śiva burnt herself. Here meant in a general way for Devî and brought in because of the celebrated shrine to Jwâlâmukhî in the Kângṛâ District.

† Meant for Devî as above.

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Maiṅ liâ hûṅ saran, bhûjâ tum pakaṛo morî.
Kahte Balmukand, hâth tumharî hai ḍorî!

Muktâl.

Arî Sârad Mahârânî,
Tû hai Châr Jûg meṅ jânî,
Jis ke baiṭhî kanth
Bahisht kî us se nishânî.

Gurû.

"Man kî dugdhâ tyâg de; suno hamârî bât.
Is chintâ ko dûr kar: kyâ soche din rât?
Dukhî maiṅ jag meṅ dekhî sârî.
Nal Râjâ par bipat paṛî; maiṅ tujh se sunâûṅ, piyârî?
Haiṅ sâth ghoṛâ aur hâthî, ho gaî sab se tayyârî.

I am thy servant, do thou lead me by the arm.
Saith Bâlmukand,* my honor† is in thy hand!

Refrain.

O Queen Sârad,‡
Known throughout the Four Ages!
To whose throat thou comest
Hath the signs of Heaven.

Gurû.§

"Put away the sorrows of thy heart; hear my words.
Put away these griefs afar: why dost grieve day and night?
Throughout this world have I seen grief.
On Râjâ Nal there fell great sorrow, as I will tell thee, friend.
Horses and elephants had he and gave up all, but

* Bâlmukand is evidently here the Gurû or spiritual adviser of Judishṭar and represents the sage Vṛihadaśva, who repeats the story of Nala to Yudhishṭhira to soothe his grief in the orthodox legend of the *Mahábhárata*.

† *Lit.*, rope.

‡ The Goddess of Learning: see Vol. I., p. 122.

§ Bâlmukand, or Vṛihadaśva, now addresses the grief-stricken monarch Judishṭar, or Yudhishṭhira.

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Tere sang to châr bîr, jinheṅ Jarâsandh se mâre.
Ai Râjâjî, Nal Râjâ Mahârâj dharm kâ karnehârâ.
Lîâ jûe meṅ jît, râj se bâhar nikâlâ:
Gîâ banoṅ ke bîch, tyâgke sab parwârâ.
Damwantî thî sâth, hûâ phir us se niyârâ!"

Judishṭar.

"Suno Bipr Gurdeojî, maiṅ sab lîâ bichâr.
Kaho bât Nal Bhûp kî, muṅh se karo bistâr."

Gurû.

"Suno, man ab chit lâke.
Kahûṅ Nal Râjâ kî bithâ, dukhî hûâ ban meṅ jâke.
Damwantî thî sang, kahûṅ tum ko chit lâke.

Thou hast four brothers* that slew such men as Jarâsandh.†
O Râjâ, the great lord Râjâ Nal obeyed the law.
He was beaten in a gambling match and driven from his kingdom,
And went into the forests away from his household.
Damwantî was with him and then he was separated from her!"

Judishṭar.

"Hear, O Brâhman Gurû, I have considered all they say.
Tell the story of King Nal, giving the details with thy lips."

Gurû.

"Hearken with heart and soul.
I tell the sad story of Râjâ Nal and the sorrow he suffered in the forests.
Damwantî was with him as I tell thee with all my heart.

---

* *viz.*, Arjuna, Bhîma, Nakula, and Sahadeva, who with Yudhishṭhira are the heroes of the *Mahâbhârata.*

† Killed in combat by Bhîma according to the well-known legend.

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Kyûṅ socho din rât? kahûṅ tum ko samjhâke.
Khelo chaupuṛ sar sat kî bâjî lâke.
Yeh chaupuṛ kâ khel, dâr pâṅsâ chit lâke."

Pahilî Sakhî.

"Nikhâd Des ke bîch meṅ Bîr Sen ik bhûp.
Tâ ke ghar Nal putr hai kâmdeo kâ rûp:
Kâmdeo kâ rûp birâje, adh-budh sobhâ pâe.
Chaupuṛ khel bahot se jâne, rath bidhyâ charâî.
Sobhâ kahûṅ kahâṅ tak? mû par kahî na jâe.
Nal Râjâ sâ hûâ, na hogâ, Tîn Lok ke mâhîṅ!"
Ai Râjâjî, sau Râjâ ke bîch mâno koî chand-râje:

Why dost grieve day and night? I tell thee, admonishing thee.
Play at *chaupuṛ** with a pure heart.
This is the way to play *chaupuṛ*, throwing the dice with care."

First Maid.†

"In the country of Nikhâd‡ one Bîr Sen§ is king.
In his house is a son Nal as beautiful as Kâmdeo:‖
Adorned with the beauty of Kâmdeo and innumerable charms.
Very great is his skill at *chaupuṛ*¶ and in the art of war.
How far shall I speak of his virtues? They cannot be fully told.
A Râjâ like Nal has never been, nor will be, in the Three Worlds!
O Râjâ, he was like a majestic moon among a hundred Râjâs:

---

* See Vol. I., pp. 243-245. This is advice to Yudhishṭhira. Both he and Nala came by all their sorrows through inordinate gambling.

† These maids are attendants on Yudhishṭhira.

‡ *i.e.*, Nishadha, probably the modern Bhîl country.

§ Vîra Sena, the father of Nala.

‖ *i.e.*, Kâma, the God of Love.

¶ His skill in gambling is always reckoned among Nala's *virtues!*

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Sûr-bîr, balwant, sher jûṅ ran meṅ gâje.
Paṛhâ Bed Purân, sat kâ pâsanhârâ :
Râjâ Indar samân Sabhâ ke bîch nihârâ."

Dûsrî Sakhî.

" Kis Râjâ ke bâgh meṅ ho rahî 'ajab bahâr ?
Âm, anjîr, angûr, sab nimbû, seû, anâr,
Bâgh meṅ khil rahî khûb chambelî !
Marwâ mohan, Madan phûl, aur khil rahî 'ajab chambelî.
Hans roz chugne âve tahâṅ mil mil dâṛâ kelî :
Roz bâgh meṅ sair kare Rânî aur sang sahelî.
Kis bâgh meṅ hans chugne ko âe ?
Lîe Râo ne dekh turt pakaṛan ko dhâve.
Dene motî ger hans jab chugne lâge,
Lîâ hans ik pakaṛ, aur hans sab bhâge."

A hero and a warrior, roaring as a lion in the field of battle.
He had read the *Vedas* and *Purâṇas* and was an encourager of virtue :
Looking like Râjâ Indar in the midst of his Court."*

Second Maid.

" What Râjâ's is the garden that blooms so beautifully ?
Mangoes, grapes, figs, limes, apples, pomegranates,
And jasmines are in full bloom in the garden.
Sweet marjoram and Cupid's flower and lovely jasmines are blooming.
Swans come daily in flocks together, where
Daily the Rânî wanders in it with her maids.
Whose is the garden where the swans have come to feed ?
The Râjâ has seen them and ordered their immediate capture.
The pearls are thrown before the swans and they have begun to feed,†
(Lo !) one swan is caught and the rest have flown away."

---

* Indar Sabhâ, or Indra's Court, is the conventional expression for all that is beautiful and lovely.

† See Vol. II., pp. 88-89.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Hans.

"Râjâ, nâ mârîye, hans hamârâ nâm.
Dekhat maiṅ chhoṭe lageṅ, baṛe saṅwâr le kâm.
Baṛe saṅwâr le kâm, aur, Jî, sâch bât batlâûṅ.
Damwantî ik Rânî; kahîye, tum ko us se milâûṅ.
Jaldî mujh ko chhoṛo, Râjâ, us Rânî pe jâûṅ.
Tujh bin nahîṅ aur ko byâhe, aisî bât sunâûṅ.
Ai Râjâjî, Tîn Lok ke bîch nahîṅ koî aisî Rânî.
Chale hans kî châl; kahe mukh imrat bânî;
Mirg nainî; madh bharî; chandar mâṅ mukh kî jotî;
Nâ Indrâsan bîch Nâg kanyâṅ kî jotî!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Maiṅ tujh ko mârûṅ nahîṅ, man meṅ dhar le dhîr.
Sun, re hansâ bâware; kyûṅ hotâ dilgîr?

---

*Swan.**

"O Râjâ, slay me not, for swan is my name.
In form I am small, but I can do thee great service.
Great service can I do, and, Sir, I will tell thee a true thing.
There is a Rânî Damwanti; say, and I will join you together.
Quickly let me go, Râjâ, that I may go to the Rânî.
I will tell her to marry none but thee.
O Râjâ, within the Three Worlds there is no such Rânî.
Her gait as a swan's, sweet words speaks she with her lips;
Eyes as an antelope's, her youth in its prime; her face bright as the moon;
No Nâg's daughter in Indra's Court bright as she!"†

Râjâ Nal.

"I will not slay thee, take courage in thy heart.
Hear, foolish swan; why art sad?

---

* The story of Nala now begins by the captured swan addressing him after being caught, as related by the maid.

† A confused allusion here to the Apsarases or nymphs of Indra's heaven. Indrâsan = Indar-sabhâ: *c.f.* line 42 and for a note on the Nâgs or Nâgas see Vol. I., p. 414, &c.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kyûṅ hotâ dilgîr, piyâre? Us kâ bhed batâ de.
Jis Râje kâ hai woh beṭî, us kâ darshan dikhâ de.
Sobhâ kare barî mukh setî; us kâ nâm batâ de.
Bhûlûṅ nahîṅ ahsân, hans re, jo tû mujhe milâ de.
Hans re, jâ piyârî ke pâs, merâ sab hâl sunâo.
Damwantî ke pâs âj ham ko le jâo.
Taiṅ sab barnan karâ, sunat jîûrâ ghabarâyâ.
Dîjîye darshan dikhâe; tujhe yeh hî samjhâyâ."

Hans.

"Râjâ Deo Nikâdh meṅ Bhîm nâm bakhiyât:
Sûrbîr, dharmâtmâ, Damwantî kâ tât.
Bât maiṅ kab lag karûṅ bakhiyânî?
Us piyârî ke badan bîch meṅ bharkar tolî jawânî.

Why art sad, my friend? Tell me the reason.
Show me that Râjâ's daughter.
Thou hast praised her greatly with thy lips; tell me her name.
I will not forget thy kindness, O swan, if thou bring me to her.
O swan, go to my love and tell her of me.
Take me to-day to Damwantî.
Thou hast told me all, and hearing it my life has become restless.
Show her to me: thus I conjure thee.*"

Swan.

"In the land of Nikâdh† there is a Râjâ named Bhîm,‡
Hero and sage is he and father of Damwantî.
How long shall I sing her praises in words?
In that loveling's body doth youth blaze forth.

---

* The inconsequence of this speech is carried on throughout the poem and is characteristic of it; due, no doubt, to the story being so well known to the audience.

† Should be Vidarbha, the modern Birâr.

‡ Bhîma of Vidarbha, father of Damayantî; not to be confounded with Bhîma the Pâṇḍava.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Us ko châhe rakhe deotâ, dharmrâje gyânî!
Chand kiran se jotî, Rânî aisî rûp dîwânî.
Râjâjî, sundar mûrat, banî bîch mahiloṅ ke sohî,
Hans gun, mukh chand, rikhî jan man ko mohî:
Deo, dait, bhûpâl, nahîṅ ghar aisî nârî!
Nâ maiṅ kânoṅ sunî, nâ dûjî maiṅ nihârî."

Râjâ Nal.

"Are hans, wahâṅ le chalo, jahâṅ hai sundar nâr.
Uṛkar chhin meṅ jâ milûṅ, nahîṅ pankh dîe Kartâr!"

Râgnî.

Hans, uṛke abhî jâo,
Khabar piyârî ke tum lâo.

It is meet that some god wise as Dharmrâj* should wed her!
The beauty of the Princess is bright as the beams of the moon.
Sir Râjâ, beautiful of form she has become the ornament of the palace.
Qualities of the swan, face as the moon, charms to conquer sages!
In no home of god, or Titan, or king is such a maid!
Nor have mine ears heard, nor mine eyes seen a second to her."

Râjâ Nal.

"O swan, take me whither is this beauteous maid.
Had God† given me wings I would fly to her in a moment."

Song.

Swan, fly off at once
And bring me news of my love.

---

* *i.e.*, Yama.

† Observe the vast difference made here throughout between 'God' as represented by such words as *Kartâr*, *Kartâ*, &c., in this poem and the 'gods' of mythology as represented by *deo*, *deotâ*, &c., and how the two expressions are used concurrently. This poem is a valuable lesson in the actual religion of the every day Hindû.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Zarâ mât der ab lâo;
Us se jâke yeh samjhâo :
Woh sundar mujh se, piyârî,
Basar gaî sudh sab mârî.
Piyâlâ zahar kâ pîûṅ :
Binâ piyârî nahîṅ jîûṅ.

Hans.

"Us piyârî ke rûp kâ kab lag kareṅ bakhânî ?
Rikhî, munî aur deotâ dekh ḍigî haiṅ dhyânî !
Kaṅwal mukh chandar birâje ;
Sab sakhîoṅ ke bîch nâr beṭî wahî sâje ;
Gal motîoṅ ke mâl ; nâk nâk besar sohe ;
Shîsh phûl sab dekh, sab man ko mohe ;
Bhichhwe aur pâzeb jâno rânbandî gahnâ ;
Dekhat sab base hue ; bane jûṅ mirg ke nainâ !"

Make no delay
And go and tell her this :
That I love her beauty
And have lost my wits (for her).
I will drink a cup of poison
Rather than live without my love.

Swan.

"How long shall I praise the loveling's beauty ?
Prophets, sages and gods have looked on it and lost their (power of) devotion !
Her lotus* face glorious as the moon :
An ornament amidst all her maids :
Garland of pearls round her neck ; lovely rings in each nostril ;
Flowers on her head captivating the hearts of all who see her ;
Anklets and toe-rings and jewels on her forehead ;
All who see her are ravished ; eyes as of antelopes !"

* Conventional metaphor for beauty and auspiciousness applied to feet, eyes, face, &c.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ Nal.

"Are hans, jâo, tumheṅ maiṅ to dîâ uṛâe.
Hâth joṛ tum se kahûṅ, milo dâr meṅ jâe.
Abhî Bedarbhain-nagar meṅ jâo:
Us piyârî ke pâs jâeke merâ hâl batâo,
Hâe-hâe-kar prân tajûṅ; nahîṅ mat na der lagâo.
Jo tumharâ bas chale, hans re, pâs mere le âo."

Muktâl.

Hans ne lîe uḍârî:
Gîâ jahân haigî piyârî.
"Nâ nindrâ, nahîṅ bhûkh,
Soch mujh ko hai bhârî."

Hans.

"Sun, Rânî, is jagat meṅ hor na tum sî nârî:
Mulk mulk meṅ ham phireṅ sab dekhâ sansâr.

Râjâ Nal.

"O swan, go, for I let thee fly.
With joined hands I tell thee to join thy flock.
Go now to the City of Bedarbhain*
And go to my love and tell her of me.
My life goes out in sighs; make thou no delay.
If it be in thy power, O swan, bring her to me."

Refrain.

The swan flew away
And went to where the loveling was.
"Without sleep and without food," (said he)
"Great is my anxiety."

Swan.†

"Hear, Rânî, there is no maid like thee in the world:
And I have wandered from land to land and seen all the world.

---

* *i.e.*, Vidarbha.

† To Damayantî.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jagat men aur nahîṅ Rânî aisî.
Indar Lok kî nâr Urbasî so nahîṅ hai terî jaisî!
Chand Kiran Râjâ kî sûrat nâ man meṅ bhâî.
Nal Ràjâ sâ rûp kisî se maiṅ jag meṅ dekhâ nâhîṅ.
Ai Rânîjî, is duniyâ ke bich sabhî pe joban âyâ;
Aur kisî kâ rûp mere man ko nahîṅ bhâyâ.
Terâ jaisâ rûp âj Nal ûpar chhâyâ:
Us ko le to biyâhe, tumheṅ maiṅ yeh bar sunâyâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Sun Râjâ ke rûp ko dil to gîâ le âe;
Birâ agin ut pat hûî man mere ke mâhîṅ,
Hans, ab sunke bachan tumhâre.
Kaun des kâ Râjâ Nal hai? Sachî bât batâ, re!

There is no such Rânî in the world (as thou),
Not even Urbasî* in Indra's land is such as thou!
Râjâ Chand Kiran's† beauty did not please me,
But I have seen no beauty in the world like Râjâ Nal's.
O Rânî, all have youth in this world,
But no other's beauty hath pleased my heart.
Nal's beauty is as thine,
So do thou marry him, I tell thee."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Hearing of the Râjâ's beauty my heart is ravished;
The fire of separation (from my love) is ablaze in my heart,
O swan, from hearing thy words.
In what land is Râjâ Nal? O tell me true words!

---

* Urvasî, a celebrated nymph at Indra's Court, here called by its classical name of Indraloka.

† Confused allusion to the legend of Râjâ Chandarbhân, (see *ante*, p. 78ff.) and perhaps to that of Satyabhâmâ, wife of Krishṇa and mother of Chandrabhâna, who accompanied her husband to the Indraloka on the occasion of his stealing the *pârijâta* tree.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Taiṅ ne âj birâ kî phâṅsî dîe gale men, piyâre!
Ab to der kare mat, hansâ, Nal Râjâ pe jâ, re!
Hans re, us Râjâ pe jâîye, 'araz kahîye yeh merî:
Janam janam yeh bât kabhî bhûlûṅ nahîṅ terî.
Yeh hî bât tum kaho pâs Râjâ ke jâe:
'Tujhe suembar bîch baregî Rânî âî.'"

Hans.

"Sundar des Nikâdh hai; Bîr Sen nirp nâm:
Sûrbîr bal mâhîṅ sab ke sâre kâm:
Sab ke sâre kâm; putr us kâ Nal Râjâ.
Sundar râj samâj; bajeṅ chhattîs bâjâ.
Sir par mukaṭ birâj, gale motîṅ kî mâlâ:

Thou hast placed the noose of separation round my neck to-day, O my beloved (swan)!
Make no delay now, my swan, and oh, go to Râjâ Nal!
O swan, go to the Râjâ and tell him this my say.
And I will never forget the obligation to thee through all my births.*
Do thou go to the Râjâ and tell him this:
'The Rânî will choose† thee in the midst of her *swayamvara*.'"‡

Swan.

"Lovely is the land of Nikâdh; Bîr Sen is the king's name:
A warrior whose might is at the service of all:
At the service of all; Râjâ Nal is his son.
Lovely is his kingdom where the 36 kinds of music are played.§
A glorious crown on his head, a garland of pearls round his neck:

---

* Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.
† *Lit.*, wed.
‡ The ancient custom of public choice of a husband constantly alluded to in legends.
§ Conventional expression: see Vol. I., p. 176.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Âbhûkhan singâr, sîs par surkh dushâlâ.
Kâmrûp autâr, kahâñ lag upmâ gâûñ ?
Nâ aisâ koî bhûp, tujhe, Rânî, samjhâûñ."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Are hans, jaldî jâo, zarâ na lâo der.
Nal Râjâ kâ nâm sun lîe, birâ ne gher."

Ragnî.

"Gher birâ ne lîe, piyâre.
Khabar jaldî se jâ lâ, re !
Barûñ Nal Râo ko, hansâ :
Nahîñ is meñ kuchh sansâ !
Sunî ta'rîf maiñ, piyârî,
Milan amblâkh hai mârî !"

Jewels and ornaments and red kerchief over his head :
An incarnation of Kâmrûp* is he : how far shall I sing his praises ?
There is no such king (elsewhere) I tell thee, Rânî."

Rânî Damwantî.

"O swan, go quickly and delay not at all.
The hearing of Râjâ Nal's name hath surrounded me with (the pain of) separation."

Song.

"Separation hath encompassed me, O my beloved (swan).
Go and tell me (of him) quickly !
I will wed Râjâ Nal, O swan :
There is no doubt in this !
Hearing his praises, O my beloved (swan),
Hath smitten me with a desire to meet him !"

---

* The Indian Cupid.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Sakhî.

"Din din pîlî ho gaî, sunîye, Râjkaṅwâr.
Kyâ tere tan soch hai? Kaho mukh bachan uchâr.
Kaho mukh bachan uchâr; kaun dukh ne tû gherî?
Nit uṭh rahe udâs, zarâ dhartî nahîṅ serî.
Kyâ upjâ man khiyâl? Hâl to kah de sârâ.
Kah de man kî bât: kahâ yeh mân hamârâ."

Râṅî Damwantî.

"Arî sakhî, maiṅ kyâ kahûṅ apnî kî bât?
Nâ jânûṅ mujh se kyâ hûâ; soch rahî din rât.
Sakhî, merî bhûkh piyâs uṛ gaî sârî:
Din nahîṅ chain; nain nahîṅ nindrâ; soch mujhe thî bhârî;
Sûkat badan; agin tan biyâpî; hos nahîṅ âtî mujh ko;
Hâl be-hâl hûâ, sajhnî; maiṅ kyâ samjhâûngî tujh ko?"

Maid.

"Day by day dost thou turn pale, Princess.
What is the care in thy heart? Tell me with thy lips.
Tell me with thy lips: what grief hath encompassed thee?
Sorrow remaineth ever and thou hast no ease at all.
What idea is in thy mind? Tell me all the story.
Tell me the desire of thy heart, I say to thee."

Râṅî Damwantî.

"My maid, how shall I tell thee of myself?
I cannot tell what has befallen me; I grieve day and night.
My maid, hunger and thirst have left me altogether;
No joy by day; no sleep to my eyes; heavy is my anxiety;
My body dries up; fire is in my soul; my wits come not to me;
I am miserable, my maid; how shall I tell it thee?"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Sakhî.

"Mahârâj, tumharî sutyâ nit uṭh rahat udâs:
Ham se kuchh bolî nahîṅ, nâ jîwan kî âs.
Bahut behâl hai Kaṅwârî.
Pûchho us ko jâe; 'araz yeh bât hamârî.
Bhojan dînâ tiyâg, rahe nahîṅ jal kî piyâsâ.
Phir us kî, Mahârâj, kaun jîwan kî âsâ?"

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"Sun, bândî, tumhare bachan ham ne lîe bichâr;
Âj suembar maiṅ rachûṅ: Râm utâre pâr!
Khushî hogî Damwantî mahârî!"

Yeh hî bachan sunke bândî, sab khushî hûe nar nârî.

---

*Maid.**

"My Lord, thy daughter is ever in sorrow:
She will say nothing to me, and there is no hope of her life.
Very miserable is the Princess.
Go and ask her why; this is my prayer.
She hath given up her food and thirsts not for water.
So, my Lord, what hope is there of her life?"

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"Hear, my maid, I have heard thy words.
To-day will I prepare for her *swayaṁvara*: God† prosper it!
And my Damwantî shall be happy!"

Hearing this the maid and all the attendants were pleased.

---

* Addressing Bhîma, Damayantî's father.

† Râm cannot mean Râma Chandra here in any way except as God in the abstract, as Nala could never have looked him as 'God,' being either his ancestor or his immediate descendant.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"Kal ko dût bhejke, sârî kar dûń abhî tayyârî.
Hor kâm so pîchhe karnâ, kahûń khushî yèk hî mahârî."

"A, Châran, jaldî jâo patrî lekar hâth:
Sab Râjoń se jâeke, yeh hî kaho tum bât.
Jâeke patrî khol dikhânâ.
Damwantî kâ rachâ suembar, sab se yeh kah ânâ.
Pûrab, Pachham o Dakhan, Utar, châr dasâ phirânâ.
Rachâ suembar sab Râjoń kâ kul ko yehâń se ânâ.
Châran, jaldî jânâ,
Zarâ nahîń der lagânâ.
Sab Râjoń ko sang
Apne leke ânâ."

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"I will send out the messengers* to-morrow and make all the preparations.
Other things I will do later, this is my desire, I tell thee."

"O Châran†, go with the writing in thy hand:
Go to all the Râjâs and tell them of this.
Go open the scroll and show it them.
Go and tell them all that Damwantî's *swayaṁvara* is being prepared.
Go to the East and West and South and North and the four quarters.
The *swayaṁvara* is prepared and all the Râjâs must come.
Châran, go quickly
And make no delay.
And all the Râjâs
Bring back with thee."

* To call the guests for the *swayaṁvara*.
† The family bard, who would, according to modern custom, carry the message.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Châran Bhâṭ.

"Hukm dîâ soî karûṅ, jâuṅâ parbhât.
Châr dasâ ke bîch maiṅ pahunchûṅ râtoṅ rât:
Sabhî Râjoṅ ko jâe sunâûṅ.
Damwantî kâ rachâ suembar patrî khol dikhâûṅ.
Pûrab, Pachham, Dakhan, Utar, châr dasâ phirâûṅ.
Karke khabar sabhî Râjoṅ ko pâs tumhâre âûṅ."

Mahîloṅ se Nal chal paṛe, sune dût ke bain,
Piyârî ke dekhe binâ nek paṛe nahîṅ chain.
Indar bât Nârad ko samjhâve.

Indar.

"Tum ho âp dayyâ ke sâgar, beṛá pâr langhâve.

Châran, the Bard.

"Thou hast given the order and I obey, going at dawn.
I will reach each of the four quarters night by night,
And tell all the Râjâs.
I will show the writing, that Damwantî's *swayaṁvara* is prepared.
East, West, South, North, in the four quarters will I wander,
And giving the news to all the Râjâs will I return to thee."

When Râjâ Nal heard the messenger's words
Happiness left him because of not seeing his love.
Then Indar said to Nârad,*

Indar.

"Thou art the ocean of grace, make me to succeed.†

* This is one of the many confusing passages in this poem. The scene abruptly changes, and the messenger of Bhîma has now reached Nala. In the *Mahâbhârata* when the gods hear of the *swayaṁvara* they determine to attend as suitors, and make Nala act as their go-between to secure Damayanti's favour for one of them. Line 189 introduces this scene here.

† *Lit.*, take my boat across: a conventional phrase in this sense.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Man ichhâ pûran ho; merî jî yeh bhed batâve.
Ai Râjâ, sab kahâñ chale? Man kî sunâ merâ miṭâve."

Nârad.

"Bidar nagar ke bîch meñ Bhîm Sen bikhât.
Baṛâ balî woh Râo hai, Damwantî kâ tât.
Damwantî kâ tât hai, us kî saj rahî aswârî.
Baṛe baṛe jodhâ âe haiñ, faujâñ niyârî niyârî.
Suno, Indar Mahârâj, kahe maiñ tumheñ hisas sârî:
Bîr gaî bâghoñ ke andar, sundar sajî sawârî."

Indar.

"Damwantî ke wâste sab âe yeh bhûp!
Ab us kâ barnan karo ham se adhik sarûp:
Ham se adhik sarûp karo tum barnan sâre!

That the desire of my heart be fulfilled; tell her the meaning of this.
O Râjâ,* where are all these† going? Remove the doubts in my mind."

Nârad.‡

"In the land of Bidar§ is the celebrated Bhîm Sen.
A powerful Râjâ is he and father of Damwantî.
He is the father of Damwantî and this is his cavalcade.
Great warriors have come and many are following.
Hear, my Lord Indar, for I tell thee all the story:
The crowd hath gone within the garden, and beauteous is the cavalcade."

Indar.

"All these kings come for Damwanti's sake!
Tell me now of her wondrous beauty:
Tell me all the tale of her wondrous beauty!

---

* The gods are always addressed as Râjâ throughout.
† *i.e.*, the guests to the *swayaṁvara*.
‡ The introduction thus of Nârada, the messenger and adviser of the gods, is strictly in accordance with the classical legend.
§ *i.e.*, Vidarbha.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Yeh sune kî bât, yeh hî abhlâkh hamâre.
Tum, Nârad, rikhe râî, sabhî ghaṭ ghaṭ kî jâno :
Hâth joṛkar kahûṅ, hameṅ sab bât bakhâno."

Nârad.

"Damwantî ke rûp kâ hotâ nahîṅ bakhân :
Chandar kalâ mukh, nain mîrg, râj-sutiyâ ko jân.
Nahîṅ upmâ ham se kahî jâe.
Us piyârî ke bich suembar chalo âp hamrâî.
Nâ koî tere surg-lok meṅ aisî nâr banâî !
Bare bhâg jag meṅ us ke, jo us ko le biyâhî !"

Indar.

"Sunkar tumharî bât ko abhî chalûn tat-kâl.
Sunkar tumharî bât ko ho giâ hâl be-hâl.
Kâm ab mere tan meṅ chhâyâ.
Jâke darsan karûṅ jo us ke, jab sîl ho kâyâ.

Hearing of this, this is my desire now.
Thou Nârad, chief of the sages, knowest the secrets of all :
With joined hands I say, tell me all the story."

Nârad.

"Damwantî's beauty cannot be told :
Face as the moon, eyes as the antelope's, know her for a king's daughter.
I cannot tell her praises.
Go thou thyself to the loveling's *swayaṁvara.*
Not in thy heavens is there such a maid !
Happy his fortune in the world that weds her !"

Indar.

"Hearing thy words I go now at once.
Hearing thy words I am become restless.
Love hath entered into my body.
I will go and see her that my body may have rest.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dharamrâj, Agnî pe jâûṅ, dil meṅ uṭhâûṅ mâyâ;
Sâth Baran ko leke apnî karûngâ man kâ châyâ."

"Ik kâm merâ karo, suno, Râo Nal Bhûp.
Châr deotâ âte balî, jog kalâ dhar rûp.
Râo, tum Damwantî pe jâo:
Hamre dût bano, Mahârâjâ, us ko jâ samjhâo;
Indar, Dharm, Jal, Agnî kâ tum jâke nâm batâo.
Koî deotâ bar le in meṅ se, aisî jâe sunâo.
Râo, tum jâldî jâo,
Usî Rânî se kaho:
Apnâ maqsad chhoṛ,
Dharm apne pe raho."

I will go to Dharmrâj and Agnî and tell them what is in my mind;
I will take Baran with me and fulfil the desire of my heart."*

"Hear, O Râjâ Nal,† and do me a service.
Four powerful gods are coming to the *swayaṁvara*, changing their forms by (virtue of) contemplation.‡
Râjâ, go thou to Damwantî,
Become our messenger, Mahârâjâ, and go and tell her,
And mention Indar, Dharmrâj, Jal,§ and Agnî (as suitors).
Tell her to select a husband from among the gods.
Râjâ, go quickly,
And tell the Princess
To give up her own desire
And be true to the right."

---

* Dharmarâjâ = Yama. The presence here of the gods Indra, Yama, Agni, and Varuṇa is in strict accord with the classical legend.

† Indra now goes to Nala to ask for help in the matter of procuring Damayantî as his bride.

‡ Adverting to the classical notions of the power of penance and contemplation.

§ For Jalapati, Lord of the Waters, an epithet of Varuṇa.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ Nal.

"Ap kah, soî karûṅ: suno, Indar Mahârâj:
Tum ho châroṅ deotâ, karo shakl kâ kâj!"

Râgnî.

"Tum hîṅ Jagdîs, jug dhyânî,
Tumharî bât maiṅ mânî.
Mahil kis tarah maiṅ jâûṅ?
Baṛan wahâṅ kaun bidh pâûṅ?
Kaheṅ ḍeoṛhî pe rakhwâlî;
Jâeṅ bidh kaun se, piyârî?"

Indar.

"Kirpâ hamârî se tujhe koî na dekhe nar nâr,
Jâo mahil ke bîch meṅ, ai Nal Râjkanwâr,
Mahil meṅ nâ koî tumheṅ pahchâne.
Dekheṅ nahîṅ aur koî wahâṅ se, ik Damwantî jânî.
Ab nâ der kare, Râjâjî, bachan hamârâ mâne,

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou hast said and so will I do: hear, oh Indar Mahârâjâ:
Ye four are gods, do ye (good) service to all!"

Song.

"Thou art a Lord of the Earth, contemplative for ever,
I obey thy word.
How shall I go into the palace?
How shall I find a way of entrance there?
There are guards upon the doorway;
How shall I go in, my friend?"

Indar.

"By my grace nor man nor woman shall see thee.
Go into the palace, O Prince Nal.
No one in the palace shall recognize thee.
None shall see thee then, but Damwantî shall know thee.
Make no delay, Sir Râjâ, and obey my word.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Châr deo ham raheṅ Surg meṅ châroṅ Bed bakhâne."

Râjâ âe mahil meṅ Nârad ke darbân.
Khabar kisî ko nâ hûî, kirpa karî Bhagwân.
Dekhkar Damwantî jhaṭ âî;
Kahe Damwantî:

Ránî Damwantî.

"Kaun tû haigâ? de ham ko batlâe!
Kahâṅ se âyâ? kahâṅ jâegâ? hosh tujhe nâhîṅ?
Mere mahil meṅ ân, dîwâne, nahaqq jân gaṅwâe!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânîjî, sun lîjîye, patî birtâ tû hai nâm!
Maiṅ deotoṅ kâ dût hûṅ, Nal Râjâ hai nâm."

Râgnî.

"Nâm Nal Râj hai merâ,
Kîâ maiṅ mahil meṅ pherâ.

We four gods remain in heaven studying the four *Vedas*."

The Râjâ entered the palace as Nârad's messenger.
No one knew of it by the grace of God.
Seeing him Damwantî came at once;
And spake Damwantî:

Ránî Damwantî.

"Who art thou? tell me!
Whence camest thou? whither goest? Hast no sense?
That thou comest, fool, into my palace to lose thy life for nothing!"

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî, hear; thy name is virtue!
I am the messenger of the gods and Râjâ Nal is my name."

Song.

"My name is Râjâ Nal,
And I have wandered over the palace.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dharmrâjâ, Baran, Agnî,
Jo chauthâ Indar hai, Rânî,
Mujhe bhejâ tumhâre pâs.
Kahûṅ maiṅ bât, un mânî,
Unhoṅ ne jo kahâ mujh ko.
Yeh sunkar, chit meṅ dhar le:
Un hîṅ charoṅ ke mâṅ se
Ik to deotâ bar le!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Maiṅ to tumharî nâr hûṅ, tum hamrî bhartâr!
Merâ to *yehi* nem hai, barwan Nal Rajkaṅwâr!"

Râgnî.

"Nem maṅ mâṅ yeh hî dhârî!
Tum hîṅ prân kî piyârî.
Tujhe jo tiyâgke jâûṅ,—
Bachan sat ke maiṅ samjhâûṅ,—

Dharmrâj, Baran, Agnî,
And the fourth (of these) Indar, O Rânî,
Have sent me to thee.
I tell thee, and do thou hear,
What they said to me.
Hear this and ponder it in thy heart:
From out of these four
Do thou wed a god!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"But I am thy wife and thou my husband!
And *this* is my hope, to wed the Prince Nal!"

Song.

"This is the hope of my heart!
Thou art the love of my life!
If I be separated from thee,—
And I tell thee true words,—

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Nahîṅ Indar ko barûṅ jâke.
Marûṅgî zahar bis khâke.
Na jîûṅgî, suno, Sâîṅ ;
Prân chhin meṅ tajûṅ mâhîṅ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Surg lok ke deotâ padmî Indar samân !
Kyûṅ un ko bartî nahîṅ ? tû ho gaî nâdân !
Tû ho gaî bâorî, Baran sarîkhâ nahîṅ dûjâ !
Indar samân nahîṅ koî Râjâ, sab kareṅ un ko pûjâ !
Dharmrâj, Agnî ko bar le ; châroṅ deotâ hai bhârî !
Maiṅ to nir manukh zât hûṅ : kyûṅ tû bhûl gaî, piyârî ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Patî birtâ jo nâr hai, mâne kul kî ân.
Maiṅ to tumharî dâs hûṅ, tum mere Bhagwân !
Tum mere Bhagwân, piyâ ; maiṅ patî birtâ hûṅ nârî,

I will not go and wed Indar.
I will take poison and die.
I will not go, listen, my Lord ;
I will give up my life in a moment."

Râjâ Nal.

"A glorious god of heaven like Indar !
Why will thou not wed him ? thou art gone mad !
Thou art become foolish, there is no second to Baran!
There is no Râjâ like Indar, whom all worship !
Wed Dharmrâj or Agnî ; all the four are great gods !
I am but one of mankind : why hast forgotten thyself, my love ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

"I am a virtuous woman and care for my family honor.
I am thy slave and thou my God !
Thou art my God, my love ; and I a virtuous wife.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dharm gîâ, kyâ rah gîâ ? Râjâ, ho jug meṅ un kî hârî.
Jab se bât kahî hansâ ne, jab se prît lagî mârî,
Jo mujh ko tum nah baro, to prân tajûṅ chhin meṅ piyârî."

Râjâ Nal.

"Woh châroṅ haiṅ deotâ, Tîn Lok ke nâth.
Tum un ko bar lo ; abhi mân hamârî bât.
Mân hamârî bât, piyârî ; yeh hai prem kahânî.
Indar Râjâ biyâh karwâo to hogî Indrânî.
Aisâ Râo aur nahîṅ dûjâ ; taiṅ man mâṅ kyâ jâne ?
Tû us ko bar le, Rânî, ho jâgî paṭ-rânî."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Paṭ-rânî to ho gaî ik piyâ se prem !
Patî birtâ jo hâr hai, un kâ yeh hai nem.
Un ke yeh hai nem, piyârî, sat dharm maiṅ nâ hârûṅ.

If duty go what remains ? Râjâ, such are ruined in the world.
From the time the swan spake hath love conquered me.
If thou wed me not I will give up my love in a moment, my love."

Râjâ Nal.

"Those four are gods, lords of the Three Worlds.
Wed thou (one of) them ; hear now my words.
Hearken to my words, my love, for they be words of love.
If thou marry Indar thou wilt then be Indrânî.*
There is no Râjâ second to him ; what hast thou in thy mind ?
Marry thou him, Rânî, and be his chief-queen."

Rânî Damwantî.

"A chief-queen am I from the love of one husband !
This is the hope of virtuous women.
This is their hope, my love, and I will not go back from my duty.

---

* The name of Indra's wife ; she is not otherwise of any importance as a goddess.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bîch suembar âj tumhârî phûl-mâl gale meṅ ḍârûṅ.
Ik bachan tum se hûâ merâ, ab dûjâ kyâ purakh barûṅ ?
Jo tum tiyâg jâoge mujh ko, khâe kaṭârâ âj marûṅ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Surg lok kâ bâs ho, man meṅ karo bichâr.
Tum man meṅ yeh soch lo, sundar Râjkaṅwâr.
Sundar Râjkaṅwâr, tumheṅ ho chitr sugar, sun le, nârî.
Indar Râj se biyâh karwâo, yeh hî bât mâno hamârî.
Sundar rûp banâ hai us kâ, gal sûhâ, motî mâlâ.
Yeh hî bât tum karo, piyârî, pîyo prem ras kâ piyâlâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Prem nem un kâ rahe, jin kî dhur se pît.
Prem kahânî kaṭhan hai, koî birlâ jâne rît."

To-day at the *swayamvara* will I throw the flower-garland round thy neck.*
I gave thee my word once, how can I now wed another ?
If thou desert me I will stab myself with a dagger and die."

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou wilt become a dweller in Heaven, ponder it in thy mind.
Think of this in thy mind, my beauteous Princess.
Beautiful Princess, be sagacious and wise, and hear, my girl.
Marry Râjâ Indar, and hear these words of mine.
Beautiful is his form, red kerchief round his neck, and necklace of pearls.
Do thou this, my love, and drink of the cup of love."

Rânî Damwantî.

"The hope of love is their's whose love is from the beginning.
The tale of love is difficult, and few know its ways."

---

* In token of accepting thee as my husband.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râgnî.

"Rît birlâ koî jâne."
Bachan Râjâ nahîṅ mâne.
"Sîl gun rûp maiṅ nârî,
Dharm ko nâ tajûṅ, piyârî.
Tum hîṅ Mahârâj ho mahârî !
Bachan maiṅ ne sahe thâre.
Suno, maiṅ dâs hûṅ thârî,
Ik pal nâ rahûṅ niyârî !"

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, tum chatar bano, mat nâ bano nâdân.
Châr deo ko tum baro, kahâ hamârâ mân.
Kahâ hamârâ mân, tujhe maiṅ bahut bâr samjhâe.
Merâ kahâ mâno tum; Rânî, achhî bât sunâî.
Sun, Rânî, gyân hamârî ik samajh nahîṅ âî.
Dil kâ soch dûr kar, piyârî; 'aql kahâṅ gaṅwâî ?"

Song.

"Few know its ways."
The Râjâ would not listen to her words.
"I am a woman of virtue and uprightness,
And I will not give up my duty, my beloved.
Be thou my Lord !
I have listened to all thy words.
Hear me, I am thy slave.
And not a moment will I remain away from thee !"

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, be wise and be not foolish.
Wed one of the four gods and mind my words.
Mind my words as I have often conjured thee.
Hear my words, Rânî, for I have spoken well.
Hear me, Rânî, my wisdom hath not entered thy understanding.
Put thy fears afar, my love; where hast lost thy sense ?"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rânî Damwantî.

"Barûṅ na tum bin aur ko; marûṅ àj âp ghât!
Satî hûṅ, sâl rachûṅ: chalûṅ tumhâre sâth!
Chalûṅ tumhâre sâth, prân chhin meṅ kho dârûṅ!
Jo ab ke yeh kaho, kaṭârî tan meṅ mârûṅ.
Tum hoke gunmân, bât yeh kaun sunâî?
Maiṅ to tum bar lîe, jân ke kanth gunsâiṅ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ; suno, Indar Mahârâj.
Damwantî pe maiṅ gîâ âj âp ke kâj.
Gîâ âp ke kâj âj; yeh suno hamârî bânî.
Bahut bâr us ko samjhâe, nahîṅ mântî Rânî.
Wâ to kahe, 'barûṅgî Nal ko,' ho rahî 'ishq dîwânî.
Samajh bichâr, suno, Mahârâjâ, yeh tû sach jânî."

Rânî Damwantî.

"I will wed none but thee; I will die at once!
I will be *satî*, I will prepare my pyre (rather than not) go with thee!
I go with thee, (or) I destroy my life at once!
If thou speakest again as now I will strike a dagger into my body.
Being wise, how canst say such things as these?
I have accepted thee as my husband, the lord and husband of my life."

*Râjâ Nal.**

"With joined hands I beseech thee; hear, my Lord Indar.
I went to Damwantî to-day on thy behalf.
I went on thy behalf; hear these my words.
Often did I conjure her, but the Princess would not listen.
Said she, 'I will wed Nal,' and remained mad with love.
Think of it and hear, my Lord, knowing this for the truth."

---

* Returning to Indra.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Indar.

"Sab deotâ, yeh hî karo: dhâro Nal kâ rûp.
Phir Rânî kis ko bare hamrâ dekh sarûp?
Hamrâ dekh sarûp!"

Sabhî ne yeh man bîch bichâre:
'Chalo suembar bîch jahân haigî Damwantî piyârî,
Bahut bâr Nal ne samjhâe, nâ mânî woh nârî.
Us kâ sat digâe chalenge.' Yeh hî bât man dhârî.
Jab Râjâ Bhîm ne denî sabhâ lagâe,
Sakhî bejhkar mahil men Damwantî lîe bulâe.
Damwantî lîe bulâe, lîe phir phûl-mâl karâe.
Sab dewat Nal rûp dekhke, jab man men ghabarâî.

---

*Indar.**

"All ye gods, do this: put on the form of Nal.
And then which of us shall the Princess wed, seeing us all (alike)?
Seeing us all alike!"

They all pondered this in their hearts:
'Let us go to the *swayamvara* where is the lovely Damwantî.
Often has Nal conjured her, but the maiden would not listen.
Let us go and destroy her honor.' This they had in their minds.
When Râjâ Bhîm began to collect the assembly,
He sent a maid into the palace and called Damwantî.
He called Damwantî and made a flower garland.
When (the maiden) saw all the gods in the form of Nal she was confused in her mind.

---

* To the other gods.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bîch suembar phire dekhtî: 'Mahmân kahîn jâe?
Dekhâ sabhâ kâ rang nâr ne dîe Harî bulâe.

Râni Damwantî.

"Ai, Prabhû Dînânâth, ab sunîye merî pukâr.
Is sanghaṭ meṅ sukh karo, Tin Lok Kartâr."

Râgnî.

"Prabhûjî, sidh lîjîye merî,
Terî maiṅ charan kî cherî.
Deo Nal rûp sab dhârâ:
Merâ sat râkh, Kartârâ!
Barûṅ Nal Bhûp ko, Sâmî;
Merâ sat râkh tum, Sâîṅ!
Tajûṅ maiṅ prân mahiloṅ meṅ!
Merâ sat sîl ho pûrâ!"

Wandering about the *swayamvara* looking (for him she said to herself): 'Where has *the* guest gone?'
Seeing what had passed in the assembly the maiden called on Harî.*

Râni Damwantî.

"O God, the Lord of thy Servants, hear now my prayer.
Give me thy blessing in this trouble, thou Creator of the Three Worlds."

Song.

"O Lord, give me relief, for
I am a worshipper at thy feet.
All the gods have put on the form of Nal.
Preserve thou my honor, O God!
I would wed the King Nal, O Lord:
Preserve thou my honor, O Lord!
I will give up my life in the palace!
Keep whole my virtue and honor!"

---

* *i.e.*, Vishṇu = God.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dharmrâj.

" Soch kare mat, bâwarî, kahâ hamârâ mân.
Jâ, tujh ko yeh bar dîâ, mile bhûp surgyân.
Mile bhûp surgyân, nâm Nal se tum bachan uchâro.
Us Râjâ ke gale bîch tum phûl-mal ab ḍâro.
Sadâ sîl terâ rahe jag meṅ, sat kabhî nahîṅ hâro.
Man ânand karo tum, piyârî; man meṅ yeh hî bichâro."

Ránî Damwantî.

" Sunke tumharî bât ko mâlâ lîe uṭhâî.
Ab ḍâlûṅ gal bîch meṅ Nal Râjâ ke jâe!"

Râgnî.

" Piyâ gal mâl maiṅ ḍârûṅ,
Jo tan man âj sab wârûṅ!"
Gale meṅ ḍârke mâlâ,
Khushî hoke pîâ piyâlâ.

---

*Dharmrâj.**

" Be not anxious, foolish (maid), and here my words.
Go, I have granted thee this boon, that thou find this wise king.
Find this wise king and call out the name of Nal.
Put the flower garland on the Râjâ's neck.
May thy virtue remain for ever in the world and thy honor be never injured.
Keep thy heart happy, my lovely (maid); and ponder this in thy heart."

Ránî Damwantî.

" Hearing thy words I take up the garland.
And I go and place it round the neck of Râjâ Nal!"

Song.

" I place the garland on my love's neck,
And I sacrifice my body and soul to him!"
Putting the garland round his neck
She drank of the cup of happiness.

* Some confusion here. Damayantî prays to God in the abstract, and yet is answered by Varuṇa as in the classical legend.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Lage bâje jabhî bajne,
Lage chintâ sagal tajne.
"Bulâo bipr, tum Râjâ,
Hûe man ke pûran kâjâ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Ham ko rukhsat dîjîye, Bhîm Sen Mahârâj.
Sab kâran Har ne kare; rahe hamârî lâj!"

Rágnî.

"Lâj Har ne rakh lîe mahârî!
Karen ham nagar kî tayyârî.
Der kîje nahîn, Râjâ:
Karo hamrâ yeh hî kâjâ."
Suembar sab hûâ sundar,
Bane jahân bhûp ke mandar.

And the music began to play,
And all her sorrow to depart.
"Râjâ, send for the Brâhman,*
For the desire of my heart is fulfilled."

Râjâ Nal.†

"Now let us depart, O Mahârâjâ Bhîm Sen.
God hath done all there was to do; may my honor be preserved!"

Song.

"God hath preserved my honor!
Let us make ready for my city.
Make no delay, Râjâ:
Do this service for me."
Beautiful was the *swayamvara*,
Held at the royal palace.

---

* To marry us. † The marriage is now over.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Bidâ dîjo hameṅ Râjâ;
Kare Har ne merî kâjâ."

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"Khûb bât tum ne kahî, hameṅ kîâ parwân.
Ab tumharî tayyârî karûṅ, he nirp chitr sujân.
He nirp chitr sujân, karo tum abhî chalan kî tayyârî.
Jo kuchh bât kahî hai tum ne, mân lîe maiṅ thârî.
Singârûṅ faujâṅ, rath, hâthî; sang karûngâ thârî.
Yeh rath âj singâr, kîâ maiṅ khâtir siraf tumhârî."

Râṅî Damwantî.

"Mâtâ, mujhe na bhûlîye, lîjîye beg bulâe.
Woh din kab phir hovegâ, milûṅ tumheṅ maiṅ âe?"

Râgnî.

"Milan merâ kaun bidh hove?
Nain bhar bhar sakhî rove.

"Bid us farewell, Râjâ,
For God hath done our desire."

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

"Well hast thou spoken, I accept thy words.
I will make preparation for thee, O wise and intelligent prince.
O wise and intelligent prince, make thee ready to go at once.
I have obeyed all that thou hast said.
I will prepare thy cavalcade and chariots and elephants.
This chariot have I adorned for thee alone to-day."

Râṅî Damwantî.

"Mother, forget me not and quickly call me home.*
When will the day come that I meet thee again?"

Song.

"How shall I meet thee again?
My maidens' eyes are full of tears.

---

* These speeches between mother and daughter are conventional.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Milûngî phir kab, Mâî?
Lîjîye beg bulwâe.
Phir tumheṅ kahâṅ milûṅ, Bahinâ?
Merâ jal se bharâ nainâ."

Mâtâ Rânî Damwantî kî.

"Suno, Kaṅwar, merî lâḍlî, tujhe bin mahil andher.
Jaldî bulwâûṅ tujhe, nâ karne kî der.
Ik 'araz maiṅ karûṅ, bachan merâ sun lîje.
Sâs susar kî ṭahil, patî kî agyâ kîje;
Rakhîye kul kî làj; tujhe yeh hî samjhâûṅ.
Jâo sâs ghar, la'l, terê pe wârî jâûṅ.
Baiṭho rath ke bîch, matî nâ der lagâo.
Kushal khem soṅ, la'l, sâs ghar apne jâo."

Kûnch kîâ Râjâ chale, dînâ rath hakwâe.

When shall I meet thee, Mother?
Call me quickly home.
Sister, when I shall meet you?*
My eyes are full of tears."

Damwantî's Mother.

"Hear, Princess, my darling, without thee is the palace dark.
Quickly will I call thee and make no delay.
One word have I to say, hear it.
Serve thy husband's parents and obey thy husband;
Preserve the honor of thy family; thus do I conjure thee.
Go to thy husband's house, my beauty; I am thy sacrifice.
Sit thee in the chariot and make no delay.
With joy and delight, my beauty, go to thy husband's house."

The Râjâ commenced his march and drove off in his chariot.

* Classically Damayantî was an *only* daughter.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mahil Râjâ chale, âe nagar ke mâhîñ :
Âe nagar ke mâhîñ ; nagar meñ ghar ghar paṛî badhâî.
Mandar se sab nârî milkar sâj artâ le âî.
Râjâ âe mahil bîch meñ sundar sej bichâî.
Ganpat kirpâ kare ; ânke râj kare chit lâe.

Kâljug.

" Kirpâ, Nâth Nârad, rakhîye ; kahâñ gae the âj ?
Sab ham se barnan karo, ai gunî sand samâj.
Ai gunî sand samâj, hameñ kaho sâch mukh bânî.
Châr deotâ milke tum to kahâñ gae the, gyânî ?
Ye ichhâ pûchhan kî merî ; kaho, bât un mânî.
Hâth joṛke maiñ pûchhûñ hûñ, mukh se kaho bakhânî."

Stage by stage the Râjâ entered his own city :
Entered his own city and congratulations came from every house in the city.
All the women of the palace brought *ârtâ** for the bridegroom.
The Râjâ entered the palace and made the marriage bed.
Ganpat† was propitious ; so (the Râjâ) ruled with joy.

Kâljug.‡

" Grant me thy grace, Lord Nârad ; whither wentest thou to-day ?
O sage of the assembly,§ tell me the whole tale.
O sage of the assembly, tell me the truth with thy lips.
Whither went all you four gods together, my wise one ?
I ask thee the wish of my heart : tell and I will hear thy words.
With joined hands I ask thee, tell me with thy lips."

---

* The ceremony of carrying a tray of powdered rice to meet the bridegroom at the bride's house. It is introduced here as having been performed at the bridegroom's house by poetical license.

† *i.e.*, Gaṇeśa, the God of all beginnings.

‡ Kali, as the personification of the Kali-yuga, the present wicked age. Here Kali is employed as a god just as are Indra, Agni, &c. There is a complete change of scene here, and Kali is addressing Nârada asking him what has happened at the *swayamvara*. The legend still follows the classical story.

§ Nârada is the Nestor of the Indian Classics, as well as the messenger of the gods.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Indar.

"Bhîm Sen Mâhârâj ne rachâ suembar ân :
Damwantî ke wâste kîe bare samân.
Kîe bare samân, ajî, ham usî dekhke âe.
Chârom deo gae wahân se, tujh ko bachan sunâî.
Nal Râjâ biyâh le gae, us ko sundar bhawan banâe.
Bahut dân Râjâ ne dînâ, birham bhoj karwâe."

Káljug.

"Char deotâ chhorke purakh barâ jo nâr,
Us ko chahîye dand ; kuchh hamen lîye bichâr.
Hame ne lîye bichâr, unhen kuchh dand ki karûn tayyârî.
Khotâ kâm kîâ nârî ne, man men nahîn bichârî.
Barâ dukh dûngâ main un ko, yeh ablâkh hamârî.
Nal Râjâ se biyâh karâ, jin bât na bhûjî thârî."

---

*Indar.**

"Bhîm Sen, the Mahârâjâ held a *swayamvara* :
And made great preparation for Damwantî's sake,
Made great preparation, sir; I have just come from seeing it.
The four gods went there, I tell thee.
Râjâ Nal took her away in marriage, as beautiful was he as a god.
Great gifts gave the Râjâ (Bhîm Sen) and great quantities of food."

Káljug.

"Throwing over four gods, the woman that married a man
Must be punished ; I have an idea.
I have an idea, and will prepare a punishment for her.
An evil thing did that woman, keeping no thought (of grace) in her heart.
Great trouble will I bring upon her, this is my desire.
She has married Râjâ Nal, who disregarded thee."

---

* Answering for Nârada.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Indar.

"Jab ham ne agyâ dîe, tab ḍârî gal mâl.
Dîn Râjâ dharmak haiṅ, bolo bachan sambhâl.
Bolo bachan sambhâl, unheṅ kuchh ḍaṇḍ nahîṅ denâ bhâî.
We Râjâ gunmân baṛe haiṅ, yeh tum ko maiṅ samjhâî.
Jab us ko ham se dîe agyâ, jab Râjâ Nal râj bare.
Un ko ḍaṇḍ kabhî nahîṅ hogâ; nahîṅ bachan hamâre bujh kare."

Jab Kâljug wahâṅ se chale, âyâ Dwâpar pâs.

Kâljug.

"Ik kâm merâ karo, yeh hî mujh se biswâs.
Yeh hî mujh se biswâs; chalo tum Nal Râjâ nagarî mâhîṅ.

Indar.

"When I besought her she put the garland round his neck.
The Râjâ (Nal) is faithful to his duty, think over thy words.
Think over thy words, he is not worthy of any punishment.
The Râjâ is very virtuous, I tell thee.
When I besought her she married Râjâ Nal.
She should never be punished; she valued not my word."

Then Kaljug went away thence and came to Dwâpar.*

Kaljug.

(And said): "Do me a favour, this is my request.
This is my request; go thou to Râjâ Nal's city.

---

* The Dwâpara-yuga is the Third Age of the world in which righteousness is diminished by half. Dwâpara is here, as in the classical legend, personified as a god of evil like Kali.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Us kâ nâm bakâhat Nal kâ hai. Yeh hî bat maiṅ samjhâî :
Tum Puskar ke baṛo peṭ meṅ; maiṅ Nal pe jâûṅ, Bhâî."

Dwâpar gîâ peṭ meṅ us ke; na ṁâyâ Prabhû kî pâî !
Sîl, dharm aur gyân tajâ nâ, nâ Kâljug par jor paṛâ.
Bârâṅ baras Kâljug ko ho gae, bahut apnâ jor karâ.
Ik din Râjâ baiṭh palang pe, dhoe pair soche nâhîṅ.
Dâû lagâ us din Kâljug kâ, bâs ûdar kînâ jâe.
Baṛat sâr jab peṭ ke andar, turt Râo ki bidh harî.
Chaupuṛ sâr mangâyâ Râo ne; jab khelan kî tayyârî karî.

Râjâ Nal.

"Ai bhâî Puskar, mere man meṅ uṭhe bichâr.
Ye hî bât tum se kahûṅ, khelo chaupuṛ sâr.

His name of Nal is well known. This is my say :
Do thou go into Puskar* and I will go into Nal, Brother."

Dwâpar entered (Puskar's) belly; unfathomable are God's works !
(Nal) never forgot his honor and duty and religion, and no chance befell Kaljug.
Twelve years passed over Kaljug, and greatly did he try.
One day the Râjâ sat on his bed and forgot to wash his feet (first).†
That day was Kaljug's opportunity and he entered his belly.
As soon as he had entered into his belly the Râjâ forgot his (religious) wisdom at once.
The Râjâ sent at once for the *chaupuṛ* board and began to make ready to gamble.

Râjâ Nal.

"O brother Puskar, I have an idea.
This do I say to thee, play at *chaupuṛ* with me.

---

* Pushkara, brother of Nala.
† Forgot a ceremony and thus gave Kali, as the god of evil, a chance of entering him.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Khelo chaupuṛ sâr, piyârî; yeh hî bât man bhaî.
Jît hâr kî bâjî rakh do, chaupuṛâṅ bichhâe.
Yeh solâh haiṅ dâû hamâre; tujh ko dîâ dikhâî.
Chaupuṛ khel der nahîṅ kîje, yeh hî bât samjhâî."

Puskar.

"Tum to hamare bharât ho, jânûṅ pitâ samân.
Âp bachan mujh ko kîâ, soî karûṅ parwân.
Soî karûṅ parwân, hâth pâshâ* maiṅ thâyâ.
Lekar Gurû kâ nâm, zamîn par âp ṭharâyâ!
Satrâh aṭhârâh bîch jît lîe bâjî thârî!
Lag bâjî pe dârî jît ab howan hâr hamârî!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Dûjî bâjî pe lagâ mâl khizânâ âj.
Phir gero phâṅsâ hâth se, phir lagûṅgâ râj."

Play at *chaupuṛ* with me, my beloved (brother); this is in my heart.
Put down the stakes and spread the *chaupuṛ*† board.
This is my throw, sixteen; I show it thee.
Don't delay in this game of *chaupuṛ* I tell thee."

Puskar.

"Thou art my brother and I hold thee as father.
As thou hast spoken, so must I obey.
So must I obey and lift up the dice in my hand.
In the name of the Gurû‡ I throw them on the ground!
I win the game from thee with seventeen and eighteen!
Winning the stake by a throw is in my fate!"

Râjâ Nal.

"On the next game I stake my hoards and property.
Then I will throw the dice with my kingdom for stake.

---

* For *phâṅsâ*.
† For the technicalities of *chaupuṛ*, see Vol. I., pp. 243 ff.
‡ Allusion to the now almost universal belief in the supernatural powers of the Gurûs, or mythical spiritual guides, chiefly represented by Gurû Gorakhnâth.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Phir lagûṅgâ râj, khizânâ lagûṅ mâl kâ, Bhâî.
Sab lag dûṅgâ râj, piyârî, der karûṅ kuchh nâhîṅ.
Lag dûṅgâ tambû sab ḍerâ, yeh mere man bhâî.
Jît hâr yeh hî bâjî khelûṅ man chit lâe.
Dekh paṛe satrâh athârâh, bâjî jît uṭhâî!
Honhâr ke yeh hî bas meṅ, nâ kuchh pâr basâî!"

Puskar.

"Jît hamârî ho gaî is pâṅsâ meṅ âj.
Aur nahîṅ bâqî rahî, yeh hîṅ sakal de râj.
Yeh hîṅ sakal de râj, piyârî, kyûṅ mujh ko samjhâve?
Jis kâ phâṅsâ paṛe jît kâ, so bâjî le jâve.
Karanhâr Kartâr wahî hai phâṅsâ jî jitâve.
Jis par mihar kare ughrâî, so bâjî ko pâve.
Yeh sâṅs man bîch, piyârî, kyûṅ ghabarâve?
Honhâr haṭe na, piyârî, jo kuchh âṅkh likhâve."

Then will I stake my kingdom, (now) I stake my hoards and property, Brother.
I will stake all my kingdom, my beloved (brother), I will make no delay.
I will stake my camp and tents, this is in my mind.
I am bent on losing or winning this game.
See the seventeen and eighteen, thou hast (again) won the game!
This was in the power of fate, no power (of ours) avails!"

Puskar.

"I have won (again) to-day at this game.
Nothing is now left thee but thy kingdom.
Nothing but thy kingdom, my beloved (brother); why say more to me?
Whose dice win wins the game.
It is whom the Lord favors that wins the game.
On whom His kindness falls, will win the game.
Why art thus confused in thy mind, my beloved (brother)?
What fate hath written cannot be blotted out, my beloved (brother)."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ Nal.

"Râj pâṭ sârâ lagâ is bâjî ke bîch.
Khûb tarah jânâ hameṅ, yeh phânsâ hai nîch!"

Râgnî.

"Râjâ, maiṅ dîâ sârâ!
Bachan mâno yeh hî mahârâ:
Uṭhâiyo hâth se phânsâ;
Dâû pûrâ âyâ khâsâ.
Yeh hî samjhâutâ tum ko,
Sat hârûṅ nahîṅ mujh ko.
Der kîje nahîṅ, bhâî,
Jo bâjî jîtke âi!"

Puskar.

"Râj, mâl, faujâṅ, sabhî taiṅ ne dîe lagâe;
Jît hamârî ho gaî aur lago kuchh âj.
Aur lago kuchh âj, Râojî, jîtâ râj tumhârâ.

Râjâ Nal.

"All my rule and kingdom is on this game.
Well do I know that this gambling is a low thing!"

Song.

"Râjâ (Puskar), I have staked it all!
Hear these my words:
Take up the dice in thy hands;
Thou shalt have full opportunity for a throw.
Thus do I tell thee,
I will not go back on my word.
Make no delay, brother,
To win the game!"

Puskar.

"Thou hast staked thy kingdom, wealth and armies and all:
And I have won them, stake something more to-day.
Stake something more to-day, Râjâ, for I have won thy kingdom.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râj pâṭ kî bâjî, Râjâ, ab ke ham se hârâ.
Sab kí hai yeh bât jûe meṅ, taiṅ ne nahîṅ bichârâ ?
Ab kyâ mahil bîch meṅ, Râjâ, âj rahâ hai thârâ ?"

Râjâ Nal.

"Tab tan ke bistar lage aur amîrî ṭhâṭh !
Bâjî se haṭâ nahîṅ, yeh hî hameṅ hai âṇṭh.
Yeh hî hameṅ hai âṇṭh, âj yeh hâr singâr lagâ sârâ.
Nâ pîchhe rakhnâ kuchh mujh ko, yeh hî nem man par dhârâ.
Jo ab kî bâjî tum jîto, hor hameṅ ho jâ hârî,
Aur bât maiṅ kyâ kahûṅ tum se ? Maiṅ adhîn rahâ thârî !"

Puskar.

"Tere pe kuchh nâ rahâ, sab taiṅ dîâ harâe.
Khel hamârâ ho chukâ, kahî tujhe samjhâe.
Ik bâqî rahî jân tumhârî.
Kuchh na rahâ aur ab tum pe, tum bare khilârî.

Kingdom and rule, Râjâ, thou hast lost to-day to me.
It is always thus in gambling, hast thou not thought it ?
What has now remained to thee in the palace, Râjâ ?"

Râjâ Nal.

"Then I stake the garments on my body and my lordly jewels !
Let the game be not stayed, this is my desire.
This is my desire, to-day I stake my necklace and jewels.
I will keep nothing back, this is the desire of my heart.
If thou win the game to-day and I lose,
What more shall I say thee ? I am at thy mercy !"

Puskar.

"Thou hast nothing left, thou hast lost thy all.
The game is over, I tell thee.
Nothing but thy life remains.
Nothing else remains to thee, and thou hast earned the name of a great gambler.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Yeh to bât hâth Sâḥib ke: jît raho, châhe hârî.
Ab kî bâjî meṅ, Râjâ, to lag Damwantî nârî.
Ai Râjâjî, sab baiṭhe ho hâr, ik bâqî rahî nârî:
Aur dûjî, Mahârâj, rahe yeh deh tumhârî.
Nahîṅ râj se kâm âp chaupuṛ men hârâ.
Ab is nagarî bîch nahîṅ rahâ kuchh tumhârâ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Sunkar tumharî bât ko, tan meṅ uṭh gaî âg, bhâî.
Khainch dudhârâ hâth meṅ, deûṅ jhaṭ shîsh urâî.
Deûṅ jhaṭ shîsh urâî, are, maiṅ na chhoṛûṅgâ, bhâî!
Tere prân chhin meṅ kho dûṅgâ, aisî bât sunâî.
Taiṅ ne âj karî hai aisî samajh mûrakh man, bhâî.
Ik din kâl kaṛhâ siṛ ûpar; yâ mere man, bhâî."

Winning or losing is in the hands of God.*
In the present game, Râjâ, stake thy wife Damwantî.
O Râjâ, thou hast lost all, only thy wife remains:
And, too, remains, Râjâ, this thy body.
Thou hast nothing to do with rule, having lost at *chaupuṛ*.
No longer canst thou remain in this city."

Râjâ Nal.

"Hearing thy words my body is aflame (with wrath), brother.
I take the dagger in my hand to strike off thy head at once.
I will strike off thy head at once, and O! I will not leave thee (alive), brother!
I will take thy life in a moment, thus do I say.
Thou hast acted to-day as a man of little sense, brother.
Death will hover over thy head some day; this is in my mind, brother."

---

* Observe the Musalmân word here.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râní Damwantí.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ, Nal Râjà, Mahârâj.
Jo tum mâroge aise tumharâ hot akâj.
Tumharâ hot akâj, aise mat marîyo, Râjâ.
Shakal bigṛe terâ kâjâ"

Râgní.

"Jagat mâṅ pât ho bhârî.
'Aqal kahâṅ gaî, piyâ thârî?
Tumheṅ samjhâutî bârî.
Bât mâno yeh hî mahârî:
Jûâ mat kheliye, Sâîṅ!
Zarâ lajjâ nahîṅ âî,
Dharm apne se na hâro.
Aise mat jân se mâro!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Tu ne kahî, so maiṅ sunî, yeh papî chaṅḍâl!
Maiṅ us ko chhoṛûṅ nahîṅ, â gîâ us kâ kâl.

Râní Damwantí.

"With joined hands I pray, O Râjâ Nal, my Lord.
It will be evil for thee to strike him thus.
It will be evil for thee, strike him not thus, Râjâ.
All thy (good) works will be of no avail."

Song.

"It will be a sinful thing in the world.
Whither have thy wits gone?
Often did I conjure thee!
Hear my words:
Play no more, my Lord!
Thou hast felt no shame:
Destroy not thy good works.
Slay him not thus!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou hast said, I have heard, this is a wicked sinner!
I will not leave him (alive, the time of) his death hath come.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Â gîâ us kâ kâl, piyârî, lâkh bâr samjhâyâ.
Aise bachan kaṭhor boltâ, nahîṅ larzî hai kâyâ!
Nahîṅ kuchh is meṅ merâ, sir par kâl ghumâyâ.
Nâ jîwat chhoṛûṅgâ is ko, dil meṅ yeh hî ṭharâyâ."

Râṇî Damwantî.

"Yeh to tumharâ putr sam, tum us ke ho tât!
Man meṅ soch bicharîye, tumheṅ nâ châhîye bât.
Tumheṅ nâ châhîye yeh bât, Râojî, âp gunî kul meṅ dânâ.
Got ghât karnâ nahîṅ, Râjâ; jagat yeh tânâ.
Jo tû us ko mâr gaṅwâo, bahutâ dukh jag meṅ pâo.
Yeh hî mâno, piyâ mere, hâth matî us ke lâo?"

Râjâ Nal.

"Us ne mukh khoṭî kahî, gaî jigar ko khâe.
Maiṅ us ko chhoṛûṅ nahîṅ, sun, Râṇî, chit lâe.

His death hath come, a thousand times have I besought him.
Such evil words doth he say and his body trembleth not!
It is no (fault) of mine, he hath brought death on his own head.
I will not leave him alive, this have I determined."

Râṇî Damwantî.

"This is as thy son, thou art as his father.
Ponder it in thy mind, this should not come from thee.
This should not come from thee, thou that art the wisest of thy race.
Slay not a kinsman, Râjâ, that the world jeer at thee.
If thou slay him great will be thy grief in the world.
Hearken to this, my love, lay not thy hand upon him!"

Râjâ Nal.

"His evil words have eaten into my heart.
I will not leave him (alive), hear, Râṇî, with thy heart.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Sun, Rânî, chit lâe hamârî kasab kîâ is ne bhârî.
Barâ dast yeh hai, âb mânî, sabhî bât khoî mahârî.
Aisâ bachan kahâ mukh setî, samajh nahîn âî us ko.
Mahâ kapaṭ kî khân birhâ hai, tû bâlak kahtî jis ko."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûn, piyâ, man chit lâe:
Is kâ kyâ hai mârnâ, krodh kare mar jâe?"

Râgnî.

"Dharm aur sat mat hâro!
Matî, Râjâ, is se mâro!
Tumheṅ maiṅ bahut samjhâyâ,
'Aqal terî nahîn âyâ!
Mâl aur râj ik nârî.
Khushî hoke tumheṅ hârî!
Kîâ kyûṅ krodh phir, Râjâ?
Samajhke kîjîye kâjâ!"

Hear, Rânî, with thy heart, he hath done me a great wrong.
Very wicked is he, and hear, he hath disgraced me utterly.
Such words hath he said with his lips as thou canst not understand.
He is a very pit of the greatest deceit, whom thou callest a child!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"With joined hands I pray, my love, with all my heart.
What good is it to slay him, and die of thy anger?"

Song.

"Destroy not thy religion and thy honor!
Slay him not Râjâ!
Often do I conjure thee,
And sense cometh not to thee!
Wealth and kingdom and eke a wife
Hast thou lost joyfully!
Why art angry after that, Râjâ?
Be wise and do thy duty!"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Puskar.

"Râj bîch rahnâ nahîn, rahâ na tumharâ kâm.
Mere râj meṅ ab tumheṅ khânâ nimak harâm;
Khânâ nimak harâm: are, tum dwârpâl, ab jâo.
Sabhî râj meṅ abhî daṇḍhoṛâ jaldî se paṭwâo.
Mere râj meṅ mat nâ rakhîyo, jahâṅ châhe wahâṅ jâo.
Itnâ kâm karo tum jâke, mat nâ der lagâo!"

Râṇî Damwantî.

"Bâbal mere ke jâo, sun, re tû rathwân.
Ghoṛe rath wahâṅ le jâo, kahâ merâ yeh mân.
Kahâ merâ le mân, karo jaldî se tayyârî.
Ik kaniyâṅ, ik sût, soch mujh ko hai bhârî.
In ko tum le jâo mât merî ke tâîṅ.
Ham ko to banoṅ bâs likhâ karmoṅ ke mâhîṅ.
Kahîyo shakal aḥwâl mât merî pe jâke,
Maiṅ kahtî, kar joṛ âj tum ko shamjhâke."

Puskar.

"Thou canst not stay in this kingdom, thou hast no more business here.
Thou canst no longer with right stay in *my* kingdom;
It is no longer right to stay: go and be a doorkeeper.
Go and be a crier throughout the kingdom.
Stay not in my kingdom, go whither thou wilt.
Go and do this without any delay!"

*Râṇî Damwantî.**

"Hear, thou charioteer, go to my father.
Hear my words, take the chariot and horses there.
Hear my words and be ready quickly.
I am in great anxiety for my daughter and my son.
Do thou take them to my mother.
As for me it is written in my fate that I wander in the forests.
Go and tell all the story to my mother,
I beseech thee to-day with joined hands."

---

* Damayantî now sends her children to her parents for safety.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rathwân.

"Âp kahâ so hî karûṅ, maiṅ jâûṅ tath-kâl.
Ab yehaṅ se tayyârî karûṅ, mat nâ ho be-ḥâl.
Mat nâ ho be-ḥâl, piyârî, yeh hí tujhe samjhâûṅ.
Bâlak rath ke bîch bithâ, maiṅ terî mâtâ pe jâûṅ,
Tere tan kâ maiṅ ḥâl terî mâtâ ko jâe sunâûṅ.
Man meṅ dhîr dharo tum, Rânî, sârî khabarûṅ lâûṅ."

Rath ko bîg jotâeke kîâ kûnch makân.
Pahunchâ nagar meṅ Bhîm kâ, jahâṅ Rânî surgyân.
Jahâṅ Rânî surgyân, jâeke sârî bhitâ sunâî.
Sut kaniyâṅ donoṅ wahâṅ chhoṛe, Nal kî bât batâî.
Suranpâl îk Râo baṛâ thâ us pe pahunche jâe.
Rath ghoṛe donoṅ hîṅ chhoṛe Râo chale ban mâîṅ.

Charioteer.

"As thou hast said so will I do and I will go at once.
I will go hence now, so be not grieved.
Be not grieved, friend, I tell thee.
I will put the children into the chariot and go to thy mother,
And will tell thy mother what hath befallen thee.
Have patience in thy heart, Rânî, and I will tell thee all that happens."

Quickly preparing the chariot he went homewards.
He reached the city of (Râjâ) Bhîm, where dwelt the wise Rânî.*
Where dwelt the wise Rânî: he went and told her all the trouble.
Leaving the boy and maid there he told the story of Nal.
He went to the great Râjâ Suranpâl.
Leaving the chariot and horses the Râjâ went into the forest.†

---

* Damwantî's mother.

† (?) A confused reference to Rituparṇa of Ayodhaya, whose service Vârshṇeya the charioteer entered after seeing Damwantî's children home, according to the *Mahâbhârata* story.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rânî Damwantî.

"Suno, piyâ, kyâ sochte, râj dîâ sab hâr?
Chalo kisî ban khand meṅ, ham ho gae lâchâr.
Ham ho gae lâchâr, yeh hî 'araz sun lo mahârî.
Soch kaî se kyâ hotâ hai? Âp karo ban kî tayyârî.
Itne din kâ râj likhâ thâ, so tum bhog lîâ, sâîṅ.
Abhî es râj bîch nahîṅ rahnâ, maiṅ kahtî tumhare tâîṅ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Sach bât tum ne kahî, lîe yeh hî mân.
Ab yehâṅ rahnâ nahîṅ, karam rekh parwân."

Ragnî.

"Nahîṅ dukh meṅ koî sâthî,
'Aqal merî rahî jâtî!

---

*Rânî Damwantî.**

"Hear, my love, why grieve at losing all thy kingdom?
Let us go to some forest land, for we are helpless.
Hear my prayer, for we are become helpless.
What is the use of grieving? Make ready for the forest at once.
Thou hast enjoyed all the days of royalty written in thy fate.
Thou canst not now remain in this kingdom, I tell thee."

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou sayest truly and I obey.
We cannot now remain here, the lines of fate are powerful."

Song.

"I have no friend in my woe,
And my senses leave me!

---

* Speaking to her husband again.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Karam gat yeh hove, Rânî,
Nahîṅ yeh bât maiṅ jânî!
Râj chhoṛâ âe ban meṅ:
Bhûkh byâpî mere tan meṅ.
Tîn din ho gae chaltoṅ.
An jal na karâ ham ko!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Is peṛe pe kadam ke baiṭhî ik kapût.*
Isî mâr bhachhan karo, aur upâo nahîṅ hot.
Ai Râjâjî, nâ kuchh banat upâe tarkhânî ân batâe.
Tan beâkul ho gîâ, bhûkh ne prâṅ ganwâe.
Ab hamare tan bîch chalan kî tâqat nâhîṅ.
Mâro yeh hî kapût, kareṅ bhojan ham khâe."

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, jabhî tumharâ bachan hameṅ kîâ parwân.
Mârûṅ turt kapût ko nische le jân.

This must be the work of fate, my Rânî.
I did not know at all that this could be!
Leaving my kingdom and wandering in the forest
I feel the pangs of hunger in my body.
Three days have passed in walking,
And we have had nor water nor food!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"I see a pigeon under this *kadam*† tree.
Let us kill and eat it, there is no other plan.
O, Râjâ, there is no other plan;
My body has become restless, hunger is slaying me.
I have no power to walk within my body.
So kill this pigeon and let us eat it."

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, I have approved of thy words.
I will strike the pigeon and take its life.

---

* For *kabûtar*.

† *Qadam* according to the *Munshîs*. It is the *kadamba*, or *nauclea cadamba*, a favorite tree with fragrant blossoms.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Yâ nische le jân, piyârî, aur sistar kuchh hai nâhîṅ:
Dhotî ger usî ke ûpar maiṅ pakaṛûṅ us ko jâe.
Ger dîâ dhotî maiṅ, lekar uṛ gîâ woh, piyârî!
Ab soche! Kuchh ban meṅ nahîṅ âtâ, jab tak ho hamarî hârî!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Bipat kâl biptâ hameṅ kyûṅ dînî, Raghu Râî?
Yâ to hamare prân lo, yâ tum karo, Jî, sulâî."

Râgnî.

"Bipat meṅ nâ koî sangî!
Piyâ kâyâ hûî nangî!
Prabhû, sidh lîjo merî!
Bipat ne in kî gherî!
Saran ham ne lîe thârî!
Chalî ab jân yehâṅ mahârî!

Know this for certain, my love, I have no other arms;
So I will throw my loin-cloth over it and take its life.*
I threw my loin-cloth over it and it flew away with it, my love!
Now think! I can get nothing in the forest, and am undone until I do!"†

Rânî Damwantî.

"Why hast added trouble in a troublous time, O God?‡
Either take our lives, or save us, Lord."

Song.

"We have no companion in our misery!
My husband's body hath become naked!
Lord, help me!
Thou hast encompassed him with grief!
I seek thy aid!
My life will depart from me here!

---

* There is a break here and Râjâ Nal has tried to catch the pigeon before he speaks again.

† Because he was now stark naked.

‡ Raghû Râî = Râm = God.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Thâre bin na koî, Sâmî!
Karo rachhyâ Garuṛ-gâmî."

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, nagar Bidarbh kâ yeh mârg le jân.
Jahâṅ tere pitmât haiṅ, kare âp pahchân.
Kare âp pahchân, piyârî, yeh mârg sundar khâsâ.
Garjat singh, hîâ merâ larze, yeh hî kahûṅ tumhare pâsâ:
Ban kâ rahnâ bahut kaṭhan, hai is meṅ dukh, sun le, Rânî.
Kaun karam meṅ rekh lekh hai? Nâ mâyâ Prabhû kî jânî!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Yeh ham ne jâne piyâ, kis ke mâṅ aur bâp?
Hameṅ chhoṛke ban bikhe raho akelî âp."

I have none but thee, Lord!
O rider on Garuṛ* help us!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî, this is the way to the city of Bidarbh.†
Where are thy parents, do thou recognise it.
Recognise it, my love, this beautiful road.
The lions roar and my heart trembles (for thee) and I tell thee this:
Dwelling in the forests is hard and full of troubles, hear thou this, Rânî.
What lines are written in our fate? The mysteries of the Lord are not to be known!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"What do I know, my love, of father and mother?
Leave me and I will dwell alone in the forests."

---

* The fabulous bird Garuḍa and vehicle of Vishṇu of whom Râma was an *avatâra* or incarnation.

† Vidarbha is, however, Birâr, a country and not a town.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râgnî.

"Piyâjî, hameṅ tiyâg na jâîyo.
Sang hamare piyâ rahîyo.
Piyâjî, nâdân mat mahârî,
Mujhe karîyo matî niyârî.
Akelî maiṅ jîûṅ ban meṅ,
Prân apnî tajûṅ chhin meṅ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânî aisî nâ kaho mukh se bachan kaṭhor.
Maiṅ tujh ko kaise tajûṅ? Prîtî chand chakor."

Râgnî.

"Prît ab lag nahîṅ jânî,
Tajûṅ kaise tujhe, Rânî?
Tu hî prânoṅ se hai piyârî,
Karûṅ kaise tujhe niyârî?

Song.

"O husband, desert me not.
Live with me, my love.
O husband, I am a simple woman,
So desert me not.
If I dwell alone in the forest,
I shall give up my life in a moment."

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî, say not such harsh words with thy lips.
How could I leave thee? Our love is as the moon's and the partridge's."*

Song.

"My love for thee is not yet satiated,
How could I desert thee, Rânî?
Thou art the love of my life,
How could I desert thee?

---

* It is commonly said that the *chakor* or Indian red-legged partridge is violently in love with the moon.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Tere bin kyâ merâ jînâ?
Baṛâ dukh yeh hameṅ dînâ!"

Râṅî Damwantî.

"Prân piyâ bin na bacheṅ, paṛ gaî prem zanjîr:
Bât tumharî sunat hî chale nain se nîr.
Tere bin kaun sahe dukh sukh mahârâ?
Prân tajûṅ chhin meṅ, pîtam, jo tû ho jâ ham se niyârî.
Kand, mûl, phal, phûl ṭorke maiṅ tumhare khâtir lae!
Bhojan kar, Mahârâj hamâre, yâ tum ko châhîye, Sâîṅ!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Râṅî ghabarao matî, man meṅ bândho dhîr.
Sab sahâî hamarî kareṅ, sadâ bhajo Raghbîr."

Râgnî.

"Bhajo Raghbîr ko, piyârî.
Kabhî hove nahîṅ hârî.

How could I live without thee?
Great is the trouble given me!"

Râṅî Damwantî.

"I cannot live without my husband, the ṭchain of love hath bound me.
At thy very words the tears flow from my eyes.
Who shall bear my joys and sorrows but thee?
I should die in a moment, love, if thou desertest me.
Branches and roots and flowers and fruits I bring for thee!
Eat, my Lord, as doth beseem thee, Husband!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Râṅî, be not distressed and be patient in thy heart.
Ever call on Raghbîr,* for he will always help us."

Song.

"Call on Raghbîr, my love,
And thou shalt never be undone.

---

* *i.e.* Râm = God.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râm jag ke hai Kartârâ,
Dhyân un kâ hameṅ dhârâ.
Bipat meṅ sukh kare woh hî,
Aur dûjâ nahîṅ koî?"

Râjâ us ban meṅ phire âe mitr ke pâs.
Bahot âdar us ne kîâ, Râjâ bhae udâs.
Dekhkar udâs kîâ âdar bhârî.
Das pâṅch rât mahiloṅ ke bîch guzârî.
Khûṇṭî pe hâr dharâ Rânî jâe.
Woh nigal gaî khûṇṭî, nahîṅ mâyâ pâî!
Jab Rânî gaî rus paṛî, mahiloṅ jâe,
Râjâ ne ân âp Rânî uṭhâî.

Râm is the Lord of the world
And I have worshipped him.
He will bring joy in the midst of trouble,
And there is none other!"*

The Râjâ wandering in the forests came upon a friend.
He showed him great kindness and the Râjâ was sorrowful.
Seeing his sorrow he showed great kindness.
Eight or ten nights passed in the (friend's) palace.
The Queen's necklace had been placed upon its peg.
The peg swallowed up the necklace and the mystery was not solved.
The Queen went angrily into the friend's palace,
And the Râjâ (friend) came and mocked the Rânî (Damwantî).

---

* The bard, having so far followed the classical legend with fair success, finishes off his legend in his own way and very tamely.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rânî.

"Tumharâ yeh yâr sang us kî nârî,
Lînâ in hâr, bât tum se bichârî!"

Râjâ Nal.

"Bhâve ne karm-rekh kyâ likhî jâke?"

Sunke yeh bât, râh ban ke lînâ.
Pingal ke des gaman phirkar kînâ.

Râjâ Nal.

"Bipat kâl biptâ hameṅ kyâ dîe Dînâ Nâth?
Isî dusoṭî bîch meṅ nâ koî hamare sâth."

The Queen.

"This your friend hath a wife with him,
That hath stolen my necklace, be thou certain!"

When (Râjâ) Nal heard of the matter of the necklace, (he said):

Râjâ Nal.

"What hath Fate written in our lines?"

Hearing of this he went into the forest,
And wandered into the country of Râjâ Pingal.*

Râjâ Nal.

"O Lord of the World, what misery is this that thou hast added to our trouble?
In the midst of our troubles there is none for us!"

---

* This story is also told of Hariśchandra and his wife when in similar trouble. For a note on Pingal see Introduction to the next legend.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râṇî.

"Bipat meṅ nâ koî sâth!
Taje gajpâl se hâth,
Hûâ banoṅ bâs maiṅ rahnâ!
Hamâre karm kâ lahnâ.
Hamârî khabar le, Sâmî,
Hameṅ bhojan kî hai hânî!
Nahîṅ tan pe basham mahâre!
Râj ho taj chalan niyârî!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Suno, piyâ, tum se kahûṅ, yeh hî bât samjhâe,
Karam rekh mitte nahîṅ, kîje lâkh upâe;
Kîje lâkh upâe; karam yeh likhî hai hamârî.
Is dusoṭî bîch Râm hamare rakhwâlî.

Song.

"In our trouble there is none for us!
I have deserted my elephant,*
And am a dweller in the woods!
It is the decree of my fate.
Have remembrance of me, O Lord,
For I have need of food!
I have not even clothes to my body!
Leaving my kingdom I am become a lonely wanderer!"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Hear, my love, I speak to thee, this do I tell thee.
The lines of Fate are not to be blotted out, try thou a thousand plans;
Try thou a thousand plans: this was written in our fate.
God is our protector in these troubles.

---

* On which Râjâs always ride.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Karo gyân, sat, sang; jagat jhûṭî hai mâyâ.
Sat mat chhoṛo âp tumheṅ yeh le samjhâyâ.
Jo sat doge chhoṛ, dharm kî ho jâ hânî.
Dukh sukh ik hî rûp mânte haiṅ munî gyânî."

Râjâ Nal.

"Gyân dushṭ ânâ kaṭhan, suno, patî nirp nâr.
Kaun pâp pîchhe kîe, jo yâ biptâ dîe ḍâr?"

Râgnî.

"Bipat ham pe paṛî bhârî.
Khabar lo ân, Girdhârî!
Suno, tum prân kî piyârî,
Bipat kî bât hai niyârî.
Kahûṅ tum se sabhî sârî.
Surt meṅ bâjî hameṅ hârî:

Have wisdom and virtue and good company: this world is a false illusion.
Give not up thy virtue, I tell thee.
Give up thy virtue and thy good deeds will suffer.
The wise sages have known that pain and pleasure have but one form."

Râjâ Nal.

"Knowledge is difficult and cometh hardly, hear, my wise and virtuous wife.
What sin can I have committed before* that I am given this trouble?"

Song.

"Great is the trouble upon me.
Have remembrance of me, O Girdhârî!†
Listen, thou beloved of my life,
The story of my sorrow is a strange one.
I tell it thee all.
In my folly I lost the gambling match:

---

* *i.e.*, in a former life. † *i.e.*, Kṛishṇa = God.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Phir sat Indar ne lînâ.
Barkhâ ne dukh baṛâ dînâ.
Bât kahtâ nahîṅ jhûṭî ;
Nigal gaî hâr ko khûṇṭî ;
Bunî tîtar uṛî mahârî :
Rekh ṭalte nahîṅ ṭârî !"

Râṇî Damwantî.

"Jo honî so ho lîe, dûr karo afsos.
Likhâ Karam so hî bhognâ, kis ko dîje dosh ?
Kis ko dîje dosh ; piyâjî ? Ûchhâ Karam hamarâ, sâîṅ.
Râj chhuṭâ banoṅ bâs diwâyâ ; nâ mâyâ Prabhû kî pâî.
Karnî maiṅ kuchh chûk paṛî hai, dukh dîâ bâlepan meṅ.
Ik tarah merâ bhâg balî hai, Prabhû, donoṅ sang rahe ban meṅ !

And then Indar tested my virtue.*
Greatly hath his rain afflicted me.
I say nothing false ;
The peg swallowed up the necklace ;
My roasted partridge† flew away ;
The lines (of Fate) move not for putting away !"

Râṇî Damwantî.

"What was to be has been, put away thy sorrows afar.
What Fate hath written must be endured, and who is to be blamed ?
Who is to be blamed, my husband ? An evil fate is ours, husband.
The Lord made us give up our rule and dwell in the forests ; His mysteries are unfathomable.
I have forgotten some (religious) duty and He gave me trouble in my youth.
In one way my fate is happy, O Lord, that we are both together in the forest !

---

* Apparently by making the weather wet.
† He must mean pigeon, see line 587 ff.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jo tum se kabhî bichhṛan hotâ, bahutâ dukh phirtî, sâîṅ.
Ab merâ patî bharat-bhang nahîṅ; din rât parwan tumhare tâîṅ.
Chalo, piyâ, kisî nagar meṅ, chhoṛo ban kâ bâs.
Yehâṅ ab chit lagtâ nâhîṅ, ham nit raheṅ udâs.
Ham nit raheṅ udâs, bâs nagarî meṅ kîje.
Aisâ kâran karo, dharm hamarâ nahîṅ chhîje.
Mân yeh hî updes; kirpâ kar châlo, jî, âgârî.
Tum hamare bhartâr, chalûṅ maiṅ sang tumhâre."

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânîjî, sun lîjîye, yeh Pingal kâ des.
Mâl râj Mahârâj hai yehâṅ ke Awadh nires.
Yehâṅ ke Awadh nires, piyârî, mahâ balî hai Râjâ.
Âṭh pahar din rât nagar meṅ bâje chhattîs bâjâ.

Had I been ever separated from thee, in great grief should I have wandered, my husband.
Now is my virtue secure, as I live day and night with thee.
Let us go, love, into some city and give up dwelling in the forests.
I am no longer happy here and always in sorrow.
I am always in sorrow, so let us dwell in the city.
Act so that our (religious) duty be not affected.
This is the desire of my heart: be kind, love, and go on (to the city).
Thou art my husband and I go with thee."

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî, hear me, this is the land of Pingal,*
The great lord of this land and wealthy is the lord of Awadh:
The lord of this (land of) Awadh, my love, is a mighty Râjâ.
Day and night continuously the thirty-six kinds of music are played.†

---

* See above line 658. † See above line 134.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

'Âm khâs meṅ lagî Kachahrî, jis kâ baṭâ samâjâ.
Sab pûran partâl Râo ke, chhatar mukaṭ sir râjâ."

Râṅî Damwantî.

"Khûb bât tum ne kahî, hirde gaî samâe.
Jo biptâ Prabhû ne dîe, so ham bhoge âe.
So bhoge ab âe, piyâjî, sunîyo 'araz yeh hî mahârî.
Aur kâm ham se nahîṅ bantâ, yeh biptâ Prabhû ne ḍârî.
Tum telî ghar jâe pâṭ par baiṭh, karo simran bhârî.
Maiṅ to âp Râo ke mahiloṅ jâe banegî panhârî."

Râjâ telî pe rahâ, Râṅî râjdwâr:
Sabhî nagar us ko kaheṅ Râjâ kî panhâr.

He holds a Court in public and private (audience), which is very grand.
Very glorious is this Râjâ, with diadem and umbrella* over his head."

Râṅî Damwantî.

"Well hast thou said, it is gone into my heart.
We have gone through all the trouble that the Lord hath given us.
We have gone through it all, my love, hear this prayer of mine.
No other plan have I in this trouble that the Lord hath put upon us.
Go thou into an oilman's, turn his mill (for him)† and do heavy work.
I will go into the Râjâ's palace and become a water-bearer."

The Râjâ went to the oilman, the Râṅî to the palace:
And all the city knew her for the Râjâ's water-carrier.

---

* The oriental sign of royalty.
† *Lit.*, sit on the driving-rod (behind the oxen to drive them).

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ kî panhâr kaheṅ, sab bât nagarî meṅ nar nârî.
Râo pâṭ hâṅke telî ke, soch rahî man meṅ bhârî.
Tîn dinâṅ Râjâ ko ho gae, an khâyâ na jal pîâ.
Na telî ne pûchhâ us ko, "kaun kâm tû ne yeh kîâ?"
Chauthâ din hûâ ḍalî ik khal kî ṭhâke mukh pâî;
Mâre lât telî râjâ ke, nikal bâhir mukh se âî.

Râjâ Pingal.

"Yeh bhojan kis ne kîâ, ai Rânî surgyân?
Such batâ ham se abhî, gyân-rashk, gun khân:
Gyân-rashk, gun khân, hameṅ yeh kaho sach mukh bânî.
Mere mahil ke bich adhik hai tû sundar, Paṭ Rânî.

They knew her for the Râjâ's water-carrier; all the men and women in the city knew it.
The Râjâ drove the oilman's mill, and had heavy grief in his heart.
Three days passed over the Râjâ and he nor ate corn nor drank water.
Never asked (of him) the oilman, "what work hast thou done?"
The fourth day the Râjâ put a grain of oil-cake* to his mouth;
When the oilman kicked him and knocked it out of his mouth.

Râjâ Pingal.†

"Who cooked this dinner, O wise Queen?
Tell me the truth now, O pit of wisdom and virtue:
O pit of wisdom and virtue, tell me the truth with thy lips.
Thou art the greatest beauty of my palace, thou First-Queen.

---

* Very coarse food, fit only for cattle.
† Change of scene: Damayantî has now become the water-bearer of the palace and the Râjâ of it is addressing his Queen.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Tere hâth kâ yeh nahîṅ bhojan, sun le 'ishq dîwânî.
Maiṅ pûchhûṅ hûṅ bât, sach sab ham se kaho bakhânî."

Râṅî.

"Mujh ko fursat nâ hûî, hûâ mahil meṅ kâr,
Yeh bhojan us ne kîâ, jo tumharî hai panhâr.
Jo tumharî hai panhâr, Râojî, suno haqîqat sârî.
Us piyârî ne mahil bîch, bhojan kî karî tayyârî.
Mere tan meṅ hûî mândagî, maiṅ ho gaî lâchârî.
Yeh bhojan us kîâ nârî ne, maiṅ yeh bât bichârî."

Râjâ Pingal.

"Râjâ Nal ke mahil meṅ hai Damwantî nâr.
Us ne hamare wâste bhojan kîâ tayyâr.
Bhojân kîâ tayyâr, sawâd aisâ ham ne wahâṅ pâyâ.
Aisâ hî bhojan is piyârî ne, aisâ âj banâyâ.

This dinner is not of thy cooking, hear me, thou mad with love (of me).
I ask it of thee and tell me all the truth."

The Queen.

"I had no time as I had work in the palace.
And it was thy water-carrier that cooked this dinner.
It was thy water-carrier, Râjâ, hear the whole truth.
It was that loveling that cooked the dinner in the palace:
As my body was wearied and I became helpless,
The (water-carrier) woman cooked this dinner, I tell thee."

Râjâ Pingal.

"There is the Lady Damwantî in the palace of Râjâ Nal.
(Once) she prepared a dinner for me.
She prepared a dinner for me and its taste was like this.
Such a dinner hath this loveling made to-day.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Yâ hai koî Râjâ kî nârî, tumheṅ bhed na pâyâ :
Bipat kâl meṅ hûî, piyârî, tujh ko yeh hî sunâyâ."

"Ai sundar, tû kaun hai ? Kaho hameṅ sach bât.
Yeh ham pûchhat haiṅ tumheṅ ; kaun tumhârî zât ?
Kaun tumharî zât ? hameṅ tu ḥâl sunâ de, piyârî !
Ḍekh tum ko râj-sutiyâ, tû nâ haigî panhârî.
Apne man kî bât kholke, kaho haqîqat sârî.
Yeh ham se tû sach batâ de ; kaun zât hai thârî ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

"Bîpat kâl kî bât hai, kyâ kahûṅ tumhare sang ?
Narwargaṛh ke Râo kî maiṅ hongî adharang.
Ai Râjâjî, maiṅ hongî adharang, bât yeh suno, Jî, hamârî.
Dîâ hai dusoṭâ Râm bipat ham pe yeh ḍârî,

This is some Râjâ's wife, thou didst not understand :
She hath fallen into some trouble, my love, this do I proclaim to thee."

"My beauty,* who art thou ? Tell me the truth.
This do I ask thee ; what is thy caste ?
What is thy caste ? Tell me thy story, my dear !
Thy appearance is of a king's daughter, thou art no water-carrier.
Tell me the secret of thy heart, and tell me the whole truth.
Tell me the truth ; what is they caste ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

"My story is of trouble and death, how shall I tell it thee ?
I am the wife of the Râjâ of Narwargaṛh.†
O Râjâ, I am his wife, hear my tale.
God hath thrown into this exile and trouble

---

* Addressing Damwantî.
† Narwâr, now a town in the Gwâlior state and much decayed, represents the ancient Nishadha.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Nal Râjâ Mahârâj, jinheṅ kî maiṅ hûṅ nârî.
Peṭ bharan ke kâj rahî tumharî panihârî !
Damwantî merâ nâm, patî sang ban meṅ âî.
Sab biptâ kî bât tumheṅ maiṅ ân sunâî."

Râjâ Pingal.

"Kahâṅ tumhârâ Râo hai ? dîje sach batâe.
Rânîjî, Mahârâj ko ham lâveṅ ab jâe.
Ham lâveṅ ab jâe, piyârî, us kâ bhed batâo.
Hameṅ soch ho gaî bhârî, zarâ der mat lâo.
Pichhlî bât hameṅ sab, Rânî, bâr bâr samjhâo :
Ḥâl aḥwâl hameṅ sab, Rânî, sâr ḥâl sunâo."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Hameṅ ban meṅ se ânke, yeh hî kiâ bichâr.
Râjâ telî ke rahe, maiṅ tumharî panhâr.
Maiṅ tumharî panhâr rahe mahiloṅ men âe.
Bipat kâl kî bât, tumheṅ maiṅ ân sunâî.

The Lord Râjâ Nal, whose wife I am.
To fill my belly am I become thy water-carrier !
My name is Damwantî and I came into the forests with my husband.
And now have I told thee all the tale of my sorrow."

Râjâ Pingal.

"Where is thy Râjâ ? Tell me the truth.
O Rânî, take me at once to the Mahârâjâ.
Take me at once, my dear, tell me where he is hidden.
I am very anxious and so delay not at all.
The remainder of thy story, Rânî, tell me by degrees :
And thus tell me, Rânî, all thy tale."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Coming out of the forest this is what we determined.
The Râjâ went to the oilman's and I became thy water-carrier.
I became thy water-carrier and came into the palace.
I have told thee the story of my trouble.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jo Prabhû ne dukh dîâ, soî ham bhongeṅ sârâ,
Yeh Kartâ kâ ânkh nahîṅ ṭartâ hai ṭârâ."

Râjâ Pingal.

"Hâth joṛ bintî karûṅ, Nal Râjâ Mahârâj,
Chalo nagar ke bîch meṅ, kîje shakal samâj :
Kîje shakal samâj âp ke, maiṅ hûṅ agyâ-kârî.
Hâth joṛ kah karûṅ bintî chalîyo sang hamâre.
Baiṭhe râj karo gadî pe, ham hâzir haiṅ thârî.
Ân rahe telî ke ghar meṅ, yeh kyâ bât bichârî ?"

Râjâ Nal.

"Ai Rânî, tum se kahûṅ bichhṛan sanjog.
Jo Brahmâ ne likh dîâ, soî bhogne bhog !"

Râgnî.

"Likhî ṭaltî nahîṅ ṭârî !
Suno, Rânî, 'araz hamârî.

The trouble the Lord gave me, I have borne it all.
The fate of the Lord delays not for putting off."

*Râjâ Pingal.**

"With joined hands I say, my Lord Râjâ Nal,
Come into the city, make all thy preparation :
Make all thy preparation, I am thy servant.
With joined hands I beseech thee come with me.
Sit on the throne, I am thy servant.†
In coming into the oilman's house what was thy intention ?"

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî (Damwantî), I tell thee that the separation and communion,
Which God wrote down for us, we have borne ! "

Song.

"What is written delays not for putting away !
Rânî, hear my words.

---

* Having gone now to Râjâ Nal.
† Observe the use of *hâzir :* see Vol. I., p. 370.

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Dusoṭâ paṛ gîâ bhârî,
So hî ham ne sahî sârî.
Bipat Râjâ koî detâ,
So hî maiṅ shîsh par dhartâ.
Kareṅ faryâd kisî setî ?
Soch din rât yeh rahtî ;
Likhâ jo Karam kâ bharnâ :
Hameṅ phir râj kyâ karnâ ?"

Râjâ Pingal.

"Jo janamâ is jagat meṅ dukh sukh us ke sâth.
Chaudah baras ban meṅ phire Bhâve bas Raghu Nâth."

Râgnî.

"Phire ban bîch Raghu Râî.
Dîâ dukh Kevakî Mâî:
Bipat Raghû pe paṛî bhârî.
Kare banoṅ bâs kî tayyârî.

The hard exile that fell upon us,
We have borne it all.
Even had some Râjâ given me this trouble,
That (too) would I have borne.
With whom shall we quarrel ?
Day and night this is my thought :
The decree of Fate must be borne :
And what again have I to do with empire ?"

Râjâ Pingal.

"Who is born into the world hath joy and pleasure with him.
For fourteen years did Fate cause Raghû Nâth* to wander in the forests."

Song.

"Did Raghû Râî wander in the forests.
Mother Kevakî gave him that trouble :
And heavy grief fell upon Raghû,
And he went to dwell in the forests.

---

* *i.e.*, Râma ; allusion to the well-known tale in the *Râmâyaṇa*.

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Bipat Pahlâd ko hûî,
Jis se jâneṅ haiṅ sab koî.
Bipat sir pe paṛî, Râjâ,
Karo yeh dûr sab sâñsâ."

Rajâ Nal.

"Ai Rânî, tum pe kahûṅ yeh biptâ kî bain.
Bhâve bas ban meṅ âe, nek paṛî nahîṅ chain."

Râgnî.

"Chain paṛî nahîṅ, Rânî.
Chale biptâ meṅ zindagânî.
Koṭ Narwar taje bhârî.
Ghaṛî dukh kî sahî sârî.
Bât woh hâth nâ âṭî.
Bipat meṅ kaun hai sâthî?
Amar jag meṅ nahîṅ koî.
Dîâ dukh maiṅ sahâ soî."

Trouble fell upon Pahlâd,
As every one knows.*
Trouble (too) hath fallen on thy head, Râjâ;
So put away all thy sorrows afar."

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî, I say to thee words of sorrow.
It was Fate drove us to the forest, this joy seemeth not well to me!"

Song.

"Rânî, I am not at ease.
My life departeth in sorrow.
I have given up great Narwar Fort.
Every moment have I suffered grief.
I cannot recall my word.†
Who is a companion in sorrow?
No one is immortal in the world.
The trouble given me have I borne."

---

* The story of Prahlâda is explained in Vol. II., p. 5.
† In the gambling match to his brother Pushkara.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ Pingal.

"Is meṅ kis kâ dosh hai? nahaqq karo biyog.
Dukh sukh tan ke sâth haiṅ; kîe Karam kî bhog.
Kîe Karam kî bhog, Râojî, yeh biptâ sab par hoî.
Râm Chandar kî Sîtâ nârî tiyâg dîe ban meṅ soî.
Bûkh piyâs ke tarâs se jin jâe rahe Bâlmîk sikh ke pâsâ.
Baiṭhe râj karo, Mahârâj, pûran Râm kareṅ âsâ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Man kî man mâṅ rakhîye, nâ kuchh chalâ upâo;
Bhâve ne ban meṅ âu dîâ tarâo."

Râgnî.

"Kahâṅ merî nâr Damwantî?
Binâ us bât nahîṅ bantî;
Bipat meṅ sang rahî mahârî.
Bachan us ne nahîṅ hârî:

Râjâ Pingal.

"What blame is there in this? Thou sorrowest without cause.
Pain and grief are with all; it is the decree of Fate.
It is the decree of Fate, Râjâ, all have this sorrow.
Sitâ, Râm Chandar's wife, was deserted in the forests.*
In the misery of hunger and thirst she lived with Bâlmîk the saint.†
Enjoy thy kingdom, Mahârâjâ, and God fulfil thy hope."

Râjâ Nal.

"Let us keep our desires to ourselves, no plans avail;
Fate hath given us trouble in the forests."

Song.

"Where is my wife Damwantî?
Without her I can do nothing,
That accompanied me in my troubles.
She disregarded not my words,

---

* Allusion to the tale of Sîtâ's exile in the *Râmâyaṇa*.
† Vâlmiki, the author of the *Râmâyaṇa*, who received the banished Sîtâ at his house at Chitrakûta.

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Patî birt nâr hai merî.
Rahî merî charan kî cherî.
Bichhar gaî prân kî piyârî.
Mere se ho gai niyârî:
Jagat meṅ dharg merâ jînâ:
Nahîṅ yehâṅ an jal pînâ!"

Râjâ Pingal.

"Damwantî hai mahil meṅ, chalo us ke pâs.
Râj karo sukh chain meṅ, mat na hot udâs.
Mat nâ ho udâs, Râo, maiṅ do kar jor kahûṅ sârî.
Dûr karo ab soch diloṅ kî; sang chalo, Râjâ, mahâre,
Karan-hâr Kartâ wahî hai, yeh hî bât maiṅ samjhâûṅ.
Ab nâ der karo, Mahârâjâ, sang chalo, maiṅ le jâûṅ."

Râjâ âe mahil meṅ, sab kâ hûâ milâp.
Dekh apnî nâr ko Râjâ karat bilâp.
Râjâ karat bilâp, Râo Pingal mukh bol kahî bânî.

That is my virtuous wife.
She was ever my slave.
And the beloved of my life is separated from me.
She is parted from me;
It is useless for me to live in the world:
I can neither eat nor drink (more) here!"

Râjâ Pingal.

"Damwantî is in the palace, go thou to her.
Rule at ease and pleasure, and be not sorrowful.
Be not sorrowful, Râjâ, I tell thee all (the story) with both hands joined.
Put away the sorrow of thy heart afar, Râjâ, and come with me.
The Lord is the Doer, this do I tell thee.
Make no delay, Mahârâjâ, let me take thee with me."

The Râjâ went into the palace and met them all.
And the Râjâ shed tears to see his wife.
The Râjâ shed tears and Râjâ Pingal spake with his mouth.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ Pingal.

" Garh-matî haiṅ nâr dûî kî; yeh lejo, nische jânî,—
Jo merî ho jâgî kaniyâṅ, tumhare sût hogâ, Râjâ,
Us sang biyâh karûṅ, kaniyâṅ kâ sakal kareṅ hamarî kâjâ."

Kirpâ hûî Jâgatamb kî, dharûṅ tumhârâ dhyân.
Joṛî ân milâ dîe haṭke Śrî Bhagwân:
Jagat meṅ kîje merî sahâî.
Damwantî aur Râjâ Nal haiṅ haṭke dîe milâe.
Jaisî chand chakor kiran kî prît banî chhab châhî,
Sur munî jan sun kâd kane, terî mâyâ kînî na pâî.
Sâng sampûran karke, Mâtâ, pîchhe bhaneṭ banâî.
Kahte Bansî Lâl, kul, Mât, tû Châr Jugoṅ meṅ dohâî.

Râjâ Pingal.

" Both our wives are pregnant: know this for certain:
If mine be a girl and thine a prince, Râjâ,
I will marry her to him, and the girl shall fulfil our desires."

Earth-mother, thou hast been gracious and I worship thee.
The Holy God hath rejoined the pair:
Be Thou (also) my saviour in the world!
Damwantî and Râjâ are again joined together.
As the partridge desires the glory of the moon's rays,
So heroes and saints delight in Thee, but have not fathomed Thy mysteries!
I finish this my lay, Mother, and then I worship thee.
Saith Bansî Lâl,* Mother, thou art worshipped throughout the Four Ages.

---

* The author of the poem, see Vol. I., pp. 122, 209, 366; Vol. II., p. 2.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

No. XXXI.

THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ ḌHOL,

AS SUNG BY TWO SCAVENGERS FROM BIBIYÂL VILLAGE, NEAR AMBÂLÂ.

[This legend has not, as far as I know, any foundation in the classics like the preceding one, though Ḍhol is always described as the son of Nala. Nala's son classically was Indrasena, and Ḍhola is a very unlikely form to occur in a Sanskṛit work.]

[It describes the love of Ḍhol and Mârwan, the daughter of Râjâ Pingal of Pingalgaṛh, situated in Sangaldîp. These names do not help us much. Pingala is a classical name connected with the Nâgas or Serpent Race, and if Sangaldîp is for Śâkala-dvîpa (or Śâka-dvîpa), the kingdom of Pingala is placed in the Northern Panjâb, an appropriate situation for the kingdom of a Nâga monarch. Ḍhol comes from Narwargaṛh, or Nalkoṭ, the modern Narwâr, as seen in the preceding legend, in the Gwâlior State, and a place always connected with the legend of Nala. The holders of Narwâr were for ages Kachhwâhâ Râjpûts, a fact brought out in this story by making Ḍhol's wife to be Sammî Kachhwâhî.]

[The language of this poem is much more filled with Persian words—all by the way in a corrupted form—than is usual in such productions.]

TEXT.

Râg Râjâ Ḍhol beṭâ Râjâ Nal kâ.

Simar Bhawânî Sârdâ; ghaṭ meṅ pûre gyân!

Tîn sau sâṭh suhelîâṅ le lain apne sâth,
Sarwar tâlâṅ nûṅ âwandî Rânî Mârwan.
Châdar mauzâ kholke dhar dîâ sarwar tâl:

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Râjâ Ḍhol, Son of Râjâ Nal.

"I worship Bhawânî and Sârdâ,* may they fulfil me knowledge in my heart!"

Taking 360 maidens with her
Princess Mârwan came to the lake.
She took off her veil and clothes and placed them beside the tank;

---

* In vague imitation of the real bards. Sâradâ is Saraswatî, the Goddess of Learning, and Bhawânî is Devî.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mâr mâr chhâlâṅ jaisî baṛ gaî sarwar tâl meṅ :
Tardî Rânî yeh phirî sarwar ke tâl meṅ.
Bol suheliâṅ ; kyâ kaheṅ ? "Rânîjî Mârwan,
Araz suno merî bintî, araz sun man lâe.
Chhoṭî chhoṭî biyâhî tere bâbal ke nagar meṅ ;
Baṛî muklâwâ jâeṅ.
Kyâ terâ bâbal nirdhanâ ? kyâ dhan kî ûchh ?"
Aisâ tânâ mârâ chubhî kalîjâ phâṅs.
Ho dilgîr mahiloṅ âwatî, chal mâtâ ke pâs.
Is ne kahâ, "chhoṭî chhoṭî biyâhî, baṛî muklâwâ jâeṅ.
Kyâ merâ bâp nirdhanâ ? kyâ dhan kî ûchh ?"
Mâtâ kahe, "nâ terâ bâp nirdhanâ, nâ dhan kî ûchh."
Rânî kahe, "kahâṅ biyâhî ? kahâṅ mângî ? mere bar ko deo batlâe !"

And springing up she entered it,
And the Princess began to swim about in it.
Said the maidens ; what said they ? "O Princess Mârwan,
Hear our petition and harken to our prayer.
When we were little we were married in thy father's city :
When we grow up we shall go to our husbands.
Is thy father poor ? Is there any lack of wealth ?"*
Their reproaches sank into her heart.
Sorrowfully she entered the palace and went to her mother.
Said she, "When they were little, they were married, and when they grow up they will go to their husbands.
Is my father poor ? Is there any lack of wealth ?"
Said her mother, "Neither is thy father poor, neither is there lack of wealth."
Said the Princess, "Where was I married ? where was I betrothed ? show me my husband !"

---

* That he hath not arranged thy marriage.

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Mâtâ kahe, "sât dinâṅ kî tû thî, nau din kâ Ḍhol:
Thâlî kaṭorâ biyâh karâ, Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ."
Rânî kahe, "kin galîoṅ Ḍhol base? Kyûnkar hogâ mel?"
Dhore Târwan khaṛî Mârwan se kare jawâb:
"Bat baṛî mukh chhoṭâ, kahtî âve lâj."
Raṭṛâ palang bichhâke phûloṅ sej bekhar;
Tân dupaṭṭâ so rahoṅ Rânîjî Mârwan, jî.
Râjâ Ḍhol ko yâd karoṅ Râjâ kî beṭî Mârwan.
Supne meṅ Ḍhol mile Râjâ kî beṭî Mârwan.
Chalî mahil ko âwandî Rânî Mârwan.
Sânj paṛî, din ḍhul gai, Rânîjî Mârwan
Soî mahil ke mâṅ, jî.
Adhî rât naukandh gaî, Ṭhâkurjî Prabhûjî!

Said her mother, "Seven days old wast thou, nine days old was Ḍhol:
Ye were married in a platter and a cup at Narwargaṛh."
Said the Princess, "In what street doth Ḍhol dwell? Where shall I meet him?"
Târwan* standing beside spake to Mârwan:
"Great words from a little mouth† bring shame to the speaker."
Making a red bed and covering it with flowers,
And spreading shawls on it Princess Mârwan lay asleep.
And Mârwan the king's daughter remembered Râjâ Ḍhol.
In her dreams Mârwan the king's daughter met with Ḍhol.
Princess Mârwan went into the palace.‡
The evening fell and the day closed in, and the Princess Mârwan§
Slept within the palace.
It was dead of night at midnight, O my God, my Lord!

---

* Sister to Mârwan. † This is a proverb.
‡ This and the next five lines are rather confused.
§ *Jî*, sir, at the end of the lines is not repeated in the rendering.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Supne meṅ Ḍholâ mile, sâjan sâjan merâ.
Mujhe milâ supne ke mâṅ, jî."
Pahar rât rah gaî Pingal kî beṭî nûṅ:
Kunjâṅ ne pâyâ kharâṭ, jî:
Rânî kî ânkh khul gaî, jî.
Uṭhke baiṭhî ho gaî Mârwan,
Dil se kare jawâb, jî:
"Rain kâ supnâ mujhe bhâ gayâ, Ṭhâkurjî merâ!"
Kunjâṅ ne pâyâ kharâṭ, jî.
Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ!
"Araz suno merâ, bintî merî, mâtâ piyârî:
Merî sun dil kî bât, jî.
Rain kâ supnâ bhâ gayâ, merî mâtâ piyâṅ.
In kunjâṅ ne pâyâ kharaṭ, jî.
In kunjâṅ ko marwâe de, merî mâtâ piyârî:
Sarwar tâlâṅ ko de puṛwâe, jî."

(Said Mârwan), "In a dream I met Ḍhol, my love, my love.
I met him in a dream!"
A watch of the night remained to Pingal's daughter,
When the cranes* made a noise,
And the Princess opened her eyes.
Mârwan sat up
And said in her heart:
"The dream of the night hath taken hold of me, O my God!"
The cranes made a noise.
The light of the early morn came upon her, O my God, my God! (Said she):
"Hear my prayer and my petition, mother dear.
Hear the desire of my heart.
The dream of the night took hold of me, my mother dear,
And the cranes made a noise.
Slay these cranes, my mother dear,
And fill up the lake."

* Properly wild geese; but here I think the well bred bird *Kulang* is meant, which is a species of crane, the *Ardea Sibirica*.

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Bolî Târwan, "kyâ kahe merî bahin Mârwan?
Yeh kunjâṅ haiṅ dusor kî, merî Mârwan,
Yeh jâneṅ Narwargaṛh ko roz, jî."
In tâlâṅ se sobhâ ghanî; merî suntî kyûṅ nahîṅ bât?
Likhke chiṭṭhî bhej do kunjâṅ ke pankh par,
Jâke degeṅ Ḍhol ko de, jî.
Baṛî fajar paharâ nûr kâ Rânî Mârwan
Suheliâṅ lî bulâe, jî.
Tîn sau sâṭh suheliâṅ aur Rânî Mârwan
Sarwar tâlâṅ ko jâeṅ, jî:
"Araz suno merî bintî, mere kunjâṅ piyâre!"
Sat Jug sachâ pahrâ birt dâ, jî.
Kunjâṅ kareṅ jawâb, jî:
"Man ke bhed batâ de, rukkâ de likhâ, jî."
Bolî Mârwan, kyâ kaheṅ? "mere kunjâṅ piyâre, jî,
Merî chiṭṭhî tum lejâo Râjâ Ḍhol pe, jî."

Said Târwan, "What saith my sister Mârwan?
These cranes are strangers, my Mârwan!
And they go daily to Narwargaṛh.
The lake beautifieth the place: why dost thou not hear my words?
Write a letter and send it on the wings of the cranes,
And they will go and give it to Ḍhol."
In the early morn at the hour of dawn the Princess Mârwan
Called her maids.
Princess Mârwan with 360 maidens
Went to the lake. (Said she):
"Hear my prayer, my beloved cranes!"
It was the Golden Age of virtue,*
And the cranes spake:
"Tell (him) the secrets of thy heart and write a letter."
Said Mârwan, what said she? "My beloved cranes,
Take my letter to Râjâ Ḍhol."

---

* When animals could talk.

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Bole kunjâṅ, "merî araz suno, Rânî Mârwan;
Tum suno hamârî bât.
Likh likh chiṭṭhîâṅ sârî kî bândh do,
Hamâre pankhâṅ ke bândh, jî."
Likh likh chiṭṭhîâṅ dîe pankhâṅ ke bândh, jî.
Dharke ḍârî lagâute kunjâṅ pâir.
Narwargaṛh ko âute kunjâṅ dusore.
Sarwar tâlâṅ baṛ gae kunjâṅ piyâre:
Buḍhî kunjâṅ pîchhe rah gaî, jî;
Baiṭhî sarwar ke pâl par, jî.
Pûchhe buḍhî kunj sab kunjâṅ se!
"Woh Râjâ Ḍhol ko chiṭṭhî dikhâ dîe, jî."
Itnî sunke bâhir âwateṅ kunjâṅ piyâre:
Hâth joṛ kareṅ bintî buḍhî kunj se:
"Tere nau par lagte pair, jî;
Hamârî chiṭṭhî to gal gaî, bahin hamârî, jî!
Hamârî jân bachâ de; sun, kunj, merî bât, jî!

Said the cranes, "Hear our prayer, Princess Mârwan,
And hearken to our words.
Write thy letters and tie them,
Tie them to our wings."
She wrote the letters and tied them to their wings,
And the cranes flapped their wings and flew away:
The strange cranes flew to Narwargaṛh.
The kindly cranes entered the lake;
But an old crane remained behind,
And sat on the banks of the lake.
Said the old crane to all the cranes:
"Show the letters to Râjâ Ḍhol."
Hearing this the kindly cranes came out,
And with joined hands (!) besought the old crane:
"We lay our heads nine times at the feet.
Our letters have been wetted, sister!
Save our lives; O crane, hear our words!

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ ko tû apnî chiṭṭhî de dikhâe, jî."
Uṛî kunj chalke âve mahil ke mâṅ, jî.
Â muṇḍerî baiṭhî, baiṭhî muṇḍerî jâe jî.
Râjâ Ḍhol wa Rânî chaupuṛ khelte jî.
Dekh kunj ko Ḍhol mahil meṅ baṛ gîâ, jî.
Tîr kumân jaise lâutâ Râjâ Ḍhol, jî,
Kunj ne chiṭṭhî de ger, jî.
Sammî Kachhwâhî ne uṭhâ lîe, jî.
Saṛsaṛ chiṭṭhî bânchî, jî:
Rânî Mârwan kî likhî haiṅ aslok, jî.
Itnî meṅ Râjâ Ḍhol âyâ, jî.
Rânî ne us ko dekhke chiṭṭhî phûnk de, jî.
Jaltî chiṭṭhî dekhkar Rânî se kare jawâb, jî:
"Yeh to kyâ chiṭṭhî tû ne phûnk de, Sammîjî Kachhwâhî?
Yeh to de thî kunj ne ger, jî."

Show thy letter to the Râjâ."
The crane flew up and entered the palace,
And sat on the parapet, sat on the parapet.
Râjâ Ḍhol was playing *chaupuṛ* with his Queen,*
And seeing the crane Ḍhol entered the palace.
As Râjâ Ḍhol was fetching his bow and arrows
The crane dropped the letter.
Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ,† took it up,
And quickly read the letter, (and knew that)
Princess Mârwan had written the verses.
Meanwhile Râjâ Ḍhol came up,
And the Princess seeing him burnt up the letter.
Seeing the letter burning he said to the Queen:
"What letter is this that thou art burning, O Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ?
The crane let it drop."

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* This is evidently the sole occupation of a Râjâ in the villagers' estimation. See below in this legend. See Vol. I., p. 242 ff.

† Ḍhol's wife. The allusion is to the Kachhwâhâs, a well-known tribe of Râjpûts, who, for many centuries, held Narwargaṛh or Narwâr.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bolî Rânî : kyâ kahe ? " Râjâ Ḍholâ, jî,
Us gaoṅ meṅ koî lâgî nâhîṅ, jî.
Likhke chiṭṭhî de dîe, jî, Rânî Marwan ne
Bhejî kunjâṅ ke hâth, jî !
Kâgâṅ hâth saneṛî, chiṛiâṅ hâth salâm !"
Itnî sunke Ḍhol hûâ man meṅ dilgîr, jî.

Rânî Mârwan dekhe hî bâṭ, jî.
Ghar kâ Brâhman bulâ lîâ Rânî Mârwan, jî.
Â Brâhman ne dîe kalyân, jî :
" Terî kalyân, terî kul kî kalyân, jî !"
" Merî chiṭṭhî tû le jâe, Dâdâjî Brâhman :
Tum le jâîyo Ḍhol ke pâs, jî.
Narwargaṛh ko tum jâîyo sâjan pe, jî.
Ḍhol sâjan ko do milâe, jî."
Pânch asharfî us ko de dîe buḍḍhe Brâhman.
Chalâ ghar ko âutâ buḍḍhâjî, Brâhman, jî :

Said the Queen, what said she ? " O Râjâ Ḍhol,
There is no messenger in her village,
(And so) Princess Mârwan wrote a letter and gave it
To a crane !
(It is) a message by a crow, a salutation by a bird !"*
Hearing this Ḍhol became sad at heart.

The Princess Mârwan waited.
The Princess Mârwan sent for the household Brâhman.
The Brâhman came and made salutation :
" Prosperity to thee, prosperity to thy race !"
" Take thou my letter, Father Brâhman :
Take it to Ḍhol.
Go thou to Narwargaṛh to my love,
And make a meeting with Ḍhol my love."
Five gold pieces gave she to the old Brâhman.
The old Brâhman went home

* A well-known proverb ; it means that such are never delivered.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Pânch asharfî de dîe apnî Brâhmanî ko, jî:
"Tum is se karo guzârâ, jî."
Majiloṅ majiloṅ chal parâ buḍḍhâjî Brâhman:
Woh to Narwargaṛh ko jâe, jî.
Chalâ mahil ko âwandâ Râjâ Ḍhol pe, jî:
Khaskhas ke bangaloṅ meṅ âutâ Ḍhol ke pâs, jî.
Âke kalyân dîe Râjâ Ḍhol ko.
"Kis desâṅ se terâ âunâ, Dâdâjî Brâhman?"
"Pingal des se ânâ Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ, jî."
Dastâvez to de dîe Râjâ Ḍhol ko.
Saṛsaṛ us ko bânchtâ Râjâ Ḍhol,
Apne man meṅ khushî ho jâe, jî.
Brâhman lekar chale apne mahil meṅ, jî.
Ṭhamak ṭhamak âwandâ mahil meṅ, jî;
Rânî se kartâ jawâb, jî:
"Pingalgaṛh se ânâ Dâdâjî Misar kâ:
Is kâ raṭṛâ palang bichhâ do, jî."

And gave the five gold pieces to his wife, (and said):
"Do thou live upon these."
Stage by stage went the old Brâhman,
Going to Narwargaṛh
He went to the palace of Râjâ Ḍhol,
He went to Ḍhol in the thatched house,
And saluted Râjâ Ḍhol.
"From what land art thou come, Father Brâhman?"
"I am come from Pingal to Narwargaṛh."
He gave the letter to Râjâ Ḍhol.
Râjâ Ḍhol quickly read it,
And was pleased in his heart.
Taking the Brâhman with him he went into the palace.
Jauntily went he into the palace
And spake to the Queen.
"Father Brâhman hath come from Pingalgaṛh,
Make a red bed for him."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Itnî kahke Râjâ chal paṛâ, jî.
Kache sût kâ palang bichhâ dîâ bhaṅwarî kî mâṅ:
Chiṭṭî châdar tân de palang par, jî.
Phir usî Brâhman ko bulâ lîà Rânî ne, jî:
" Merî araz suno, Mahârâj, jî."
Jab Brâhman â gîâ mahil ke mâṅ, jî,
Bolî Rânî, " tujh ko âkhde, buḍḍhe se Brâhman,
Âo, tum jâo palang par baiṭh, jî."
Jab woh palang par baiṭhâ buḍḍhâ sâ Brâhman,
Woh to gir paṛâ bhaṅwarî ke mâṅ, jî.
Wahâṅ se palang uṭhâ lîâ Rânî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî, jî.
Âke Ḍhol Râjâ, Rânî se kare jawâb:
" Mujhe deo Brâhman ko batâe, jî."
Bolî Rânî; kyâ kahe? " Râjâjî Ḍholâ jî,
Woh bhâg gîâ Brâhman mahil se, jî."
Râjâ Ḍhol ko sunke us kâ lagâ farâk, jî.

Saying this the Râjâ went away,
She made him a bed of unwoven thread over the well,
And spread a white sheet over it.
Then the Queen called the Brâhman (and said):
" Hear my petition, Mahârâj,* (and come)."
When the Brâhman came into the palace,
Said the Queen, " I say to thee, old Brâhman,
Come and sit on thy bed."
When the old Brâhman sat on the bed
He fell into the well.
Queen Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, took away the bed.
Came Râjâ Ḍhol and said to the Queen:
" Let me see the Brâhman."
Said the Queen; what said she? " O Râjâ Ḍhol,
The Brâhman hath fled the palace."
Hearing this Râjâ Ḍhol became sorrowful.

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* Common form of address to Brâhmans.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Wahâṅ Rânî Mârwan Brâhman kî dekh bâṭ, jî.
"Khabar sâr mujhe nâ dîe, jî, buḍḍhe Brâhman.
Tîn sau sâṭh kos se Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ.
Kaun jâne Brâhman mar gîâ ?" Mîrâsî lîâ bulâe, jî.
Jai jawâhir bât kare woh Mîrâsî kâ larkâ.
"Garj dîwânî maiṅ phirûṅ, mere bâbal kâ Mîrâsî:
Mere garjâṅ pûro, jî.
Tîn sau sâṭh kos base Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍhol.
Mere Ḍhol sâjan ko milâ de, jî."
"Terâ bhijâ jâûngâ, Pingal kî beṭî Mârwan:
Mere larkoṅ kâ kaun ahwâl, jî ?"
"Le jâ pânch asharfî, tere wârî jâwâṅ, Mîrâsî:
De jâ mîrâsan ke hâth, jî.
Sanjam se larkoṅ ko, sanjam se kare guzârâṅ."
Leke pânch asharfî jâio Mîrâsî kâ larkâ:
Rangale dutârî meṅ pâutâ, jî,

Princess Mârwan awaited the Brâhman.
"The old Brâhman hath brought me no news.
It is 360 *kos* from Ḍhol the son of Nal:
Who knows but that the Brâhman be dead ?" She sent for her Minstrel.
The Minstrel made his salutation.
"I am in great straights, O Minstrel of my father;
Do thou help me.
At 360 *kos* hence dwelleth Ḍhol the son of Nal.
Make me to meet with Ḍhol my love."
"I will go whither thou sendest O Mârwan, daughter of Pingal:
But what will happen to my children ?"
"Take five gold pieces, as I am thy sacrifice, Minstrel,
And give them to thy wife,
That she may carefully, carefully feed her children."
The Minstrel took the five gold pieces
And put them into his painted fiddle,

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî, jî.
Woh ṭukre mângne gîâ bhûl :
Ṭukre kâ kâṅsâ mârtâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî.
Chalâ apne ghar ko âve, jî.
Pânchoṅ sâtoṅ laṛkoṅ ko le rahe mîrâsan, jî.
Ṭukroṅ kî dekhî bâṭ, jî.
Dûr se âwate ko dekhke Mîrâsî ko,
Us ne teorî lî chaṛhâe ;
Mathe meṅ pâpî bâl, jî :
"Kis dûtî ne bharmâ lîâ ṭukre dîe jo chhoṛ ?
Âj ke ṭukre kahâṅ gaṅwâ de, sun sâjan merâ ?
In laṛkon kâ kaun ahwâl ?"
"Ṭukre meṅ se tujhe kyâ khânâ, sun mîrâsan merâ ?
Tû to nân pulâo uṛâo, jî !"
"Ukhṭî kamâî mujhe dikhâ de, sun sâjan merâ."
Rangalâ dutârî jhâṛdâ, woh Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ :

Did Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel.
He gave up begging
And tossed away his begging-bowl, did Sâṅwaliâ the Minstrel.
He went to his own house.
His wife was playing with her half-dozen sons,
And waiting for the scraps.
She saw the Minstrel coming from afar,
She frowned heavily,
And her countenance was wrathful (and she said) :
"What witch hath charmed thee that hast given up begging ?
Where hast lost to-day's scraps, my husband ?
What will become of these boys ?"
"What have scraps to do with thee, my wife ?"
"Do thou cook bread and stews !"
"Show me thy earnings, O my husband."
The Minstrel shook out his painted fiddle :

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ghar meṅ ho gaî dekhke mâṭ, jî!
Apne man meṅ sochtâ Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ, jî, mîrâsan se bole:
"Rânî Mârwan bhejî hai Ḍhol ke pâs.
Tere kyâ man bhâutâ? Tu to mîrâsan haigî merî:
Mujhe man ke bhed batâu, jî."
Jab mîrâsan samjhâtî apne khâvind ko:
"Sun merî bât, jî.
Gharî meṅ jâtâ, pal meṅ jâîyo, jî.
Rânî kî sandesâ pûro, jî."
Man meṅ apne sochtî, man meṅ kare bichâr;
"Gharî meṅ kaḍhtâ pal meṅ kaḍh:
Pîchhe man bhâutî khâwan."
Jab sunke Mîrâsî mîrâsan se kare jawâb:
"Sher, baghîre, chîte kâ râstâ;
Woh to jâenge mujh ko khâe, jî.
Apne hâthoṅ kî do roṭîâṅ, jî,

And the household were pleased at what they saw.
Thinking in his mind the Minstrel spake to his wife and said:
"Princess Mârwan hath sent me to Ḍhol.
What thinkest thou? Thou art my wife.
Tell me the secret (thought) of thy heart (as to this)."
Then said his wife to her lord:
"Hear my words.
If thou hadst to go in an hour, go in a moment,
And fulfil the Princess' message."
She thought in her heart and pondered in her soul:
"If I had to send him in an hour I would send him in a moment,
That I might enjoy myself to my heart's content."
When he heard his wife said the Minstrel:
"The way is of tigers and wolves and leopards;
They may eat me on the way.
Give me two loaves with thy hands,

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mujhe ziâfat de jimâe, jî."
"Bhûn pakâ dûn tujhe khichṛî, sun sâjan sajan merâ;
Tujhe jholke deûn jimâe."
"Khichṛî khichṛî kyâ kahe? Khichṛî baṛî bakhân!
Kab pakâoge? kab bhawanâ? kab jîmke Narwargaṛh ko jâûn?
Apne hâthon kî do roṭîân, sun, mîrâsan merî,
Hâzir kâ melâ jimâîye jî.
Ser dhâî âṭâ chholân kâ lâîye, jî:
Sawâ sawâ ser ke do roṭ, jî.
Chutkâ kalar nûn kâ, pânch châr ghaṭhe lâîye, jî.
Chûle se nîche sarkâ deîye, jî."
Ṭukre ṭorke mukh men pâ lîâ Mîrâsî ke beṭe ne:
Ghaṭhâ lîâ thâ dabâe, jî.
Ṭukṛâ to mukh men phûl gîâ Mîrâsî ke beṭe ke:
Ghaṭhe men se chhuṭ gaî ânkh men chhinṭ, jî!

And let me eat them in safety."
"I will cook thee a dish of rice and pulse, O my love, my love:
I will give thee food in plenty."
"Rice and milk, rice and milk, what sayest thou? Rice and milk is lofty fare!
When will it be cooked? when will it be put in the oven? when shall I eat it and go to Narwargaṛh?
A couple of loaves from thy own hands, hear, my wife,
That are ready, give me to eat.
Bring two and a half *sers* of pulse,
And make me loaves of one and a quarter each.
Sprinkle a little salt on them and bring one or two onions:
And give me a loaf from off the hearth."
The Minstrel broke off a piece and put it in his mouth,
Mixing the onions with it.
The bread swelled in the Minstrel's mouth,
And the onion spirted into his eyes!

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ghaṭhe kâ khânâ to pahîle ronâ, jî, Ṭhâkur, Ṭhâkur merâ!
Palkâṅ se chaltâ nîr, jî.
Jab mîrâsan boltî Mîrâsî ke beṭe ko:
"Bhojan pâve yâ ro rahâ, sun sâjan merâ, jî?"
"Bhojan hî Bhagwân hai, sun mîrâsan merî:
Mujh ko laṛkoṅ kâ â gîâ daregh, jî.
Kûṇḍâ soṇṭâ lâ de, sun mîrâsan merî:
Sûkhe mirchâṅ lâe de, jî."
Devî Surasti manâ lîe Mîrâsî ke beṭe ne;
Awalâṅ kar lî yâd, jî.
Dharke ragṛâ lagâ dîâ, jî,
Bhang lîe banâe, jî.
Aur dafâ patlâ pûlâ pîve thâ, jî;
Gâṛhâ sûkhâ lîâ banâe, jî.
Pânch châr piyâlâ pîtâ Mîrâsî kâ larkâ.
"Hukkâ tâjâ karke lâ de, mîrâsan merî:

To eat onions is to weep,* O my God, my God!
The water ran from his eyes.
Then said his wife to the Minstrel:
"Art eating or weeping, O my husband?"
"Food is indeed God,† hear, my wife;
I was (sorrowful for) the separation from my sons.
Bring me pestle and mortar, hear, my wife:
And bring me some dry pepper."
The Minstrel called on Devî and Saraswatî,‡
Thinking first of them.
He began to pound.
And prepared some *bhang*.§
Before he used to take it thin,
Now he made it thick and strong.
The Minstrel drank off four or five cups. (Said he):
"Make ready my pipe, my wife,

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* This is a proverb. † This is a proverb.
‡ See first line.
§ The intoxicant *bhang* is made by grinding hemp leaves to a fine powder and mixing with water.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mujhe kone meṅ khindṛâ bichhâ de, jî."
Hukke kâ pînâ amal charh gîâ Mîrâsî ke beṭe ko.
Kone meṅ gîâ kaṭhâ ho jî.
Pânchoṅ sâtoṅ laṛke ko le chalî mîrâsan us kî:
Chalî bazâr kî sair ko, jî.
Ghûmtî ghûmtî âî halwâî ke dûkân ko.
Sharfî dhar dî halwâî kî bât, jî:
" Changî changî shîrnîṅ mujhe dilâîye, jî."
Changî changî shîrnîṅ le lîe halwâî ke laṛke se.
Thoṛâ thoṛâ laṛkoṅ ke hâth meṅ rakh dîâ, jî:
Aur sab chât lî âp, jî.
Dusrî pherî chalke âutî bhaṭiâre ke dûkân pe:
" Bhojan dâût mujh ko de de, merî nagarî kî Bhaṭiârî."
"Jo tere man bhâve le le, merî Mîrâsan."
Asharfî rakh dî us kî tandûr par, jî:
" Nân pulâo mujhe de de kofta, merî Bhaṭiârî:
Zardâ pulâo change change de de, jî."

And let me sleep in a corner on a mat."
As he smoked the pipe the Minstrel was overcome,
And became insensible in the corner.
His wife took her half-dozen sons;
And went for a walk in the market.
Wandering about she came to a confectioner's shop.
She put down a gold piece in the confectioner's shop,
(Saying): "Give me the best of sweetmeats."
The confectioner gave her the best of sweetmeats;
A few she gave into her children's hands,
And all the rest she ate up herself.
Next she came to an eating-house, (saying):
" Give me of the best food, my Cook's wife of the town."
"Take to thy heart's desire, my Minstrel's wife."
She put down a gold piece at the eating-house, (saying):
"Give me bread and stew and roast, my Cook's wife:
Give me an excellent stew."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Thoṛâ thoṛâ laṛkoṅ ke hâth meṅ rakh dîâ, jî :
Bâkî sab chât lîâ âp, jî.
Ghûmtî ghûmtî chalî gharâṅ ko jâe, jî.
Rangalâ charkhâ to âke ḍhâ lîâ, jî.
Ghûngaṭ lîâ nikâl, jî.
Lambâ ghûngaṭ ḍâlke dohrâ de sunâe :
" Terâ suhâg se maiṅ raṇḍî rahûṅ, jî.
Katne katke khâûṅ, jî :
Apnâ laṛkoṅ ko tû sâm le, jî."
Hâth nâ dhoe, kulî nâ kare, jî :
Mîrâsî man meṅ kare bichâr, jî :
" Pânchoṅ sâtoṅ laṛkoṅ ko rahî sâm, jî ;
Ghar ko rahî thî sâm, jî."
Rangalâ dutârâ khûṇḍe se utâr lîâ Mîrâsî ke laṛke ne :
Chalâ shahr ko jâe, jî.
" Rânî Mârwan ne mujhe bhej dîâ Narwargaṛh ko,
Us se kyâ dûngâ jâwâb, jî ?"

A little she gave into her children's hands,
And all the remainder she ate up herself.
Wandering along she returned home.
She got out her painted spinning wheel,
And she got out a veil.
Putting on a long veil spake she (to her husband) :
" I had rather be a widow than married to thee.
Spinning will I support myself :
And do thou support thy own sons."
He washed not his hands, he rinsed not his mouth ;
The Minstrel thought in his heart :
" She always supported the half-dozen sons :
She always supported the household."
The Minstrel took his painted fiddle from off the peg,
And went to the city, (saying to himself) :
" Princess Mârwan sent me to Nawargaṛh,
What shall I answer her now ?"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Apne sochtâ Mîrâsî ke laṛke kâ,
Âp kahte kahe bât, jî :
" Nîche kar lûṅ sârangî ki târ, jî :
Nîche gâungâ âwâz, jî."
Bârâh muṭhî kî târ chaṛhâ lîe, jî ;
Wahâṅ pe pahunchî âwâz, jî.
Jab man meṅ sochtâ Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ ;
Man meṅ soch bichâr :
" Do mahînâ to bâniyoṅ meṅ guzâr dûṅ, Ṭhâkur Prabhû mere !
Do mahînâ guzâr dûṅ Sayyidâṅ ke.
Maiṅ do mahînâ guzâr dûṅ Shekhoṅ meṅ, jî.
Chhah mahînâ batît karûṅ, sun, Ṭhâkurjî mere :
Jo Rânî Mârwan pûchhûngî, Pingal kî beṭî,
Us se jaisâ kaisâ dûngâ jawâb, jî."
Uṛd bazâr meṅ âve Saṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;
Woh to mâre prem kî târ, jî.

Thought the Minstrel to himself,
Consulting with himself:
"I will tune my fiddle low,
And I will sing with a low voice."
He strung a string of twelve ells,
And tuned his voice thereto.
Then thought the Minstrel to himself,
Thinking in his heart :
"Two months will I spend with the merchants, O my God, my Lord!
Two months will I spend with the Sayyids,
And two months will I spend with the Shekhs.
Six months will I sing, hear me, O my God,
And when Princess Mârwan, Pingal's daughter, asks me questions
I will give her a suitable answer."
So Sâṅwaliâ the Minstrel went into the crowded market,
And he sang a song of love.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Charhî mahil ûpar ke dekhtî Rânî Mârwan;
Kharî sukhâwan kesb, jî.
Kân bulel bar gaî Mîrâsî bete kî:
Par gaî kân bulel, jî.
Apnî bândî ko bulâkar bândî se karî jawâb:
"Nau târ kâ koṛaṛâ tû le dast ke bîch, jî;
Do chār koṛaṛâ mârke Mîrâsî ke bete ko.
Tum lâo mahil ke bîch, jî."
Nau târ kâ koṛaṛâ bândî ne le lîe hâth meṅ:
Woh to jâe Mîrâsî ke pâs, jî:
"Mahiloṅ Rânî bulâutî tujh ko, Mîrâsî ke laṛke!
Tujhe Rânî ne kar lîâ yâd, jî!"
Chupkâ chupkâ âge ho lîâ chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî;
Kartâ Rânî se jawâhir, jî.
"Bâveṅ hâth tere kyâ paṛâ, Mîrâsî ke laṛke?
Hâth dahine kyâ paṛâ, jî?

Mounting her palace (roof) Princess Mârwan was looking (about her),
Standing drying her hair.
The song of the Minstrel caught her ear;
His song caught her ear.
She called her maid and said to her:
"Take a whip of nine thongs in thy hand,
And give the Minstrel three or four blows with it,
And bring him into the palace."
The maid took a whip of nine thongs in her hand,
And went to the Minstrel, (and said):
"The Princess calls thee within the palace, Minstrel!
The Princess hath remembered thee!"
Silently and quietly he entered the palace
And saluted the Princess. (Said she):
"What lies at thy left hand, Minstrel?
What lies at thy right hand?

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bâveṅ hâth Lâl Khâṅ lakṛî paṛâ, jî !
Dahine hâth sârâ, jî !
Lâl Khâṅ lâkṛî men pair de de, jî,
Tere piṇḍe par phirungî sâr."
" Lâl Khâṅ lakṛî maiṅ pair nâ dûṅ, Rânî Mârwan.
Mere piṇḍe par na sâr."
" Maiṅ to jânâṅ thâ âdhî tiâhî pahunch gîâ, jî.
Tû ne merî jîûṛî ko lâyâ daregh, jî !"
Bole Mîrâsî, " Dastâvez mujhe likhâ de, jî.
Main to Ḍhol dûngâ dikhâe, jî."
Korâ sâ kâghaz mangâ lîâ, jî :
Baiṭh chaubâre ke chhâûṅ meṅ, jî,
Likh dî dastâvez, jî.

Dastâvez.

" Chaṛhtâ joban yûṅ chaṛhâ, jûṅ Sâṅûṅ kî lor :

At thy left hand lie the stocks !*
At thy right hand a whip !
I will put thy feet into the stocks,
And flourish the whip over thy body."
" I will not let my feet into the stocks, Princess Mârwan,
Nor the whip upon my body."
" I thought that thou hadst reached a half or a third of the way.
Thou hast brought sorrow into my life !"
Said the Minstrel, " Write me a letter,
That I may show it to Ḍhol."
She sent for fair paper,
And sitting in the shade of the balcony,
She wrote a letter.

Letter.

" My youth was flourishing as flourish the clouds in July.†

* The stocks in India are always called " Lâl Khâṅ's rods." I do not know why.
† The wettest month of the rains in India.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chaṛhtâ joban maiṅ to gherâ, jûṅ gherâ mâli bàgh.
Ḍhultâ joban merâ yûṅ, jûṅ bâlû kâ rît.
Angan sûkhe bâjrâ, sun, Râjâ Ḍholâ :
Bhû meṅ sûkhe jawâr, jî.
Rânî sûkhe pîû ke Ḍholâ sajan kî nâr !
Amb pakke, ras chû gaî, chûsanwâle dûr !
Sûkhî gehûṅ kuṛh gaî, silâ baṭoro ân !
Chhân purânî ho gaî, khurkan lâge bâṅs.
Hâth na dhoî, kuli na karî, tere ghar meṅ zât kuzât :
Peṭ gharâ, sir dûlaṛ, sângar ṭoran jâeṅ !
Nau ṭânk kî padmanî Rânîjî Mârwan :
Tolî phûlâṅ de bhâr !
Patlî patlî kâmnî maiṅ Mârwan,
Khâûṅ ḍhâî châûṅû, jî ! ”

Blooming youth encompassed me as a garden encompasseth the gardener.
Now my youth is declining as a wall of sand.
The millet is drying up in the yard ; hear, Râjâ Ḍhol,
The millet is drying up in the earth,
The Princess is pining for her love, the wife of Ḍhol her husband !
The mango is ripe, its juice drips and the gatherer is far !
The wheat has ripened, come and take the gleanings !
The thatch is growing old, the bamboos creak.
She washeth not her hands, she rinseth not her mouth, that low woman in thy house :
Belly like a pitcher, head like a basket, she gathereth strange fruit !
(But) a peerless beauty is Princess Mârwan,
Weighed beside flowers !
A slim and slender maid am I, thy Mârwan,
Eating but two and a half (grains of) rice !”

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mârwan ne pâtî likhî, " Sâjan sâjan merâ ! "
Woh to de de Mîrâsî ke hâth, jî.
Âgâṛî âgâṛî kar lîâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;
Chalî shahr se jâe, jî.
Chal bâghoṅ meṅ âutâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ.
Woh to chalâ chalâ jâe, jî ;
Âge to mil gaî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
Sâun ko bichârdâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ.
Sir par khârî rakh dî Mâlî kî laṛkî :
Khârî meṅ pâ rahî tarkârî.
Âsâ us ko lag rahî, jî.
Bharî abkonî mil gaî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
" Jekar Rewâ mil gaî mujh ko Mâlî kî,
Maiṅ lâûṅ Ḍhol ko sâth, jî ! "
Âgâṛî âgâṛî jaisâ âutâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;

Mârwan wrote the letter, (saying), " O my love, my love ! "
She gave it into the Minstrel's hands,
And sent Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, forward on his road ;
Going (back herself) from the city.
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, went into the garden.
Going on the road
He met Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter.*
And Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, bethought him of the omen.
The Gardener's daughter had her basket on her head,
And the basket was full of garden fruits.
Then had he hope.
Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, was (also) pregnant.
(Said he) ; " Since I have met with Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter,
I will bring Ḍhol with me ! "
As Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, was going onwards,

---

* The bard is here anticipating in the confusing way common to his class. Rewâ was the chief of Mârwan's maids. See below line 1043.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Âgâṛî to ghoṛewâlâ mil gîâ ghoṛe kâ sawâr:
Woh to ḍolâ le rahâ sâth, jî.
"Ṭhâkur, mujh ko ghoṛewâlâ mil gîâ, jî:
Maiṅ to lâûṅ Ḍhol ko sâth, jî."

Majiloṅ majiloṅ chal paṛâ Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ;
Narwargaṛh ko jâe, jî.
Sawâ sau kos pakke par â gîâ âve chaukî ke pâs, jî.
Bole chaukîdâr; kyâ kahe? "Sun, râste kâ musâfir,
Kahâṅ se âyâ? kahâṅ ko chalâ? Sun, râste kâ musâfir."
"Pingalgaṛh se â gîâ, sun, chaukî ke sipâhî:
Maiṅ Narwargaṛh ko jâûṅ, jî.
Sâṅwaliâ merâ nâm hai, sun chaukî ke sipâhî."
Bole sipâhî, "tujhe kyâ kahûṅ? Sûn, Sâṅwaliâ Mîrâsî:
Hamârî nagarî meṅ nâ baṛo, sun, Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ke;

He met in the way a horseman on a horse,
Taking a bride's palanquin with him.
(Said he): "O God, since I have met a horseman (thus),
I will bring Ḍhol with me!"

Stage by stage Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, went on,
And went to Narwargaṛh.
Going 125 *kos* on the metalled road* he came to a guard.
Said the guard; what said he? "Hear, traveller on the road,
Whence comest thou? Whither goest? Hear, traveller on the road."
"I am come from Pingalgaṛh, hear, keeper of the guard,
And I go to Narwargaṛh.
Sâṅwaliâ is my name, hear, keeper of the guard."
Said the guard, "What shall I tell thee? Hear, thou Minstrel Sâṅwaliâ:
Enter not into our city; hear, thou Minstrel Sâṅwaliâ,

---

* Observe this *very* modern expression.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Nagar meṅ nâ baṛîye mûl, jî."
Devî Sârdâ manâ lîe Saṅwaliâ Mîrâsî ne:
Is ne ablâ kar lî sâr, jî.
Dharke ragṛâ lagâ dîâ Saṅwaliâ Mîrâsî ne;
Sûkhâ dîâ banâe, jî.
"Mardâṅ ke, piyâlâ pî lo, jî:
Thoṛî thoṛî chuskaṛî le lo, jî."
Woh sipâhî labaṛ goṭe râste ke basnewâle:
Bhar bhar piyâlâ pilâ dîe Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ne.
Charas kâ sulfâ pilâ dîâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ne.
Sulfâ kâ pînâ amal ho gîâ sipâhî ko:
Nashe meṅ ho gae chor, jî.
Chhâtî pe pair rakhke lakh gîâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ne,
Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ, jî.
Narwargaṛh meṅ baṛ gîâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ.
Sâṅj paṛî, din ḍhul gîâ, dhan kâ lagâ bhîr, jî.

Go not into the city at all!"
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, called on Devî and Sârdâ:
This did he first.
Then ground he (the *bhang*), did Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel.
And he made it thick (and said):
"My braves, drink a cup:
Take each a little sip."
The guard were stout swaggerers on the high road,
And Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, gave them a full cup each.
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, gave them each a cup of *bhang*.
Drinking of the cup overcame the guard,
And they were shamefully drunk.
Putting his feet on their breasts Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, went on
Into Narwargaṛh.
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, entered Narwargaṛh.
It was evening as the day declined and the cattle began to collect,

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chalke Siryâ Kumhârî ke bâr meṅ â gîâ, jî.
"Âj kî rain bisrâm de, nagar kî rî Kumhârî:
Bhulke ko ḍere kûnch, jî."
"Par jâ gadhâṅ kî dahlez meṅ, terî wârî jâwâṅ, musâfir."
Âsâṛh Jeṭh ke samâṅ hûî. "Merî nagar kî Kumhârî,
Tale se bharsâ mâre, mere Ṭhâkurjî;
Ûpar se khâegî kharsâ, jî.
Changî jagâ batâ de, nagar kî Kumhârî."
"Charh jâ is pursâl par, wârî jâwâṅ, musâfir."
Charh gîâ purṣâl par Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ;
Sahîh sâṅj rahâ so, jî.
Adhî rât garhtâl bajî Râjâ Ḍhol kî;
Chalâ bâhir jangal ke shikâr, jî.
Rangalâ dutârâ saṅwârtâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ.
Bole Mîrâsî; kyâ kahe?

And going on he came to the door of Siryâ, the Potter's wife, (and said):
"Give me a night's rest, O Potter's wife of the city,
In the morning I make a march."
"Lie down in the asses' stall, I am thy sacrifice, O wayfarer."
It was the season of May and June* (and he said): "My Potter's wife of the city,
The smell arises from beneath, by my God!
And the heat destroys me from above.
Show me some better place, O Potter's wife of the city."
"Come up these stairs, I am thy sacrifice, O wayfarer."
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, went up the stairs,
And slept (there) the early evening.
At midnight were sounded the gongs of Râjâ Ḍhol,
As he went without for sport in the forests.
Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel, took out his painted fiddle.
Sang the Minstrel: what sang he?

---

* The hottest time of the year.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râgnî.

"Sun Govind, Govind merâ!
Is Mârwan ne pâtî likhî, sun, Nal Râjâ ke Ḍhol,
Baiṭh chaubâre kî chhâûṅ, jî.
Ânsû gerî mor sî, dhar mashtak par hâth:
'Âwan âwan kar rahâ lâ dîe bârah mâs!'
Chhân purânî ho gaî, khuṛkan lâge bâṅs!
Kyâ tere kâghaz gal gae? kyâ siyâhî kî ûchh?
Rânî ko bharosâ tere nâm kâ, tere nâm kî oṭ!
Mârwan mâran jog, kâṭan jog karîr:
Bayâṅ chûṛî jog haiṅ, pahine jog sarîr!
Angan sûkhe bâjrâ: bhûîṅ sûkhe jawâr!
Rânî sûkhe pîû ke, Ḍhol sâjan kî nâr!
Hâth nâ dhoe, kulî na karî, jî,

Song.

"Hear me, O my God, my God!
Mârwan hath written a letter, hear me, Ḍhol, son of Râjâ Nal,
Sitting in the shade of the balcony.
The peacock-formed shed tears and put her hand to her head (saying):
'He both been twelve months in coming, coming!'
The thatch hath waxed old, and bamboos are cracking!
Hath thy paper rotted? Hast thou lack of ink?
The Princess hath faith in thee, hath confidence in thy name.
Mârwan is losing her beauty, suffering as the acacia.*
Her bracelets become her arms, her body becomes the keeper!
The millet is drying up in the yard, the millet is drying up in the earth!
The Princess pineth for her love, the wife of Ḍhol her husband!
She washeth not her hands, she rinseth not her mouth,

* This particular tree grows in the deserts only, as a rule. See line 632 below.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ghar meṅ zât kuzât!
Moṭî pînî, zâng bal, sâlgar ṭoran jâîṅ!"

Itnî bât jab sun le Rânî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî,
Dil meṅ soch bichâre, jî:
"Jis Mîrâsî kî sifat sunoṅ thî,
Prabhû, Prabhû merâ, jî!
Woh to â gîâ nagar ke mâṅ, jî!"
Zanânâ bhes utârtî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî,
Kar lîâ mardânâ bhes, jî.
Nau târ kâ koṛaṛa lîâ hâth ke bîch:
Chal Siryâ Kumhârî ke âve, jî.
"Rât ke chor batâ de, jis ne râtoṅ ko pâyâ kharâṭ:
Kûnch kî sûlî de dûngî, jî!
Râtoṅ pâyâ kharâṭ Râjâ Ḍhol ke ânkh na lage, jî!"
"Sâṅj ke wakt mujh ko yeh to namânâ dekhe thâ, jî.

That low woman in thy house!
Stout of belly, fat of thigh, the gatherer of wild fruit!"

When Queen Sammî the Kachhwâhâ heard these words,
She thought in her heart:
"The Minstrel whose praises I had heard,
O my God, my God!
Hath come into the city!"
Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, put off her women's clothes,
And put on men's clothes.
She took a whip of nine thongs in her hand
And went to Siryâ, the Potter's wife, (and said):
"That thief of the night, who made a noise in the night,
I will have him hanged (at once)!
Owing to the noise in the night Râjâ Ḍhol never closed his eyes!"
(Said the Potter's wife); "In the evening he seemed to me to be quiet enough.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chaṛh jâ us puṛsâl par nagar dalîchâ* lînâ dekh,
Kân bûchke paṛ rahâ Mîrâsî kâ, jî."
Woh to sipâhî ûpar chaṛh gîâ, jî:
Ṭhokar mârke uṭhâ dîâ sote musâfir ko.
"Râtoṅ tû ne shor machâyâ, musâfir chitrâ, jî:
Râjâ Ḍhol ke ânkh nâ lage, jî.
Kûnch kî sûlî tayyâr kare, musâfir chitrâ, jî:
Tû to ho le mere sâth, jî."
"Aisî taisî meṅ gaî Mârwan, jî,
Ûpar se gayâ Râjâ Ḍhol, jî!
Merî jân bachâ le, sipâhî sâjan, jî:
Mujh ko denâ chhoṛ, jî."
Jab sipâhî boltâ, "tû sun, musâfir, bât, jî,
Mujhe gâṇṭh-girâ dîkhâ de, musâfir jî:
Mujhe paisâ dhelâ denâ, de, jî."
Do asharfî nikâltâ Mîrâsî, jî;
Woh de dîe sipâhî ko, jî.

Go up the ladder and take a look over the city lanes,
And see where the Minstrel is squatting."
The (sham) soldier went up
And kicked up the sleeping traveller, (and said):
"Thou didst make a noise in the night, my fine traveller,
And Râjâ Ḍhol never closed his eyes.
He is getting ready a halter (for thee), my fine traveller:
Follow thou me."
(Said the Minstrel): "Perdition fall on Princess Mârwan,
And after her on Râjâ Ḍhol!
Save thou my life, friendly soldier,
And let me go."
Then said the (sham) soldier, "Traveller, hear my words,
Show me thy pocket:
And thou must give me some cash."
The Minstrel took out two gold pieces
And gave them to the (sham) soldier.

---

* For *galîchâ*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Do asharfî le leṅ musâfir se, jî,
Dîâ darwâzâ se nikâl, jî.
Bole sipâhî, "musâfir, jî,
Tû sun bhâî bintî, jî,
Yehâṅ se tû bhâg jâ, jî:
Pichhâ phirke mat dekhnâ, mere sâjan, jî."

Âgâṛî âgâṛî chal paṛâ Mîrâsî:
Devî lî thî manâe, jî.
"Mere chitrâ, mere sâjan ho, jî:
Rangalâ dutârâ utârtâ, mere chitrâ, jî."
Woh to Rangalâ dutârâ bajâe, jî:
"Âyâ thâ âsâ karke is nagar meṅ, jî;
Ab chalâ nirâsâ ho, jî!"
Râjâ Ḍhol chalâ âve thâ, jî.
Us kî âwâz Ḍhol ne sun lî, jî.
"Jaunsî bât tû to gâtâ âve thâ, jî,

Taking two gold pieces from the traveller
He put him out of the gate.
Said the (sham) soldier, "Traveller,
Hear thou my words.
Run thou away from here,
Without even looking back, my friend."

The Minstrel went onwards,
And invoked Devî.
(Said she):* "My wise one, my beloved one,
Take out the painted fiddle, my wise one."
He played on his painted fiddle, (and sang):
"With hope came I into this city,
Without hope do I leave it!"
Râjâ Ḍhol was passing
And he heard his song. (Said he):
"What thou wast singing on thy way

---

* *i.e.*, the Goddess.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Wahî mujhe gâke sunâ de, jî.
Tujhe parâî kyâ paṛî, mere chitrâ, jî ?"
"Ghoṛewâlâ, tujhe apne kâm se kâm, jî."
"Terâ dohrâ mere man basâ, mujhe dohrâ deîye sunâe, jî."
"Âyâ thâ âsâ karke is nagar mâṅ, jî :
Chalâ maiṅ nirâsâ ho, jî."
Bahân pakaṛke pichhe biṭhlâ lîâ, ab chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî.
Dekh Mîrâsî ko Rânî man meṅ sochî, jî.
Ghoṛâ bândh Râjâ guṛsâl meṅ chalâ mahil ko jâe :
Chalâ mahil ko âve : chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî.
Bole Râjâ Ḍhol, "Merî Rânî, jî,
Is ko palang denâ bichhâe, jî.
Change bhojan jimâ deîyo, merî Rânî ho.
Is ko khûb karwâo ashnân, jî."
Sunke Rânî ne palang toshak lî bichhâe, jî :

Do thou sing to me.
Why sing for another, my wise one ?"
"Horseman, mind thine own affairs."
"Thy song hath sunk into my heart, do thou sing to me."
"With hope came I into this city,
Without hope do I leave it !"
(The horseman) seized him by the arm, sat him behind him and took him to the palace.
Seeing the Minstrel the Queen thought in her heart.
The Râjâ fastened the horse in the stable and went into the palace :
Went into the palace : went into the palace.
Said Râjâ Ḍhol : "My Queen,
Make a bed for him ;
And give him good fare, my Queen,
And bathe him well."
Hearing this the Queen prepared a bed,

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chaṇdan chaukî bichhâ dîe, jî:
Dahî phulel mangâyâ ho, jî.
Ang mal mal nahâutâ woh Mîrâsî;
Le Allah kâ nâm, jî.
Rânî Mârwan kî poshâk thî, jî,
Woh to pahinî Mîrâsî ne, jî.
Ḍhâî ser âṭâ chhole kâ Rânî ne gundûr lîâ:
Sawâ sawâ ser kî do roṭî pakwâî, jî.
Chuṭkâ dhar kalar nûn kâ, do ghaṭhe pyâz ke, jî:
Chauke ke nîche khaskâ dîâ, jî.
Rânî ne Mîrâsî se kare jawâb, jî:
"Bhojan lâûn to jîm le, jî."
Ṭorke ṭukrâ mukh meṅ pâyâ, jî.
Mukh meṅ gîâ phûl, jî: ghaṭhe kî par gaî chhînṭ, jî.
Ghaṭhâ khânâ ronâ: palkoṅ se bahe nîr, jî.
Ṣammî Kachhwâhî bolî, "Bhojan pâve kyûṅ rove hai, jî?

And placed a sandal-wood stool,
And sent for curds and cosmetics.
The Minstrel anointed his body and bathed.
And called on God!*
The robes that were Princess Mârwan's
The Minstrel put on.
The Queen kneaded two and a half *sers* of flour
And made loaves of one and a quarter *sers* each.
She sprinkled salt over them and put in two onions,
And took them out of the hearth.
Said the Queen to the Minstrel:
"I bring the food, eat it."
He broke a piece and put it into his mouth.
It swelled in his mouth and the onion spirted.
To eat onions is to weep: the tears flowed from his eyes.
Said Sammî the Kachhwâhâ, "Having got thy food why weepest?

---

* He is described as a Hindû up to this, and now we have *Allah* for God!

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Man ke bhed batâ de, jî !"
Mîrâsî kâ beṭâ bole, " Rânî, jî,
Bhojan hî Bhagwân hai, merî Rânî, jî.
Bhojan ko nahîṅ rotâ, sun, jî chitrâ merî.
Maiṅ to rotâ Mârwan ke bhâg ko, jî.
Sangaldîp kî padmanî merî Rânî, tolî phûlâṅ ki bhâr, jî.
Patlî patlî kâmnî khâve ḍhâî châṅwal, jî.
Bârâh Khâṅ kâ Râjâ Ḍhol hai, pake bârâh khân.
Maiṅ bârâh khân kî sifat sunoṅ thâ, dekhî ik hî khân.
Rânî Mârwan se nâ jimâ jâe, Ṭhâkur, Ṭhâkur merâ :
Yeh to bhojan âve jîmâ na jâe, jî !"
Pânch châr ṭukre ṭortâ Mîrâsî kâ,
Khesh meṅ lie pâe, jî.
Khaskhas ke bangalâ meṅ âutâ woh to chitrâ, jî :

Tell me the secrets of thy heart ?"
Said the Minstrel, " O Queen,
Food is indeed God,* my Queen.
I weep not over my food ; hear, my wise lady,
I weep for Mârwan's fate.
My Princess, the beauty of Sangaldîp is weighed against flowers.
A slim and slender maiden she, eating two and a half (grains of) rice.
Râjâ Ḍhol, (the Lord) of twelve Lords, is eating twelve (kinds of) food.
I heard the praises of these twelve kinds of food, and I see but one.
Princess Mârwan will never eat this, my God, my God:
She will never eat *this* food !"
The Minstrel broke off four or five pieces,
And put them into his dress.
The wise one went into the thatched house,

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* See above line 210.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ se jâkar kare jawâhir, jî:
Goḍe se goḍâ milâ diâ, jî.
Khesh meṅ hâth pâ liâ Mîrâsî:
Woh ṭukre kâḍhke Râjâ ke sâmhne rakh dîe, jî:
"Sûṭak kî padmanî Rânî Mârwan, jî:
Woh to tole phûlâṅ kî bhâr, jî.
Patlî patlî Rânî Mârwan merî châtar ho:
Woh khâve ḍhâî châṅwal, jî.
Bârâh Khâṅ kâ Râjâ Ḍhol thâ, jî;
Pakke bârâh khân, jî.
Maiṅ to sifat sunoṅ thâ, jî:
Maiṅ to dekh ik hî khân, jî!
Yeh bhojan Rânî Mârwan se, jî:
Us se jimâ na jâe, jî!"
Dastâvez de dîe Mîrâsî ke laṛke ne.
Dastâvez dekhke saṛsaṛ bânchtâ, jî.
Ho dilgîr mahiloṅ ko chal paṛâ, jî.

And saluted the Râjâ,
And sat down beside him.
The Minstrel put his hand into his dress
And taking out the pieces laid them before the Râjâ, (and said):
"Princess Mârwan is a peerless beauty,
Weighed against flowers.
A slim and slender (maid) is my wise Princess Mârwan,
Eating but two and a half (grains of) rice.
Râjâ Ḍhol (is Lord) of twelve Lords,
And eats twelve kinds of food.
I heard their praises,
But I see only one!
This food the Princess Mârwan
Will never eat!"
The Minstrel gave him the letter.
He read the letter rapidly
And being sorrowful he went into the palace.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ave mahil ke mâṅ, jî :
Âke palang par leṭ, jî : rahâ palang par leṭ, jî.
Sammî Kachhwâhî boltî, " Sun Râjâ Ḍholâ, jî,
Boltâ kyûṅ nahîṅ hai, ji ?
Kyûṅ tû dî hai pîṭh, jî ?
Kyûṅ nashtar khode bhînt, jî ?
Kaunsî Rânî tere chit basî ? Kaunsî dî utâr, jî ?"
" Nâ maiṅ detî pîṛhî, merî Rânî ho :
Nâ maiṅ nashtar khod, jî.
Rânî Mârwan chit basî, Sammî dî basâr, jî."
Bolî Sammî : kyâ kahe ? " Mere Râjâ chitrâ ho,
Kueṅ meṅ kankar dahî, rang meṅ dahî majît, jî !
Sej chaṛhâ bâlam dahî, mere chitrâ ho ;
De de sove pîṭh, jî."
Bole Ḍhol Râjâ, " Sun, Ranî merî,

He went into the palace,
And laid him on his bed ; laid him on his bed.
Said Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, " Hear, Râjâ Ḍhol,
Why speakest not ?
Why turnest thy back on me ?
Why makest scratches with thy nails ?*
What lady hath entered thy heart ? Whom dost thou discharge ?"
" I am not turning my back on thee, my Queen,
And I am not scratching with my nails.
Princess Mârwan hath entered my heart and Sammî do I discharge."
Said Sammî : what said she ? " My wise Râjâ,
Stones are thrown into the well and madder into the paint.
Thou dost enjoy thy bed, O my wise (husband),
Turn thy back and sleep."
Said Râjâ Ḍhol, " Hear, my Queen,

* To lie on an old bed and scratch the ground with the nails is a common Panjâbî way of showing great sorrow.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Hath nâ dhoe, kulî nâ karî, merî Sammijî Kachhwâhî !
Mere ghar meṅ hai zât kuzât !
Moṭi pinî tere zâng par, Sammî, hai, Kachhwâhî :
Tere ṭak mandherî ho jâe, ji !
Nau ṭâng kî padmanî woh to Rânî haigî Mârwan :
Tole phûlâṅ ke bhâr, jî.
Patlî patlî kâmnî khâve ḍhâî châṅwal, jî.
[Lambî badhî kyâ hove ? Lambî badhî khajûr, jî :
Chaṛhe jo meve châkh le, gir jâe chiknâ-chûr :
Pânchhî chhâûṅ nâ baiṭhî, phal lagte haiṅ dûr.]
Peṭ gaṛhâ, sir ḍâlṛî, merî sâjan ho !
Sâgar ṭoran jâeṅ, jî !"

Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, jî :
Chal hâthîoṅ pe âve, jî.

Thou dost not wash thy hands, nor rinse thy mouth, my Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ !
My wife is a low woman !
Fat is thy belly above thy thighs, O Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ.
And thy stature is short !
Princess Mârwan is a peerless beauty,
Weighed against flowers.
A slim and slender maid, eating two and a half grains of rice.
[What is a tall thing ? A tall thing is the date palm :
Who climbs will eat the fruit, who falls will become as dust.
Birds sit not in its shade, and its fruit is up on high.]*
Thy belly is a pitcher, thy head a basket, my dear !
Thou gatherest strange fruit !"

It was early morn at the hour of dawn,
When (Râjâ Ḍhol) went to his elephants.

* This is evidently some well-known saying. It has no connection with the text and is in a different metre.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Sat Jug sachâ paṛâ birt dâ, mere Ṭhâkur, jî!
Tan man kareṅ jawâb, jî.
"Tîn sau sâṭh kos se Pingal ke beṭî Mârwan:
Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî."
Hâthî the Balkh Bukhâre ke khaṛe râtab khâveṅ.
Ḍholâ dhanî amâe, "Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog."
"Kas-kas bândho ambârîâṅ, Râjâ Ḍholâ, jî.
Mâthâ bandî sândhûr ke, Râjâ ke Ḍhol.
Gaṛh koṭ denge ṭor, jî."
Bole Ḍhol, "Tum kyâ kaho, hâthîoṅ ke mahâuto?
Langar beṛe in ke kâṭ do, jî:
Bahir khokre bajâo bâṅs, jî:
Tavele se un ko kâḍh do, jî.
In merâ kahnâ na mânâ, jî."

It was in the days of the Golden Age, my God,
When body and soul could speak.
(Said he to them), "Mârwan Pingal's daughter is 360 *kos* hence,
Take me to the Princess."
The elephants were of Balkh and Bukhâra* and were eating their food.
Said the comely Ḍhol, "I long to meet the Princess."
(Said their driver): "Put on the saddles, O Râjâ Ḍhol,
And the vermilion spot on their foreheads, Râjâ Ḍhol.
And we will break down thy forts."†
Said Ḍhol, "What are ye saying? O drivers of the elephants,
Take off their chains and fetters
And sounding hollow bamboos behind them,
Turn them out of the stable.
They have not obeyed my words."

---

* A vague figure of speech, meaning valuable. Elephants, of course, do *not* come from these places.

† *i.e.*, they refused to go.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dûsrî pherî phirke âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ:
Woh âve karhâṅ ke pâs, jî.
"Araz suno merî bintî, bhâî karhâ piyâro,
Tum khaṛî rât khâeṅ, jî.
Pingalgaṛh meṅ Rânî Mârwan Râjâ Pingal kî beṭî:
Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî.
Tîn sau sâṭh kos base Rânî Mârwan:
Mujhe Rânî do milâe, jî."
Bole karhâ, "Tujhe kyâ kaheṅ Nal Râjâ ke Ḍholâ?
Kas-kas band lo pûṭalâṅ, jî.
Salîtâ do ladâe, jî.
Gin gin de do muhârîâṅ chaleṅge sâṛe tîn kos, jî."
"Morî yakkâ tum kâḍh lo, ûṇṭoṅ ke sarwânoṅ:
In ke bajâ do kokhre bâṅs:
Thân se bâhir in ko kâḍh do, jî."
Ho dilgîr chalke âwandâ Râjâ Nal kâ beṭâ:

Next the son of Râjâ Nal
Came to the camels.
"Hear my prayer, my beloved camels,
Ye spend an easy time.
In Pingalgaṛh is Princess Mârwan, daughter of Râjâ Pingal;
I long to meet the Princess.
Princess Mârwan dwells 360 *kos* hence;
Take me to the Princess."
Said the camels, "What shall we say to thee, Ḍhol, thou son of Nal?
Fasten on our saddles,
And put on the saddle-cloths:
Give us two cakes each and we will go 3½ *kos*."
"O camel-riders, take off their headstalls,
And beat hollow bamboos at them
And turn them out of the paddock."
Sorrowfully the son of Râjâ Nal went on,

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Raste meṅ karhâ kaṛhâ thâ Mârwan ke ghar kâ.
Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî :
"Ghûngrû kyûṅ lîe haiṅ hâth, jî ?
Kyûṅ lî hâthoṅ lâj jî ?"
"Kis gal bâṅdhûṅ ghûngrû, merî Bhabûlî karhâ ?
Kis gal bâṅdhûṅ lâj, jî ?"
"Mere gal bâṅdho ghûngrû, jî :
Mere gal bâṅdho lâj, jî."
"Tîn ṭângoṅ kâ pûngṛâ kyûṅkar pahunchûṅ jâe ?"
"Tîn tângûṅ mat jânîye charoṅ deûṅ milâe !"
Bole Ḍhol, "Sun, Bhabûlî karhâ, jî,
Nishânî pattâ mujhe lâke de dikhâe, jî."
"Pahilâ pahrâ rain kâ maiṅ Pingalgaṛh kî karûṅ sair :
Dûjâ pahrâ rain kâ char lûṅ nâgar-bel, jî :

And on the road was a camel belonging to Princess Mârwan,
That spake to Râjâ (Ḍhol) :
"Why hast bells in thy hand ?
Why hast thou a string ?"
"On whose neck shall I bind the bells, my camel Bhabûlî ?
On whose neck shall I bind the string ?"
"Bind the bells on my neck,
And bind the string on me."
"But how can I reach her on one that is lame on three legs ?"
"Hold them not to be three legs, they are as good as four !"
Said Ḍhol, "Hear, thou camel Bhabûlî,
Go and bring me the proofs of her."
(Said the camel), "In the first watch of the night I wander over Pingalgaṛh ;
In the second watch of the night I will graze on the betel bed :

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Tîjâ pahrâ rain kâ pî lûṅ sarwar nîr, jî :
Chauthâ pahrâ rain kâ kar lûṅ Narwargaṛh ki sair.'"
Bole Ḍhol, "Bhabûlî karhâ, jî,
Mujhe nishâni pattâ de lâe, jî."
Sunke Râjâ kî bât ko karhâ kare jawâb :
"Bândh kajâwe ṭiṇḍî lâd do, jî :"
Bândh kajâwe ṭiṇḍî lâd de, andhâ diâ biṭhâe.
Pahilâ pahrâ rain kâ Pingalgaṛh kar lî sair :
Dûjâ pahrâ rain kâ bâghoṅ char lî nâgar-bel.
Bole karhâ, "Sun, bhâî andhe hâfiz,
Tû sût le nâgar-bel, jî :
Sût kajâwe pûr le, bhâî andhe hâfiz."
Tîjâ pahrâ rain kâ pî liâ sarwar nîr, jî.

In the third watch of the night I will drink of the lake :
In the fourth watch of the night I will wander over Narwargaṛh."
Said Ḍhol, "Bhabûlî, thou camel,
Bring me the proofs of her."
Hearing the words of the Râjâ, said the camel :
"Fasten on the boxes, load up the pots."*
He fastened on the boxes and loaded up the pots and sat a blind man (on the camel's back).
In the first watch of the night (the camel) wandered over Pingalgaṛh :
In the second watch of the night he grazed on the betel bed.
Said the camel, "Hear, friend blind-man,
Take slips of the betel plant :
Fill the boxes with slips of the betel plant, friend blind-man."
In the third watch of the night he drank of the lake.

---

* *i.e.*, for the betel plants and the water he would bring to prove he had been to Pingalgaṛh.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dharke ghotâ lagâ diâ, us ko kudrat dîe dikhâe, jî.
Jab hâfiz se samjhâutâ woh Bhabûlî karhâ :
"Tujhe kudrat dî dikhâe ! Dikhâyâ Pingal kâ des!"
Bole hâfiz, kyâ kahe ? "Tû ne mujhe râtoṅ kîâ kharâb !
Ulṭe-pulṭe ghotâ mârke ṭiṇḍâṅ le pûr, jî !"
Hâfiz waise andhâ ho giâ, châtar jî !
Chauthâ pahrâ rain kâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Â giâ Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ, jî.

Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ Râjâ âyâ karhâ ke pâs :
Man apne meṅ sochtâ Râjâ Nal kâ Ḍholâ.
Jahâṅ karhe ko chhoṛ giâ thâ, dekhâ us hî thaur.
Chalke karhâ pâs âwandâ Râjâ kâ beṭâ ;

He dipped into the water and showed his (miraculous) power,
Then said Bhabûlî the camel to the blind man.
"I show thee my power and show thee the land of Pingal !"*
Said the blind man ; what said he ? "Thou hast spoilt my night !
Dipping into the water thou hast filled the pots !"
The blind man at once went as blind as before, my friend.†
In the fourth watch of the night, my God, my God,
He came to Narwargaṛh.

In the early morn at the hour of dawn came Râjâ (Ḍhol) to the camel,
Thinking in his heart was Ḍhol the son of Nal,
He went to see the place where the camel had been fastened.
The Râjâ (Ḍhol) went up to the camel ;

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* Reference to the common superstition that a dip in sacred water will cure blindness.
† For his ingratitude.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Âve karhâ ke pâs, jî.
" Nishânî pattâ dikhâe de, mere Bhabûlî karhâ :
Mujhe pattâ nishânî de dikhâe !"
Bole Bhabûlî karhâ, " Sun, Râjâ, merî bât,
Hâfiz andhe ko le pûchh, jî."
Bole hâfiz, " is ne kîâ mujhe râtoṅ ko kharâb,
Is Bhabûlî karhâ ne, jî."
Baiṭh nishânî Râjâ ko dikhâutâ Bhabûlî karhâ.
Nâgar-bel dekh lî Râjâ Ḍholâ ne, aur dekh lîâ nîr.
Bole Râjâ Ḍhol, karhâ se kare jawâb :
" Narwargaṛh se Pingalgaṛh kî tayyârî kar lo, jî."
Bole karhâ, kyâ kahe, jî ? " Sun, Râjâ Nal ke beṭe,
Merî sun le tû bât, jî ;
Hârâ thakâ maiṅ â gîâ, jî, sun Râjâ Ḍholâ.
Merâ hâr deîyo utâr, jî.
Apnâ ilâj maiṅ âp batâ dûṅ, jî.

Went up to the camel (and said) :
" Show me the proofs, Bhabûlî, my camel,
Show me the proofs !"
Said Bhabûlî the camel, " Râjâ, hear my words :
Ask the blind man."
Said the blind man, " he spoilt my night,
Did this camel Bhabûli."
Bhabûlî the camel sat down and showed the Râjâ the proofs.
Râjâ Ḍhol saw the betel plants and he saw the water.
Spake Râjâ Ḍhol to the camel :
" Get ready (to go) to Pingalgaṛh from Narwargaṛh."
Said the camel, what said he ? " Hear, son of Râjâ Nal,
Hear my words,
Sore and tired have I come, hear me, Râjâ Ḍhol.
Take off my halter.
I tell the way to cure me myself.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Haldî dûdh mujhe pilâ dîye, khâṇḍ de de ghol.
Sarwar tâl meṅ nhalâ deîyo mujhe, Nal Râjâ kâ beṭe:
Mujhe nhalâ deîyo pandrâh ḍin, jî.
Sachî motîoṅ kî jhûl bane, jî, mere chitrâ, jî.
Morî yakkâ banwâîye, jî, mere sâjan, jî."
Karhâ kî banât banâ dîe, jî:
Kar dîe solâh singâr, jî.
Hîre pane sakht pûnchhaṛ ke lage, jî:
[Lâloṅ jaṛî kumân, jî.]
Dûdh pilâ de, khilâveṅ châsnî, jî.
Karhâ râtab khâe, jî.
Rânî Sammî par khabar hûî, mere chitrâ:
" Karhâ kî hûî tayyârî, jî.
Râjâ jâvegâ Pingal des, jî."
Baṭtîs abran sârtî woh to Sammîjî Kachhwâhî:
Lagâ dîe solâh singâr, jî.

Give me turmeric and milk mixed with sugar:
And bathe me in the lake, thou son of Râjâ Nal.
Bathe me for fifteen days.
Make me a cloth of real pearls, my wise one,
And a strong head-stall, my friend."
He made the camel's clothing
And he covered him with the 16 ornaments.*
He set diamonds and gems on his crupper.
[And the bow was set with jewels].†
He gave him milk and the finest bread,
And the camel ate his food.
Queen Sammî had news, my wise one,
That the camel was being got ready,
For the Râjâ to go to Pingal land.
Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, decked herself in the 32 kinds of jewels,‡
And the 16 ornaments.

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* See Vol. I., p. 443.
† A well-known line brought in for show merely.
‡ See line 620.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mâng bharî thî sindhûr kî, bâl bâl motî pawe, jî.
Sâlû pahine Dakhanî, chalî karhâ ke pâs, jî.
"Chhâûṅ meṅ bâṅdhûṅ karer kî; châṛûṅ nâgar-bel ko."
"Nâgar-bel terî âj charûṅ, jî:
Merâ wahî roz kâ jaṇḍ karer:
Pânî pîûṅ gândlâ, jî:
Chhîkaṛh dâ kaṛh khâûṅ, jî."
"Hath joṛ bintî karûṅ, mere Bhabûlî karhâ:
Tere naubar lâgûṅ pair, jî.
Jis wakt Ḍhol ko châhe, mere karhâ, ji:
Us wakt de de jawâb, jî."
"Bachan Ḍhol ko maiṅ dîe, sun, Sammî rî Kachhwâhî:
Maiṅ to us ko le jâûṅ sâth jî."
"Hâth joṛ kare bintî, tû to Kanth Kanth kar le:

She put on the vermilion spot,* and put pearls into her hair.
She put on Dakhanî kerchief, and went to the camel, (and said):
"I will tie thee under the shade of the acacia†; I will graze thee in the betel bed."
"I graze thy betel bed daily,
Daily (I stand under) the acacia.
Filthy is the water I get,
And refuse is my food."
"I join my hands, Bhabûlî, my camel,
And lay my head at thy feet.
When Ḍhol desireth thee, my camel,
Do thou refuse him."
"I gave my word to Ḍhol, O Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ,
And I will take him with me."
"With joined hands I pray thee, I make thee my Lord, my Lord:

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* The sign of a married woman.
† This tree is much valued for its shade in wild tracts. The *karer* or *jaṇḍ* is the *acacia leucophlœa*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Tû to de deîye jawâb, jî !"
"Jo jawâb maiṅ de dûṅ Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ko,
Woh to degâ mujh ko dâgh, jî."
Bole Sammî, phir kahe, karhâ se kare jawâb:
"Dâgboṅ kî nahanî sulâîâṅ ghâṛûngî mîṭhe tel."
Chalke mahiloṅ ko â gaî Sammiji Kachhwâhî.
Adhî rât naukandh gaî Râjâ Ḍhol kî khul gaî ânkh.
Mohrî yakkâ le liâ Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ne:
Woh to âve karhâ ke pâs, jî.
Umbaṛ âyâ Râjâ ko dekhke Bhabûlî karhâ:
Ṭuk langṛâ ban jâe, jî.
Bol karhâ ko Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ,
Karhâ se kare jawâb, jî:
"Achhe achhe ko chhoṛ giâ maiṅ, Bhabûlî karhâ."
"Ghabharâke jab maiṅ uṭhâ, jî,
Ṭâng utar gaî kolî se, jî!"

Do thou refuse him."
"If I refuse the son of Râjâ Nal,
He will put scars on me."
Then said Sammî, speaking again to the camel;
"With sweet oil will I bathe and blot out his trifling scars."
Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, went to her palace.
At midnight at the dead of night Râjâ Ḍhol opened his eyes,
His strong head-stall took the son of Râjâ Nal,
And came to the camel.
Seeing the Râjâ, Bhabûlî the camel cried out,
And became a little lame.
Said Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Speaking to the camel;
"I left thee quite well, thou camel Bhabûlî.
When I got up suddenly
Thy thigh went out of joint!"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jab Mîrâsi kahe Sâṅwaliâ, jî :
" Râjâ mere, suntâ kyûṅ hai bât, ji ?
Do châr phâlîâṅ lo mangâe, jî :
Gîṇṭhâ* barâ sâ lo sulgâe, jî."
Dharke gîṇṭhe to lagâe dîe, jî :
Us meṅ phâlîâṅ de ṭakâe, jî.
Jis wakt karhâ ne dekh lî pâ dîâ bahut karâṭ.
Sammî ne jaisâ sun pâyâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Chalî karhâ pe jâe, jî :
Chalke karhâ pe âutî Sammîji Kachhwâhî ;
Râjâ Ḍhol se karî hai jawâb, jî :
" Rukkâ raulâ kyûṅ pawâ dîâ, jî ?
Mujhe man ke bhed batâe, jî."
" Achhe-bhachhe ko chhoṛ gîâ thâ maiṅ Bhabûlî karhâ,
Chûle se ṭûṭ gaî ṭâng, jî !
Us ko maiṅ dûngâ dâgh, jî :

Then said Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel :
" My Râjâ, why listen to him ?
Send for two or three irons
And heat them in a large fire."
He made a fire
And put the irons into it.
When the camel saw this he made a great noise.
As soon as Sammî heard it, my God, my God,
She went to the camel ;
And Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, reached the camel,
And spake to Râjâ Ḍhol :
" Why hast thou raised all this disturbance ?
Tell me the secret of thy heart."
" I left Bhabûlî the camel sound and well,
And he has broken his leg at the thigh !
I am going to fire him :

---

* For *Angîṭhâ.*

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Maiṅ karhâ ko dûngâ dâgh, jî."
Sammî kahe, "Sun, Râjâ merâ Ḍholâ,
Merî araz suno man lâe, jî.
Tîn sau sâṭh karhâ mere bâp ke, jî:
Gadhe ko deîyo kumhâr kâ dâgh, jî:
Karhâ ṭek legâ ṭâng jî."
Sunke Râjâ ne gadhâ mangâ lîâ, jî:
Mîrâsî pakaṛke ger dîâ, ji:
Dâgh gadhe kî ṭâng, jî:
Karhâ ṭek de ṭâng, jî.
Chalke Râjâ mahiloṅ ko âutâ, jî.
Jab jâke Rânî samjhâutî, jî.
Rânî ne pahrâ dîâ lagâe, jî.
Din kâ pahrâ lagâ dîâ, jî:
Rât ko kamar se bândh le, jî.
Din meṅ Ḍhol samjhâutâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ko:
"Rât ko paṭkâ bândhke rahî so, jî:

I will fire the camel."
Said Sammî, "Hear, my Râjâ Ḍhol,
Hear my words with thy heart.
The 360 camels are my father's (present):
Fire a potter's ass,
And let the camel put his thigh on it."
Hearing this the Râjâ sent for a (potter's) ass;
And the Minstrel seized it and threw it,
And they fired the ass's thigh
And put the camel's thigh on it.*
The Râjâ went into the palace,
And the Queen conjured him.
She set a watch on him.
A watch she set in the day,
And she tied him to her waist at night.
Next day said Ḍhol to Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel:
"She ties me at night to her kerchief when she sleeps:

---

* And so cured it!

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Âdhî rât mujhe jagâ denâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî ke,
Tayyârî lenge kâr, jî."
Sahîh shâm paṛke so rahâ Mîrâsî kâ:
Bhulke ho jâe sawer, jî.
Baṛî fajar chalke âutâ Râjâ Ḍholâ pe.
"Sahîh shâm paṛke so rahâ, jî, maiṅ Mîrâsî kâ."
Agle roz jaisâ so rahâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ,
Sahîh shâm chalke âutâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ.
Jaisî Rânî paṛî sotî Nal ke beṭe kî,
Woh to paṭkâ rahî thî bândh, jî.
Pesh-kabz jaisâ kâḍhtâ Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ,
Paṭkâ dîâ thâ kâṭ, jî.
Rangale dutâre kî khûṇṭî kâḍhtâ, jî:
Rânî ke mûṅh se angustânâ nikâlke khûṇṭî dîe, jî, pâe.
Râjâ Ḍhol ko jagâeke Sâṅwaliâ Ḍâḍhî kâ,

(But) wake me at midnight, thou Minstrel Sâṅwaliâ,
And make ready to go."
In the early evening the Minstrel laid him down to sleep,
And when it was early morning,
In the early morn he went to Râjâ Ḍhol.
(And said), "I the Minstrel, slept the early evening."*
Next day as Ḍhol the son of Râjâ Nal was sleeping,
In the early evening went to him Sâṅwaliâ, the Minstrel.
As the Queen of the son of Nal was sleeping,
Her kerchief was bound to him.
Sâṅwaliâ the Minstrel drew his dagger
And cut the kerchief.
He took out the key† of his painted fiddle,
And taking the (Râjâ's) signet-ring from the Queen's mouth he put in the key.
Then Sâṅwaliâ the Minstrel awakened Râjâ Ḍhol,

---

* But he means apparently to say that he overslept himself.
† Screw for tightening the strings.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Woh to chale karhe ke pâs, jî.
Mohrî pakkî banâ dîâ karhâ Bhabûlî kâ:
Karhâ se banât banâ dîe, jî.
Karhâ par Ḍhol baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ.
Narwargaṛh se chal rahâ Râjâ Ḍholâ,
Pingalgaṛh ko jâe, jî.
Pahilâ pahrâ rain kâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Chal berîâṅ pe âve, jî.
Kachî kachî ko jharhtâ Râjâ kâ beṭâ:
Pakkoṅ ko leve khâe, jî.
Dharke karhâ ḍapṭâ dîâ Râjâ Ḍhole ne.

Adhî rât naukaṇḍh gaî Râjâ Ḍholâ ko;
Woh to Pingalgaṛh ko jâe, jî.
Sarwar tâlâṅ meṅ âwandâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ.
Sarwar tâlâṅ meṅ jâe, jî:
Âke pânî pilâ dîâ karhâ ko Sarwar tâlâṅ meṅ:
Pânî dîâ thâ pilâe, jî.

And he went to the camel.
He made a strong headstall for Bhabûlî the camel,
And he made him a cloth.
Ḍhol the son of Nal sat upon the camel,
And Râjâ Ḍhol started from Narwargaṛh,
And went to Pingalgaṛh.
In the first watch of the night, O my God, my God,
He came to the (Queen's) plum trees.
The unripe ones he threw aside,
And he ate the ripe ones.
And then Râjâ Ḍhol spurred on his camel.

At midnight at the dead of night Râjâ Ḍhol
Reached Pingalgaṛh.
He went to the lake, did the son of Râjâ Nal,
He went to the lake,
And watered his camel at the lake,
He watered his camel.

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Pahar bhar rain rah gae, sun, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Woh to Pingalgaṛh men âe, jî.
Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, Prabhû Prabhû merâ;
Woh to Pingalgaṛh ko âe, jî.
Chalke bâghoṅ meṅ jâ baṛe Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ.
Nanwâ Dhobî kapṛe dho rahâ Rânî Mârwan ke,
Bole Nanwâ, to kyâ kahe? "Karhâ ke aswârâ,
Karhâ ko rokke chalâo, jî.
Rânî Mârwan poshâk sûkhe, karhâ ke aswârâ."
Sunke Râjâ usî kartâ jawâb, jî:
Sone kâ ṭakâ de dîâ Nanwâ Dhobî ko:
"Mujhe dikhâ do poshâk, jî."
Pallâ uṭhâke dikhâ dîâ Nanwâ Dhobî kâ:
Woh to pallâ dîâ dikhâe, jî.
Bolâ Râjâ, "Sun, Nanwe Dhobî ke,

There was a watch of the night left, O my God, my God,
When he went into Pingalgaṛh.
In the early morn at the hour of dawn, O my God, my God,
He went into Pingalgaṛh.
Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went into the garden.
Nanwâ the Washerman was washing the clothes of the Princess Mârwan.
Said Nanwâ; what said he? "O camel-rider,
Stay thy camel and go,
That I may dry the Princess Mârwan's clothes, O camel-rider."
Hearing this spake the Râjâ,
Giving a piece of gold to Nanwâ the Washerman:—
"Show me her clothes."
Nanwâ the Washerman lifted up his sheet and showed the clothes.
He showed the clothes.
Said the Râjâ, "Hear, Nanwâ Washerman,

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mujhe Rânî de de dikhâe, jî."
Bole Nanwâ, to kyâ kahe? "Karhâ ke aswârâ,
Mujhe kyâ kuchh degâ inâm, jî?"
"Rânî Mârwan ko milâ de, Dhobî ke,
Mûnh mângâ le le inâm, jî."
"Apnâ karhâ tû de deîye, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Tujhe Rânî ko dûngâ milâe, jî."

Sat Jug sachâ pahrâ birt dâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Tan man kare jawâb, jî.
Barî fajar jaisî ho gaî, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ;
Wahân Sammî Kachhwâhî kî khul gaî ânkheń jî.
"Ik to bairî purwâ bâl thî, Prabhû mere:
Dûje bairî ho gaî nînd, jî:
Tîje bairî Ḍom kâ Sâńwaliâ, jî;
Mere khûṇṭî de gîâ mûnh ke bâr, jî."

Show me the Princess."
Said Nanwâ; what said he? "O camel-driver,
Give me some reward."
"Show me the Princess Mârwan, Washerman,
And take what reward thou wilt."
"Give me thy camel, O camel-rider,
And I will bring thee to the Princess."

It was the true time of the Golden Age, O my God, my God,
When body and soul could speak.
It was early morn, my God, my God,
When Sammî the Kachhwâhâ opened her eyes.
(Said she) "My first enemy was the eastern breeze, my God,
And my second enemy was sleep:
My third enemy was Sâńwaliâ the Minstrel,
That put the key into my mouth."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chalke woh âutî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî;
Woh to âve beriân ke pâs, jî.
"Yehân ko Râjâ Ḍhol gîâ, merî berio piyârî?
Mujhe dîjo batâe, jî."
"Pakke pakke khâ gîâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ:
Woh to kachoṅ ke lâ gîâ ḍher, jî!"
Sarwar tâlân meṅ âutî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî:
"Yehân ko Râjâ Ḍhol gîâ, bhâî sarwar tâlo?"
Bole sarwar tâl, kyâ kahe? "Sammîjî Kachhwâhî,
Woh to pahunch âe Pingal des."
"Karhâ ko mâr jâ bijlî, karhâ ke aswârâ!
Khâ jâe kâlâ nâg, jî!
Dil nahîṅ lagtâ merâ, khaṛî bâghoṅ men ḍolûṅ.
Ḍhol giâ pardes, âj kis se bolûṅ?"
Roti rotî chalî âutî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî:
Woh to âî mahil ke mâṅ jî.,

Sammî the Kachhwâhâ went
And reached her plum trees, (and said):
"Came Râjâ Ḍhol hither, my beloved plums?
Do ye tell me."
"The ripe ones ate the son of Nal
And threw down the unripe ones into a heap!"
Sammî the Kachhwâhâ went to the lake (and said):
"Came Râjâ Ḍhol hither, friendly lake?"
Said the lake: what said it? "O Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ,
He hath gone to Pingal land."
"Lightning strike the camel and the camel-rider!
May the black snake bite them!
Unhappy is my heart, I weep in the midst of the gardens.
Ḍhol hath gone abroad, to whom shall I tell it to-day?"
Weeping went Sammî the Kachhwâhâ,
Going into her palace.

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Wahâṅ pakaṛke karhe ko le chalâ Nanwâ Dhobî kâ,
Apne ghar ko âutâ, jî:
Lâke charkhe se bândh diâ Nanwâ Dhobî ne!
Dhoban kare jawâb, jî:
" Aisâ bhoṇḍâ jânwar âyâ, sâjan sâjan merâ,
Jis ko dekhke maiṅ ḍar jâûṅ, jî."
Itnî bât sunke ghusse ho gîâ Bhabûlî karhâ ko:
Woh to charkhâ leke chal paṛâ, jî.
Chalke bâghoṅ meṅ âutâ Râjâ Ḍhole pe;
Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî:
Puchhe, " Ḍhol, tujhe kyâ kahâ Bhabûlî karhâ?
Mujhe man ke bhed batâîye, jî.
Baṛî baṛî bâteṅ woh kahî Nanwe Dhobî kî.
Charkhâ leke chalâ âyâ maiṅ tere pâs, jî."
Zînposh utârke Bhabûlî karhâ kâ,
Râjà nîche leve bichhâe, jî.

Taking the camel behind him Nanwâ the Washerman
Went to his own house,
And fastened it to his spinning-wheel! did Nanwâ the Washerman.
Said his wife:
" Such a dreadful creature hath come, my love, my love,
The sight of which doth frighten me."
Hearing this Bhabûlî the camel became wroth,
And taking the spinning-wheel he went off.
He went into the garden to Râjâ Ḍhol
And said to the Râjâ:
What saith Bhabûlî the camel? " Ḍhol,
Tell me the secrets of thy heart.
Dreadful words said that Washerman Nanwâ,
And taking his spinning-wheel I am come to thee."
Taking off the saddle-cloth from Bhabûlî the camel,
The Râjâ spread it beneath him.

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Chalke pânî ko âutî Rewâ Mâlî ki,
Chalî kûeṅ pe jâe, jî.
"Kyâ tere dâman ghâlîâ ? kyâ gal gâle zanjîr ?
Dâkh lakheri chhoṛke khâve jaṇḍ karer ?"
"Dâkh lakheri teri nâ charûṅ, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî ;
Merâ roz kâ khâ jâ jaṇḍ karer."
"Kahâṅ se âyâ ? kahâṅ jâegâ, karhe ke aswârâ ?
Mujhe dîjîye sâch batâe jî."
"Narwargaṛh merâ âunâ, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî ;
Merâ Pingalgaṛh ko âunâ, jî.
Râjâ Ḍhol merâ nâm hai, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî."
"Yehâṅ se karhâ nikâl luṅ, karhâ ke aswârâ !
Merâ bâgh kîâ thâ pâemâl, jî !
Birwâ bûṭâ sârâ khâ liâ, ji !

Came Rewâ the gardener's daughter* for water,
Coming to the well. (Said she to the camel) :
"Is thy skirt caught ? Are there chains about thy neck ?
That leaving the ripe grapes, thou eatest the acacia ?"
"I eat not thy ripe grapes, hear Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter,
Daily I eat of the acacia."
(Said she), "Whence comest thou ? Whither goest, thou camel-rider ?
Tell me the truth."
"I come from Narwargaṛh, hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter,
And I go to Pingalgaṛh.
My name is Râjâ Ḍhol, hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter."
"I will send thy camel hence, thou camel-rider !
He hath ruined my garden !
He hath eaten all the shrubs and trees !

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* The chief of Mârwan's maids : see above line 323.

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Bâgh kiâ barbâd, ji !"
Bole Ḍhol, to kyà kahe ? "Rewâ Mâlî ki,
Merî sun lo tû bât, ji :
Terî Mâlî kî zât hai, sun Rewâ Mâlî kî :
Mandî bol na bol, jî ;
Maiñ Râjâ Ḍhol hûñ ; sun, Rewâ Mâlî ki,
Terî mâr utâr dûñ khâl, jî."
Sunke Rewâ kare jawâb, jî :
"Hâth joṛ karûñ bintî, karhâ ke aswârâ ;
Terî naubar lâgûñ pair, jî.
Ham Râjâ ke rakhwâlîe ; sun, Râjâ Ḍholâ,
Hamâre kahne kâ burâ na mân, jî."
Pûchhe Ḍhol, "Sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Tû mujhe apne bhed aur mahil batâîye, jî."
Apne mahil batâutî woh Rewâ Mâlî kî :

He hath destroyed my garden !"
Said Ḍhol ; what said he ? "Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter,
Hear my words :
Thou art a gardener,* thou gardener's daughter, Rewâ,
Speak not harsh words.
I am Râjâ Ḍhol ; hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter,
I will beat thee till thy skin is torn."
Hearing this said Rewâ :
"With joined hands I beseech thee, camel-rider ;
I lay my head at thy feet.
I am the Râjâ's guard (over the garden) ; hear, Râjâ Ḍhol,
And take not my words ill."
Said Ḍhol, "Hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's daughter ;
Tell me the secrets of thy palace."
Rewâ the gardener's daughter showed all the secrets,

---

* *i.e.*, low-caste compared to a Râjpût like Ḍhol.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dîe makân kî nishânî batlâe, jî.
"Sîdhî galî pe âîyo, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Wahâṅ haigâ nîm kâ peṛ, jî."

Sânjh paṛî, din ḍhul gîâ, jî;
Dhan kâ lagâ bhîr, jî.
Chalke nagar ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ.
Wahâṅ galî meṅ kûṇṭeṅ dhân, jî,
Dhân kûṇṭî tag neve, "Mûsal kî nihâroṅ.
Mujhe Rewâ kî galî do batâe, jî."
"Dhân kûṇṭî hamârâ tag neve, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Ham haiṅ mûsal kî nihâr, jî.
Nîb kâ peṛ us kâ mahil hai, karhâ ke aswârâ:
Tû jâke lenâ dekh, jî.
Rahe to rîdhoṅ khichṛî, jâe to ras bhar khîr."

And the way to recognise the house: (saying),
"Go straight down the lane, camel-rider,
There is a *nîm* tree there."

It was evening and the day declined,
And the crowd of cattle began.
The son of Râjâ Nal went into the city.
In the lane he found (women) husking rice.
They were husking the rice and bending their heads.
"O slaves, huskers of the pestle,"
(Said he to them), "show me Rewâ's lane."
"Husking the rice we bend our heads, O camel-rider:
We are slaves of the pestle.
Her house is by the *nîm* tree, O camel-rider.
Go and see.
(But) stay and we will give thee rice and pulse, go and she will give thee rice and milk to thy desire."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Bhîrî galî, khoṛ ghar, nahîṅ milan kâ jog."
"Nainâ meṅ ras bâṇdh lo, jhak mârenge log."
Chaṛh karhâ ko âutâ Râjâ Nal kâ beṭâ.
Karhâ ko biṭhâundâ Râjâ Nal kâ Ḍholâ;
Karhâ se nîche âve, jî.
Nîb ke peṛe se bândhtâ Bhabûlî karhâ ko:
Woh to deve nîb se bândh, jî.
Safâ dalân andar koṭhṛî, jî:
Rewâ ne palang dîâ thâ bichhâe, jî.
"Jam jam, Ḍhol, tum â jâo, Nal Râjâ ke beṭâ:
Tum jâo palang par baiṭh, jî."
Rewâ kâ Mâlî wahâṅ âwandâ,
Woh kar rahî garam pânî, jî.
Chandan chaukî bichhâ dîe us Rewâ Malî ne.
Dahî phulel lîâ mangâe, jî.

"Narrow is your street, dirty your houses, I have no wish to know you."
"Then go and feast thy eyes (on her) and let the people jeer!"
Riding his camel the son of Râjâ Nal went on.
Making his camel sit, Ḍhol the son of Râjâ Nal
Came from off it.
He fastened Bhabûlî the camel to the *nîm* tree,
Fastened it to the *nîm* tree.
Clean was her house and yard
And Rewâ placed him a couch.
"Come, Ḍhol, son of Râjâ Nal, for thou art welcome, welcome.
Come and sit upon this couch."
The gardener, Rewâ's husband, came up,
And she* made him some warm water.
Rewâ, the gardener's daughter, placed him a sandal-wood stool,
And sent for curds and cosmetics,

---

* Promptly putting Ḍhol into a hiding place.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bândhke dhâr ûpar gertî thî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
"Kit kaṛwâ? Kit bakerû, jî?
Kit sarwar? Kit nîr, jî?
Tû nain kahâñ rahî lagâe jî?"
"It kaṛwâ; it bakerû;
It sarwar; it nîr, jî.
Baisar uljî hâr meñ nainoñ rahî suljâe, jî."
Nhâyâ dhoyâ chal âutâ woh Mâlî kâ laṛkâ, jî:
Lîe rasoî jim, jî:
Chal bâghoñ meñ âutâ Mâlî kâ laṛkâ:
Chalke Ḍhol pe âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî;
Sârî rât chaupuṛ khelti laṛkî Mâlî kî.

Ho gaî bhulke sawer, jî.
Bolî Rewâ; "Sun, Râjâ, meri bât, jî,

And she poured a stream of water over him, did Rewâ the gardener's daughter.
(Said he*), "Where is thy ewer? and where thy pitcher?
Where is the lake? Where is thy water?
Whither are thine eyes straying?"
"Here is my ewer: here my pitcher:
Here is the laṛke: here the water.
My nose-ring was entangled in my necklace and my eyes turned to it."
So the gardener bathed and washed and came,
And had his food.
Then the gardener went into his garden,
And Rewâ the gardener's daughter went to Ḍhol
And played at *chaupuṛ* with him all night.

It was early morning,
And said Rewâ; "Râjâ, hear my words,

---

* Catching her eyes straying towards Ḍhol.

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Rânî Mârwan ko lâungî, tum chalo Nau-lakkhe Bâgh."
Sunke karhâ par charh gîâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ:
Woh chalâ bâgh ko jâe, jî.
Chal mahiloṅ ko âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî:
Chal mahil ko jâe, jî:
Mârwan se karé jawâb, jî:
" Narwargaṛh se â gîâ Râjâ Nal kâ Ḍholâ:
Woh to âyâ Nau-lakkhe Bâgh, jî.
Apnî bândî ko bhej de sahelî ke pâs, jî."
Us ne lî sahelî bulâe,
Tîn sau sâth sahelîâṅ Mârwan kî
Chale mahiloṅ ko âveṅ, jî.
Bolî Mârwan, " Suno mere sang kî, jî, sahelî,
Merî suntî kyûṅ nahîṅ bât, jî?
Tum karo ik rûp, ik singâr:
Tum karo bâgh meṅ sairî sâth, jî."

I will bring the Princess Mârwan, go thou to the Nine-*lâkh* Garden.*"
Hearing this the son of Râjâ Nal mounted his camel
And went into the garden.
Rewâ the gardener's daughter went into the palace.
She went into the palace,
And spake to Mârwan!
" Dhol, the son of Nal, hath come from Narwargaṛh,
And into the Nine-*lâkh* Garden.
Send thy handmaid for thy maidens."
She called her maidens.
The 360 maidens of Mârwan
Came into the palace.
Said Mârwan, " Hear, my maidens;
Why hear ye not my words?
Put ye on the same form and the same jewels,
And go ye and wander in the gardens."

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* See Vol. I., p. 488.

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Chal bâghoṅ meṅ ântî Rânî Mârwan :
Woh chalî bâgh meṅ jâe, jî.
Bolî Rewâ, "Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Tû suntâ kyûṅ nahîṅ bat, jî ?
Kin desâṅ se terâ âunâ, karhâ ke aswârâ ?
Mujhe man ke bhed batâîye, jî."
"Narwargaṛh se maiṅ â gîâ, sun, hâr-hamelî-wâlî :
Nal Râjâ kâ maiṅ Ḍhol hûṅ, âyâ Mârwan ke pâs, jî.
Kis Râjâ ke bâgh haiṅ, hâr-hamelî-wâlî ?"
Bolî, "Pingal Râjâ kâ shahr hai, Rânî Mârwan kâ bâgh, jî.
Yehâṅ karhâ nikâl le, karhâ ke aswârâ :
Hamârâ bâgh kîâ barbâd, jî.
Tere barge Ḍhol bahot se âe, jî ;
Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ, jî !"
"Mere bargâ Ḍhol koî nahîṅ âyâ, sun, Mâlî kî larkî :

Princess Mârwan went into the garden ;
Went into the garden.
Said Rewâ, "Hear, O camel-rider,
Why hearest thou not my words ?
Whence comest thou, O camel-rider ?
Tell me the secrets of thy heart."
"I am come from Narwargaṛh, hear, thou wearer of necklaces :
I am Ḍhol the son of Nal come for the Princess Mârwan.
What king's garden is this, thou wearer of necklaces ?"
Said she, "This is Râjâ Pingal's city and Princess Mârwan's garden.
Take thy camel hence, thou camel-rider :
He hath destroyed my garden.
Lots of Ḍhols like thee have come,
Hear, thou camel-rider !"
"No Ḍhol like me hath come, hear, thou gardener's daughter ;

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Main Nalkoṭâṅ kâ Râjâ hûṅ, jî."
Bole Ḍhol, to kyâ kahe ? "Sang kî rî sahelî,
Terî mâr urâ dûṅ khâl, jî !
Âṭh kûṅeṅ, nau bâolî, solâh sau panihâr !
Beṭâ pûchhe Râo kâ, kin chhelâṅ kî nâr ?"
"Âṭh kûṅeṅ, nau baolî, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Ham hai solâh sau panihâr, jî.
Un chhelâṅ kî gorîyâṅ, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Tere barge un ke charvedâr, jî !"
"Kâhe kâ terâ ghaṛâ, jî ?
Kâhe kâ terâ ḍol, jî ?
Kâhe kâ lejû îṇḍvî, pânî ke bharnewâlî ?
Kyâ, Rânî, terâ mol, jî ?"
"Sone kâ merâ ghaṛâ, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ :
Rûpe kâ merâ ḍol, jî.

I am the Râjâ of Nalkoṭ"*
Said Ḍhol ; what said he ? "O company of maidens,
I will beat you till your skins crack !
Eight wells, nine cisterns and 1,600 water-bearers !†
The son of Râjâ (Nal) asks, whose wives are ye ?"
"Eight wells, nine cisterns there are, hear camel-rider,
And we are 1,600 water-bearers,
We are the loves of those, camel-rider,
Who have servants like thee."
"Of what are your pitchers ?
Of what your buckets ?
Of what your ropes and pads,‡ ye bearers of water ?
What is thy value, Lady ?"
"Golden is my pitcher, hear, camel-rider :
Silver is my bucket.

---

* *i.e.*, Narwargarh.
† The badinage that follows is quite *de rigueur* between the bridegroom and the bride's companions.
‡ See Vol. I., p. 542.

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Ratan jatan kî îṇḍvî, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ :
Resham kî ḍor, jî :
Lâkh ṭake mahârâ mol, jî !"
" Miṭhî kâ tumhârâ garhâ, sun, pânî bharnewâlî :
Saṛî chamṛî kâ tumhârâ ḍol, jî :
Ghâs phûs kî îṇḍvî, pânî kî bharnewâlî.
Thârâ kânî kauṛî mol, jî !"
Sunke bât Rewâ Mâlî kî kare jawâb :
" Bâwêṅ paiṛ terâ pâenchâ bhîjtâ, karhâ ke aswârâ :
Apnâ pâejâ* lenâ sambhâl, jî."
Apnâ pâejâ Râjâ ne lîâ uṭhâe :
Sab ko gîâ padam to dekh, jî,
Bolî Rewâ kyâ ? " Suno, Râjâ, merî bât :
Saheliôṅ meṅ se Mârwan le pahchân, jî."
Bole Ḍhol, " Tum suno, pânî kî bharnewâlî ;
Tum sun lo merî bât, jî.

Jewelled my pad, hear, camel-rider :
Silken is my rope :
A hundred thousand pieces my value !"
" Earthen is thy pitcher, hear, water-carrier :
Rotten leather thy bucket.
Grass thy pad, water-carrier :
A *kauṛî* thy value !"
Hearing this said Rewâ the gardener's daughter :
"Thy left leg is wet, camel-rider,
Look to thy drawers."
The Râjâ pulled up his drawers
And they all saw the lotus (mark†).
What said Rewâ ? " Hear, my words, Râjâ.
Choose out Mârwan from among her companions."
Said Ḍhol ! " Hear, thou water-bearer,
Hear my words.

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* For *pâe-jâma.*
† Evidently one of the " signs" of this hero.

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Karhâ chaṛhke maiṅ baiṭhûṅ, sun, pânî bharnewâlî,
Mere sâmhne ko sab lakh jâo, jî.
Maiṅ lûngâ, Mârwan ko lûngâ, pahchân, jî."
Chaṛhke karhâ, pâr kaṛhâ ho gîâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ.
Tîn sau sâth saheliâṅ Mârwan kî,
Woh lakheṅ karhâ ke pâr, jî.
Jab âî Rânî Mârwan, âî karhâ ke pâs,
Karhâ ne ger dîe jhâg, jî.
Bole Râjâ Ḍhol, "Tîn sau sâth saheli, jî,
Tum suno merî bât, jî.
Aglî se pichhlî Mârwan nâr, jî!"
Boleṅ saheliâṅ, "Sun, Râjâjî, bât:
Kîtne kâ terâ karhâ hai, jî?
Kitnî kî terî jân, jî?"
Bole Ḍhol, "Tum kyâ kaho, solâh sau panihârî?
Maiṅ araz karûṅ, suno man lâe, jî.
Nau lâkh kâ yeh karhâ, suno, tum sârî saheli,

I will mount my camel, hear water-bearer,
And do you all pass before me,
And I will choose, I will choose out Mârwan."
So the son of Râjâ Nal mounted his camel and stood,
While the 360 maids of Mârwan
Went past the camel.
When Princess Mârwan came, came to the camel,
It bowed down.
Said Râjâ Ḍhol, "Ye 360 maidens,
Hear ye my words,
The maid before the last is Mârwan!"
Said the maids, "Hear our words, Sir Râjâ,
What is thy camel worth?
What thy life?"
Said Ḍhol, "What are you saying, ye 1,600 water-bearers?
I answer you, listen carefully:
Nine *lâkhs* for my camel, hear, all ye maids,

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Aṭhârâh lâkh kî jân, jî !"
Bolî saheliân, " Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Hamârî suntâ kyûn nahîn bât, jî ?"
" Do kauṛî kâ terâ karhâ, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Terî tîn kauṛî kî jân, jî !"
" Terî Mâlî kî zât hai, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Tû to kaṛe kare jawâb, jî !"
Bole Rewâ, " Râjâ, tû kyâ kahe ' Mâlî' Mâlî kî ?
Mere se kaise kaṛe jawâb, jî ?
Karhâ ko leke jâîyo Pingal kî Kachahrî, jî:
Mârke tîr kaṭorî ko utâr lo, jî :
Kachahrî ko âîyo jît, jî.
Us Kachahrî ko jîtke Kâlî Bâghon men jâe ;
Wahân jâîyo nâg ko mâr, jî.
Khaskhas ke bangalâ men jâîyo baiṭh, jî."

Eighteen *lákhs* for my life !"
Said the maids, " Hear camel-rider,
Why hearest thou not our words ?
Two *kaurîs* for thy camel, hear camel-rider,
Three *kaurîs* for thy life !"
" Thou art but a gardener, hear, Rewâ, thou Gardener's daughter,
And thou givest sharp answers !"
Said Rewâ, " Râjâ, why sayest ' Gardener' to the Gardener's daughter ?
How is my answer sharp ?
Go take thy camel to Pingal's Court
And shoot down the three cups with they arrow,*
And go and win before the Court.
Winning before the Court go into the Black Garden,
And slay the serpent there,
And go and stay in the thatched house."

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* A favorite ordeal on these occasions.

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Charhke karhâ ko chal paṛâ Nal Râjâ kâ kaṅwar, jî :
Chalâ Kachahrî ko jâe, jî.
Tarkash kanî nikâlke, jî pare ṭakâe, jî :
Joṛke kanî kaṭorî ke dîtâ mâr, jî.
Girke kaṭorî nîche âve Kachahrî ke mâṅ, jî.
Nâ koî doâ salâm kare Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ :
Kaṛhâ Kachahrî ke þâr, jî.
Bole Pingal, "Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ, jî,
Cheṛhke karhâ ko jâîye Kâlî Bâghoṅ meṅ.
Tere barge Ḍhol bahot âve, karhâ ke aswârâ.
Dhaske karhâ cheṛhtâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ,
Woh to Kâlî Baghoṅ meṅ jâe, jî.
Kâlî Bâghoṅ meṅ âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ,
Âve darwâzâ ke mâṅ, jî.
Wahâṅ ḍerâ lagâ dîâ Nal Râjâ ke bete ne.
Âdhî rât naukaṇdh gaî, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Nikalâ wahâṅ se sâmp, jî.

Mounting his camel the son of Râjâ Nal
Went in the Court.
Taking an arrow out of his quiver, he took aim,
Letting fly the arrow he hit the cups.
Down fell the cups into the midst of the Court.
The son of Râjâ Nal would salute no one,
Standing at the door of the Court.
Said Pingal, "Hear, thou camel-rider,
Spur on thy camel into the Black Garden.
Many Ḍhols like thee have come, thou camel-rider.
Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, spurred on his camel,
And went into the Black Garden.
The son of Râjâ Nal went into the Black Garden,
And entered the gate.
The son of Râjâ Nal took up his abode there.
At midnight at the dead of night, O my God, my God,
Out came the serpent.

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Râjâ Ḍhol ke ânkh khul gae, jî.
Khaṇḍâ sûtke pânch châr tukṛe banâ dîe, jî:
Ḍhâl ke nîchhe dabâutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ.
Barî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, sun, Gobind, Gobind merâ,
Ḍhol chalâ khaskhas ke bangalâ ko jâe, jî.
Khaskhas bangalâ ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ:
Woh to chalâ bâghoṅ meṅ jâe.
Paṛke rahâ, jî, soe, jî.
Shâm paṛî, din ḍhul gîâ, Prabhû, Prabhû merâ;
Chal kûṅeṅ pe âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ.
Nhâve dhoe tilak lagâve, Karte ko shîsh niwâve, jî,
Baiṭhâ palothî mâr, jî.
Pahar bhar rain bît gaî Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ko:
Pinjṛâ kî kul khol dî sherbân ne, jî.
Sher khaskhas ke bangalâ ko âve, jî.
Paidâ Kartâ manâ lîâ Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ne.

Râjâ Ḍhol opened his eyes,
Taking out his sword he cut it into four or five pieces.
And Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, hid it under his shield.
In the early morn at the hour of dawn, hear, my God, my God,
Ḍhol went into the thatched house.
Coming out of the thatched house Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Went into the Garden.
He lay down and slept.
It was evening and the day declined, O my God, my God,
And Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went to the well,
Washed and bathed, put on his (sectarial) marks and bowed his head to the Creator,
And sat him at his ease.
A watch of the night passed over the son of Râjâ Nal,
When the keepers opened the locks of the (tiger's) cage.
The tiger went to the thatched house.
He worshipped his Creator, did the son of Râjâ Nal;

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Pahilâ hâth lagâutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ,
Sher ke ṭukre kar dîe do, jî.
Paṛke woh so rahâ, jî, Nal Râjâ ka betâ, jî.
Pahar bhar rain rah gaî, Prabhû mere Ṭhâkur;
Chale shernî jâe, jî.
Baiṭhî mahiloṅ meṅ dekhtî Rânî Mârwan.
Bolî sahelî, "Rânijî Mârwan, jî,
Râjâ Ḍhol ko yeh mâr de shernî khud âke:
Woh to sote ko deve mâr, jî.
Is shernî ko de mâr, jî, Râni Mârwan."
Ger kamand nîche utar gaî Rânî Mârwan:
Woh to âve bâghoṅ ke mâṅ, jî.
Sûtke khaṇḍâ le lîâ Rânî Mârwan:
Us ne hâth meṅ le lî ḍhâl.
Paidâ Kartâ manâ lîâ Rânîjî Mârwan;
Sûtke khaṇḍâ jaisî mârtî Rânî Mârwan,
Shernî kar dîe ṭukre do, jî.

And Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, at his first blow
Cut the tiger in two.
Then the son of Râjâ Nal laid him down to sleep.
A watch of the night passed, O my God, my God,
When the tigress came.
Sitting in her palace Princess Mârwan saw her.
Said a maid, "O Princess Mârwan,
This tigress will herself slay Râjâ Ḍhol;
As he is sleeping she will slay him.
Do thou slay this tigress, Princess Mârwan."
Throwing down a (scaling) ladder Princess Mârwan went down,
And went into the Garden.
Princess Mârwan drew her sword,
And took a shield in her hand.
Princess Mârwan called on her Creator,
And as Princess Mârwan struck with her sword
The tigress fell in two pieces.

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Pakaṛ kamand chaṛh gaî Rânî Mârwan;
Chalî mahil ko jâe jî.

Baṛî fajar, pahrâ nûr kâ, jî.
Bolî saheli, "Sun, Rânî Mârwan,
Is Ḍhole ko jagâe mahil meṅ lâûṅ, jî."
Chalî sahelîâṅ bâgh meṅ;
Boleṅ ṣahelîâṅ, "Nal Râjâ ke Ḍholâ,
Tû suntâ kyûṅ nahîṅ bât, jî?
Bahot soyâ, uṭh jâg, jî:
Karhâ apnâ tayyâr karo, Nal Râjâ ke Ḍholâ.
Râjâ, chalo Kachahrî ke mâṅ, jî,
Pingal Râjâ pe jâîyo, karo us se do bât, jî."
Apnâ karhâ singârtâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ:
Jotish-rûp* manâeke hûâ karhâ pe aswâr, jî.
Chaṛh karhâ ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ kaṅwar, jî,

Seizing the (scaling) ladder Princess Mârwan went up it,
And entered the palace.

It was early morn at the hour of dawn.
Said a maiden, "Hear, Princess Mârwan,
I will awaken Ḍhol and bring him to the palace."
The maidens went into the Garden
And said the maidens, "Ḍhol, son of Râjâ Nal,
Why hearest not our words?
Thou hast slept much, now wake up,
And make ready thy camel, Ḍhol, son of Râjâ Nal.
Go, Râjâ, into the Court,
Go to Râjâ Pingal and speak to him."
Getting ready his camel, Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Called on God and mounted his camel.
Mounting his camel went the son of Râjâ Nal

---

* *i.e.*, Śiva.

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Usî Kachahrî ke mâṅ, jî.
Jai jawâhir kare Râjâ Ḍholâ,
Bole Pingal, " Sun, Mahârâjâ Ḍholâ,
Kis desâṅ se âunâ ? Kya hai terâ nâm ?"
" Narwargaṛh se â gîâ ; Râjâ Ḍholâ merâ nâm.
Sangaldîp ko â gîâ, sun, Râjâ Pingal,
Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî.
Sârî chaukîâṅ sarkârî, sun, Râjâ Pingal,
Chaukîâṅ ko âyâ mâr, jî.
Terâ hukm sab birt rahâ, Râjâ Pingal,
Mujhe kyâ kuchh degâ jawâb, jî."
" Apnâ pâṅṅ kâ kapṛâ uṭhâ le, Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ;
Maiṅ lûṅ nishânî dekh, jî."
Apnâ kapṛâ uṭhâ lîâ, Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ne :
Pair padam us kâ dekhtâ Râjâ Pingal,
Mâthe meṅ chandar mân, jî.
Bole Pingal, " Râjâ Ḍholâ, jâo mahil ke bîch, jî."

Into the Court
When Râjâ Ḍhol made his salute
Said Pingal, " Hear, Râjâ Ḍhol
Whence comest thou ? What is thy name ?"
" I am come from Narwargaṛh ; Râjâ Ḍhol is my name.
I am come to Sangaldîp, hear, Râjâ Pingal,
I am desirous of meeting the Princess.
All thy guards, hear, Râjâ Pingal,
I have defeated and am come.
I have obeyed thy commands,* Râjâ Pingal,
Make me an answer."
" Draw up the clothes of thy leg, thou son of Râjâ Nal,
I will then see the signs."
He drew up his clothes, did the son of Râjâ Nal,
And Râjâ Pingal saw the lotus on his feet
And the moon on his forehead.
Said Pingal, " Râjâ Ḍhol go into the palace."

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* To come here.

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Chalke mahiloṅ ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ;
Kaṛhâ ko dîâ bâghoṅ meṅ chhoṛ, jî!
Nhâve dhoe, tilak lagâutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ;
Karte ko shîsh niwâ, jî.
Pânchoṅ lâve bastar Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ;
Pânchoṅ lâve hathiyâr, jî.
Khilwat-khânâ men jâ baṛâ Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ;
Woh to khilwat-khânâ meṅ jâe, jî.

Baṛî jo thî saheli Hîrâ Mâlî kî,
Us kâ thâ Rewâ nâm, jî!
Battîs abran sârtî Rewâ Mâlî kî:
Râjâ Ḍhol pe Mârwan banke jâe, jî.
Sej par jaisâ baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ,

The son of Râjâ Nal went into the palace,
And left his camel standing in the garden.
He bathed and washed and put on his (sectarial) mark, did Ḍhol the son of Râjâ Nal,
And bowed his head to the Creator.
Putting on the five garments,* Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Put on the five arms.†
And Ḍhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went into the private apartments;
He went into the private apartments.

The chief (of Mârwan's) maidens was the daughter of Hîrâ, the Gardener,
Her name was Rewâ.
Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, put on the 32 ornaments
And went to Râjâ Ḍhol as Mârwan.
The son of Râjâ Nal sat on the couch

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* *i.e.*, full-dress. † *i.e.*, fully armed.

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Patel-soz jaisî bâltî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
Chalî Râjâ ke pâs, jî,
Sewâ meṅ ânkar phirî âs pâs, jî.
Pâeṅ ko khaṛî hove Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Râjâ sirhâne ko phire mûṅh, jî.
Hâth joṛ kare bintî Râjâ se:
"Maiṅ kar rahî terî âs, jî."
"Maiṅ Râjâ kâ beṭâ; sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Mujhe râjâoṅ-wâlî karnî rît, jî!"
Itnî bât Ḍhol ne kahe, sun Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Apne man meṅ hûî udâs, jî.
Chalke Mârwan pe âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî,
Rânî se kare jawâb, jî:
"Bârâh Khâṅ ke yeh Ḍhol hai, jî:
Kîsî kî nahîṅ suntâ bât, jî!"
"Battîs abran sârke, larkî Sunâr kî,

And Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, lit the torch.
She went to the Râjâ
And wandered about him, doing him service.
Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, stood at the foot of the couch
And the Râjâ turned his face towards the head.
With joined hands she besought the Râjâ:
"I remain in hopes of thee."
"I am a King's son; hear, Rewâ, thou Gardener's daughter,
I can but love the daughters of kings!"
Hearing these words of Ḍhol, Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter,
Was abashed in her heart.
Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, went to Mârwan,
And spake to the Princess:
"Ḍhol is lord of twelve lords,
And listeneth to none!"
(Said Mârwan), "Thou Goldsmith's daughter, put on the 32 jewels,

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Tum jâo Ḍhol ke pâs, jî."
Battîs abran sârke Sunâr kî laṛkî,
Âve Ḍhol ke pâs, jî.
Chal sejâṅ pe âve Sunâr kî laṛkî;
Dekh sûrat ko boltâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ:
"Bhalâ châhe, tû jâo, tum Rânî kî sahelî,
Tum jâo mahil se bâhir, jî."
Mâre sharam âutî larkî Sunâr kî,
Woh to âve Rânî ke bâr, jî.
"Beṭâ hai Râjpût kâ; sun, Rânî Mârwan,
Woh to kisî kî nahîṅ mânî bât, jî."
Pahilâ pahrâ nûr kâ, sun, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
Woh Târwan kare jawâb, jî:
Battîs abran sârke Rânî Târwan,
Âve Ḍhôl ke pâs, jî:
Bolî Rânî Târwan, "Nal Râjâ ke beṭe,
Tû suntâ kyûṅ nahîṅ bât, jî?

And go thou to Ḍhol."
The Goldsmith's daughter put on the 32 jewels
And went to Ḍhol.
The Goldsmith's daughter went up to his couch,
Seeing what she was spake the son of Râjâ Nal:
"If thou seek thy good, go, thou maid of the Princess,
Go thou without my palace."
The Goldsmith's daughter went away abashed,
And went to the Princess's door, (and said),
"This is a Rajpût's son; hear, Princess Mârwan,
He listeneth to none."
At the first hour of dawn, hear, my God, my God,
Spake Târwan:
She put on the 32 jewels, did the Princess Târwan,
And went to Dhol:
Spake the Princess Târwan, "O son of Râjâ Nal,
Why hearest not my words?

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Tîn dafâ maiṅ â chukî, Nal Râjâ ke beṭe,
Âî tere pâs, jî."
"Sangaldîp kî padmanî tum sab sahelî.
Tumharî sab kî ik hî nihâr, jî.
Jo chiṭṭhî mujh ko likhkar bhejî thî, jî,
Us kâ hâl sunâ de, jab maiṅ jânûṅ Mârwan."
Bolî Târwan, "Sun, Râjâ Ḍholâ,"—
Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî,—
"Ham Rajpûtâṅ kí beṭîâṅ, jî.
Ham nahîṅ kartî parḍâ fâsh, jî.
Moṭâ chalan tere des kâ, jî:
Moṭî dekhî châl, jî:
Aur Rajpûtân kî betîâṅ, jî,
Kyûṅ aveṅ tere pâs, jî,"
"Koî dohrâ apnâ likhâ sunâ dêiye, jî,
Jab maiṅ jânûṅ Mârwan, jî!
Jab mere dil ko âve karâr, jî!"

Three times have I come, thou son of Râjâ Nal,
Have I come to thee." (Said he),
"Ye are all the maidens of the beauty of Sangaldîp.
Ye all bear the same form;
The letter that was sent to me,
Who can tell it me, will I know to be Mârwan."
Said Târwan, "Hear, Râjâ Ḍhol,"—
Spake she to the Râjâ,—
"We are Râjpût's daughters,
We observe the rule of seclusion.
Unmannerly are the ways of thy land,
Unmannerly is thy gait.
And other Râjpût's daughters:—
Would they come to thee?"
"Sing me some verses of thine own,
And I will know thee for Mârwan!
And my heart will be satisfied!"

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Ho dilgîr chal paṛî Rânî Târwan, jî.
Bolî Târwan, "Suno, sab saheliо, jî;
Nâ chûke talwâr se Râjâ kâ beṭâ;
Nà chûke tîr se, jî:
Woh to degâ ik hî rastâ kâḍh, jî.
Battîs abran sâr le, Bahin Mârwan;
Solâh solâh le singâr, jî."
Patel-soz balke Rânî Mârwan
Âve Râjâ Ḍhol ke pâs, jî.
Rânî Mârwan jûṅ dekhâ jûṅ koṛâ kûṅeṅ ke bâr:
Angan sûkhe bâjrâ, bhû meṅ sûkhe jawâr:
Rânî sûkhe pîû kî, bare mard ḳî nâr.
Basar rahî, basâr dîe, basâr, basâr!
Rânî sej chaṛhî dekhî, jî,
Jûṅ kûṅeṅ pe ḍekhê panihâr!
"Mujhe ṭakmâ ṭere nâm kâ, rakhîye nâm kî ṭek!

Princess Târwan went away abashed.
Spake Târwan, "Hear, O ye maids:
"This king's son failed not with the sword,
Nor failed with the arrow.
He will treat us all alike.*
So put on the 32 jewels, Sister Mârwan;
Put on the 16 ornaments."
Lighting the torch, the Princess Mârwan
Went up to Râjâ Ḍhol.
Princess Mârwan gazed at him, like a thirsty woman at a well.
The millet dried in the yard, the millet dried in the field;
The Princess pined for her love, the great warrior's wife.
Forgotten was she, forgotten, forgotten, forgotten!
The Princess sat on the couch, and looked
As a water-bearer looks at a well!
(Said she), "My hope is in thy name, my trust is in thy name!

---

* *i.e.*, punish us.

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Tîn sau sâṭh Ḍhol banke â gae, jî :
Dîe bâgh se nikâl, jî."
Pakaṛ kalîjâ baiṭh gaî Râjâ ke pâs :
Woh to gaî sejâṅ pe baiṭh, jî ;
Dîe chaupuṛ bichhâe, jî.

Khilwat-khânâ meṅ baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ ;
Woh khilwat-khânâ meṅ jâeṅ, jî.
Bole Ḍhol, " Sun, Rânî, merî bât,
Narwargaṛh ko chal paṛo, suno hamârî bât."
Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ mâtâ se aur saheliôṅ se kare jawâb :
Bolî mâtâ, " Dân jahez le lo, jâîyo Ḍhol ke sâth."
Râjâ Ḍhol karhâ pe hûe sawâr :
Chalke âe Narwargaṛh ke màṅ,
Tore nukâre bajeṅ Narwargaṛh ke mâṅ,
Wahâṅ ho rahe mangalchâr !

Sham Ḍhols 360 have come
And I turned them out of my garden."
Taking him by the waist the Princess sat beside him :
Sat beside him on his couch,
And they laid the *chaupuṛ*-board.

Dwelling in the private apartments, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Went into the private apartments.
Said Ḍhol (to Mârwan), " My Queen, hear my words,
Let us go to Narwargaṛh, hear my words."
In the early morn at the hour of dawn she spake to her mother and her maids.
Answered her mother, " Take thy dowry and go with Ḍhol."
Râjâ Ḍhol mounted his camel
And went to Narwargaṛh.
The drums sounded in Narwargaṛh
And there were rejoicings !

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No. XXXII.

RÂJÂ RATTAN SAIN OF CHITTAUṚ,

AS TOLD BY A BARD FROM THE KAPURTHALÂ STATE.

[This story is a very garbled version of the well known Râjpût legend of the sack of Chittauṛ by 'Alâu'ddîn Khiljî in 1303 A.D. The accepted version is given at length by Tod, *Rajasthân*, Vol. I., pp 202 ff, in his usual magniloquent fashion.]

[The story shortly is this. During the reign of Rânâ Lâkam Sain, Chittauṛ was attacked by 'Alâu'ddîn under the following circumstances:—Bhîm Sain, the uncle of the Rânâ, had married Padmanî, the daughter of Hamîr Singh Sisodiâ, of whose beauty 'Alâu'ddîn had heard, and whom he determined to possess. He accordingly entrapped Bhîm Sain into his camp and made his release conditional on the surrender of Padmanî. It was then agreed that Padmanî should be sent accompanied by her maidens, but they were to go in their *ḍolâs* or covered palanquins. Seven hundred *ḍolâs* were sent, but they contained armed men, and the bearers also were armed men. Bhîm Sain was given half an hour to bid farewell to Padmanî, of which he took advantage to escape to Chittauṛ, while a fierce fight took place between the Râjpûts under Gaurâ and Bâdal, Padmanî's relatives, and the troops of 'Alâu'ddîn, after which 'Alâu'ddîn had to raise the siege. This is said to have taken place in 1275 A.D., an impossible date, as 'Alâu'ddîn did not begin to reign till 1295 A.D., and took Chittauṛ in 1303.]

[This expedient of using the *ḍolâs* of a marriage procession to conceal an armed force was successfully performed by Nawâb Mûsâ Khân Baloch of Farrukhnagar, in recovering his principality from the officials of Râjâ Ranjît Singh of Bharatpûr (1768-1806 A.D.) He filled the *ḍolâs* of a large marriage procession with armed men and reached a fort called Shâhjahânâbâd, about 8 *kos* from Farrukhnagar, and full of Ranjît Singh's troops. They all came out unarmed to look on at the sham procession and were therefore easily overpowered, and having possession of the fort, the Nawâb recovered Farrukhnagar and held it till his death.]

[The story of Padmanî, or Padmâwatî as she is also called, has given rise to much popular literature. There is a *Qissa-i-Padmâwat* in Persian verse by Hussain Ghaznavî and in Hindî verse by Malik Muḥammad Jîesî, and a *Tuhfatu'l-Qulûb* in Persian prose by Râî Gobind, dated 1652 A.D., translated into Urdû verse in 1796 by Mîr Ziâ'u'ddin 'Ibrat and Ghulâm 'Alî 'Ishrat.]

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QISSA RÂJÂ RATTAN SAIN, PISAR RÂJÂ CHITWAN SAIN, WÂLÎ CHITTAURGARH.

Bayân kîâ gîâ hai, ki Shâh Ghorî ke 'ahid meṅ Râjâ Rattan Sain ḥukumrân thâ, chunânche mâbâin donoṅ ke Chittaurgaṛh meṅ Râvî Nadî par jang hûî, jis meṅ Ghorî Shâh ne Râjâ Rattan Sain ko maghlûb kîâ, aur qila' Chittaurgaṛh par qâbiz hûâ. Is waqû'a ko 'arsa takhmînan châr sau baras kâ hûâ.

Shimrûṅ Sâhib apnâ; dhan Âd* Kaṅwârî!

Oṛh dushâlâ Rattan Sain gadî kî tayyârî.
Lâkhe Shâh† Dîwân ne jhuk nazar guzârî.
"Lâ padmâwat Padmanî woh nâr hamârî!"
Itnî sunke Rattan Sain tan lagî kaṭârî.
"Hat, re Baniye! pare ho! kare rîs hamârî!
Kaun kaun Bâman Bâniye biyâh lâe sab nârî?
Ab chalûngâ Sangaldîp ko tujhe lâ dûṅ Baniyânî."
Gaṛh se nîche utar gîâ Dîwân hazârî:
Gaṛh nîche utarke soch bichârî.

Lâkhe Shâh Dîwân Bhûre pe âyâ.
Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâyâ.
"Tû beṭâ Râjâ Shâm kâ: tû bage siwâyâ!
Râjâ ghar janamke kyûṅ lâhnâ lâyâ?
Sangaldîp kî Padmanî Râjâ biyâh kar lâyâ.
Hor ghanî se kyâ likhûṅ? Pânî kyûṅ na pâyâ?"
Itnî sun Bhûre ne jhaṭ 'araz lagâî:
"Ham bhâî ik haiṅ, hamârî qismat niyârî:
Jo Padmâwat khûs len jâ lâj hamârî."
Gaṛh se nîche dîâ utâr Dîwân hazârî.

Dîwân ne bhagwe rang lîe, kapṛe alfî ḍârî.
Aṭak langh, Kâbul gae Dîwân hazârî.

---

* For Aditi: observe the mixture of Hindû and Musalmân expressions here.
† For Sâh.

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Âge baiṭhe Ghorî Bâdshâh Kachahrî sârî:
Lâkhe Shâh Dîwân ne jhuk nazar guzârî.
"Chaṛh, jo Ghorî Bâdshâh, thârî kalâ sawârî!"
Itnî sun Ghorî Shâh ne jhat âraj* lagâî:
"Kitnâ qilâ' Chittauṛ kâ? kitnâ bastâr?"
"Bâdshâh, bârâh kos meṅ dhare niyo hissâr.
Tîn lâkh Chittauṛ meṅ bândhe talwâr!
Chaudah sai charkhe qila' par kare mâro mâr.
Baseṅ mahâjan, bâniye, baṛe sâhûkâr:
Motî, mohar, jawâhir kâ kareṅ baranj beopâr."
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh dil meṅ ghabarâe.
"Mere Allah-dîn Alâu'ddîn,
Nâr begâne dekhke na khoë dîn!"
"Haiṅ Râjâ Chittauṛ ke baṛe mard shauqîn:
Hamâre mard ghoṛe ko kâṭ ke bhar denge zîn:"
Kahte Ghorî Bâdshâh mere Allah-dîn.
Itnî sun Lâkhe Shâh ne jhaṭ araj† lagâî:
"Chaṛh jâo tum Chittauṛ par thârî kalâ sawâî."
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh ṭhumak bajwâî.
Sât lâkh chaṛh gîâ Mughal sipâhî:
Manziloṅ manziloṅ chalke Chittauṛoṅ âe.

Jabhî to Ghorî Bâdshâh parwânâ likhwâe:
Sharfû Qâzî khat likhe kar 'aqal shaḥûr.
"Tum sun, Kâbul ke Bâdshâh, kyûṅ ban rahâ hosh?"
"Bîch meṅ," likhe, "Gangâ jalî, ûpar," likhe, "Qurân:
Maiṅ âtâ terî mulâqât, tere darshan pâûṅ.
Mujhe Sangaldîp kâ bhed de, maiṅ chaṛhkar jâûṅ:
Sangaldîp ke bhûp sardâr ko pakaṛkar lâûṅ."
Itnî sunke Rattan Sain phardî mangwâî:
Khat likh Rattan Sain kar 'aqal shaḥûr.
Khat likh Rattan Sain kar 'aqal shaḥûr:
"Tû sun, Kabul ke Bâdshâh, kyûṅkas rahâ behosh?
Tere kanioṅ lag rahe chughalkhor, Dillî ke dût.
Bhale châhîye, tû Bâdshâh, ḍere ko kar jâ kûch."

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* For *'araz.* † See above line 26.

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Itnî sunke Bâdshâh mârî jhaṭ phûk.
" Milnâ hai to mil jâ, nahîṅ ḍere ko kar jâ kûch."
Itnî sunke Rattan Sain tâjan purwâe,
Ghorî Bâdshâh ke dalân meṅ chalkar âe.
Âge baiṭhe Ghorî Bâdshâh, jhuk sîs niwâe.
Hañske bole Bâdshâh, lîe pâs biṭhâe.
Chaupuṛ sâr mangâeke shaṭranj khilâe.
Bâṅh pakaṛke le bare tambû ke mâhîṅ.
Pairoṅ meṅ pâe beṛîâṅ, gal tauq parâhe.

Abhe Râm Dîwân ko dhake dilwâe.
Abhe Râm Dîwân gaṛh andar âe :
Mâtâ Rattan Sain kî kiwâroṅ âî.
" Kit gae Râjâ Rattan Sain hamâre, bhâî ?"
Itnî sunke Abhe Râm ne kûk machâî.
" Ham donoṅ rokar bichaṛe, Bâdshâh ghar shâdî !
Thâṛâ Râjâ pakaṛâ, Bâdshâh ne naubat bâjî !"
Mâtâ Rattan Sain kî kiwâroṅ lâgî.
" Kit Sanglâ ? kit Sangaldîp ? kit biyâhî ?
Âwandî na sobhâ lîâ niṛbhâgan âî !
Ab jidhar nûṅ terî khushî châhe chalî jâe !"
Itnî sunke Padmanî bhar âûsû roî.
Ḍolî andar baiṭh gaî jhâmaṛ girwâe.
Hâthoṅ meṅ lîe paplî kamarâṅ bandhwâî.
Manziloṅ manziloṅ chal paṛî Sibhjî pe âî :
Sibhjî ke bachan lî chalî dewar pe âî.
Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâe.
" Dewar, nâ godî, nâ ungalî, merâ piyâ dûr.
Mere Râjâ ke band chhuṭâ lâ, tû dîkhe sharm huzûr !"
Itnî sun Bhûre ne dil hûe gharûr.
" Jâ, bhâwaj, tû chale jâ nere yâ dûr.
Mere bâp kâ sir dîâ kâṭ, chîlîṅ ne khâe.
Tum ko bhî de milûṅ Ghorî Shâh ke tâîṅ."
Itnî sun Mâtâ Bhure ki Bhure pe âî.
" Paṭṭâ terî 'umar kâ likhwâkar nâ lâe.
Nau mahîne rakhâ udard meṅ, jiû kar bachâî :
Tainûṅ ghuṭî dî na zahar kî tûṅ bachdâ nâhî !"

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"Mâtâ, woh hî ghaṛî kyûṅ gaî bhûl kar rànḍ biṭhâî ?
Mere bâp kâ sir kaṭ chîlâṅ ko pâe ?
Mere bairî phaṅs gîâ dâû meṅ, tu dîe haṛi chhuṛwâe !"
"Bachchâ, augun ûpar gun karo, jag meṅ bhalâî."
Itnî sun Bhûrâ Mâtâ se kahe, "Sun, mâî, bât.
Jehî Râjâ ko pakaṛâe dûṅ Bâdshâh ke pâs."
Itnî sun Bhûre kî Rânî Bhûre pe âî.
Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâe.
"Râjâ, tum charkhâ le lo rangalâ, pîṛhâ le lo lâl.
Charkhe mere baiṭh jâo, ghaṛwâ le nâth,
Tum pahino meṛî chûrîâṅ, maiṅ ṇûṅ le âo hathiyâr !
Maiṅ takṛî hoke jâ laṛûṅ Ghori Bâdshâh ke sâth !
Haude se haudâ bheṛ dûṅ, sir paṛeṅ ajât judâ !
Chaṛhnâ hai to chaṛh jâ, nahiṅ de do sâf jawâb !"
Itnî sunke Bhûre ke tan bolî khâî.

Bhûre Bâdal ne chauk meṅ kachahrî lâî :
Badnî â gae Badan Singh kachahrî chhâe.
Shâh* Maṇḍan â gae sahûkâr sampûran baṛe bhâgî.
"Mere bâwan dhajâeṅ mâl ke, maiṅ sabhî tyâgî !
Mere Râjâ ke band chhuṛâ lâ, sab pûran lâge !"
Itnî sun Bhûrâ Shâh Maṇḍan pe âyâ.
Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâyâ.
Bhûre se Maṇḍan kahe, "Koî hikmat kîjo.
Solâh sai ḍolâ lîâ, singâr hâth guptî dîjo.
Ḍolâ andar deo biṭhâe : kisî bhed na dîjo.
Mânî Pûnî lohâr ko sâth le lîjo.
Mânâ Pûnâ bhareṅ bhes terâ chândî sonâ :
Jin kî chhaṭeṅ ûpar dhare anâr limû se gahnâ :
Jin kî zuluf laṭakke bhare mâng motîṅ kî lachhî."

Solâh sai ḍolâ liâ singâr, sûn Sibh kî khâî.
"Yehîṅ se haṭ jâîyo gharâṇ nûṅ, jis se nâr piyârî !
Hamâre gail so chaṛhe bandhî dudhârî !"
Itnî sun sûrme de rahe kalkâr :

* For *Sâh.*

Ghorî Shâh ke dalân men par gaî shor pukâr.
Jab hî Sharfû Qâzî ne jhaṭ mashlat joṛî :
" Tûm dîn duniyâ ke Bâdshâh chhûṭe Khudâe !
Ḍole men padmâwat hai nahîn padmanî bharâe !
Ḍoloṅ ke bâṅs saṛkde, kahâr hoṅkde âe !"
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh ne araj lagâî.
" Doloṅ kî talâsh de de mere tâîṅ."
Itnî sunke Bhûre ne jhaṭ araj lagâê.
" Padmâwat* roî ḍolî men bhar âṅsû âî.
Rattan Sain ko dekhtî kâman madâ mâî.
Rattan Sain ko bhej de ḍolâṅ ke mâhîn."
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh Râjâ pe âe :
Jandâ ṭor mahil kâ Râjâ khulwâe.
Râjâ chhuṭâ mahil se jaisâ chalâ kebrî.
Dekh Râjâ ḍolâṅ ko bhar âṅsû rove.
" Mere jîwande ḍolâ kyûṅ dende làj gaṅwâe ?
Badlâ ab yeh bâp kâ taiṅ lîâ sajâe !"
Itnî sunke Bhûre ne jhaṭ araj lagâî :
" Mânâṅ Pûnâṅ laḍlî terî ab lâṅ gorî.
Ḍolâṅ âîṅ baiṭhke donâṅ kî joṛî."
Itnî sunke Rattan Sain dil âî hoshiyar.
Ḍolâ andar jâ paṛa jhâmaṛ girwâe.
Mânâṅ Pûnâṅ lohâr se beṛî kaṭwâî.
Jab hî Sharfû Qâzî ik mashlat joṛî.
" Ḍolâ men ṭhak ṭhak ho rahî, ghan bâje hathoṛî.
Berî kaṭî Rajpût kî ! Âî honî torî."

Itnî sunke Rattan Sain kî turt â gâî ghoṛî.
Hanwe hâth, pair rikâb, jhat jabar gaî ghoṛî.
Saṛsaṛ mârî koṛaṛî dauṛâ dî ghoṛî.
Wâjâṅ wâjâṅ dî rahî tâ bâgâṅ moṛî.
Gaṛh andar â baṛâ Rajpût hazârî.
Itnî sunke Bhûre ne jhaṭ ghoṛî pherî,
Ghorî Shâh ke dalân jâ bâgân moṛî.
Ḍoloṅ se kûde sûrme deke kalkâr.

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* For Padmanî.

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Ghorî Shâh ke dalân meṅ pâî dhand ghubâr.
Golî chalî kaṛâkaṛ, paṛe rahe sankâr,
Jaisî mârî pawan kî kinârî kâhî.
Pânch hazâr paṛâ khet, gintî na pâî,
Akelâ Bhurâ kyâ kare lashkar ke darmiyân ?
Lekar ghoṛî jâ paṛâ lashkar ke darmiyân :
"Tum meṅ naushâ kaun dal kâ singâr ?"
Allâhdîn 'Alâu'ddîn karde do pahâṛ :
Haude se nîche dîe ger, dêkê-tar-kasâr.
Itnî sun Ghorî Bâdshâh ne pakaṛe kumân.
Bhaṛbhaṛ marî giâsîyâṅ Arjun se bân.
Tîr mârâ Bhûre Kaṅwar ko langhâ dîâ pâr.
Ghoṛî se nîche dîâ ger, kar tîrkahî sâr.

Râjâ royâ Rattan Sain deke kalkâr.
Faujâṅ andar ân baṛî deke lalkâr.
Ghorî Shâh ne dîe bâṅg namâz guzârî !
Karoṛ deotâ gîâ naṭ iko bârî !
Ghorî Shâh ke hûe fatah kachahrî sârî.
Itnî sun Padmâwat ne tan barchhî mârî :
Nârî thîṅ, sab mar gaîṅ Chittauṛoṅ mâhîṅ !
Ghorî Shâh dekhdâ koî nazar na âîṅ !
"Jhuṭhâ re, Lâkhe Shâh Dîwân ! Padmâwat koî na pâî !"
Lâke jandâ chal paṛe Chittauṛoṅ mâhîṅ :
Chhat Banûṛ meṅ âke ḍere dîe lagâe.
Bâdshâh wahâṅ mar gîâ, makân lîe pâe.

TRANSLATION.

THE STORY OF RÂJÀ RATTAN SAIN, THE SON OF RÂJÂ CHITWAN SAIN, LORD OF CHITTAURGAṚH.

It is said that in the days of the Ghorî* kings Râjâ Rattan Sain was an independent prince, and there was war between them on the Râvî River at Chittauṛgaṛh, in which the Ghorî king conquered Râjâ Rattan Sain, and took Chittauṛgaṛh. This happened abont 400 years ago.†

* For Ghorî read Khiljî throughout.
† 600 would be nearer the mark.

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I worship my Lord and the Infinite Goddess!

Clothed in shawls Rattan Sain sat on his throne.
Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, bowed and made his (customary) gift, (and said):
"I would have the beautiful Padmanî to wife!"
Hearing this Rattan Sain was very wrathful (and said):
"Off, thou Merchant.* Be off! Thou makest me angry.
Shall Brâhmans and Merchants marry all the women?
I will go to Sangaldîp† and get thee a Merchant's daughter."
The great Minister went down from the fort,
And going down he pondered (within himself).

Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, came to Bhûrâ,‡
With joined hands he prayed forgiveness§ and bowed his head.
(Said he), "Thou art the son of Râjâ Shâm and the best of all.
Born in the king's house why art thou disgraced?
The Râjâ (Rattan Sain) hath wedded Padmanî of Sangaldîp!
And what shall I say of his wealth? Why hast thou not received thy share?"
Hearing this spake Bhûrâ quickly:
"We brothers are the same, but our fate is separate:
If I take away Padmanî, the shame will be mine."
And he sent down the great Minister from the fort.

The Minister dyed his clothes of a red hue, and put on a mendicant's dress.‖

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* This means that Lâkhe Shâh was a Baniyâ, (merchant) by caste.
† See *ante*, p. 276. ‡ Rattan Sain's brother.
§ For speaking: Oriental custom.
‖ *Alfi* is a sleeveless shirt worn by mendicants as a distinguishing mark.

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Crossing the Aṭak (Indus) the great Minister went to Kâbul.
The Ghorî king was holding his Court:
Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, bowed and made his gift.
(Said he), "Start thy army, O Ghorî king, (to Chittauṛgaṛh)."
Hearing this said the Ghorî king quickly:
"How large is Chittauṛ fort? What is its population?"
"O king, it is a large fort covering twelve *kos*.
Three *lâkhs** of swords are there in Chittauṛ.
And fourteen hundred guns blaze forth.
Bankers and traders and great merchants dwell there,
And deal largely in pearls and coins and jewels."
Hearing this the king was astonished in his heart.
(Said the Court), "O Allah-dîn 'Alâu'ddîn,†
Lose not thy virtue over a strange woman."
(Said he), "The Râjâs of Chittauṛ are men of luxury,
And my men shall fill their horses' saddles."
Thus spake the Ghorî king 'Alâu'ddîn,
And hearing said Lâkhe Shâh quickly:
"Go thou with thy army to Chittauṛ."
Hearing this the king had the (war) drums beaten.
Seven *lâkhs*‡ of Mughal soldiers advanced,
And stage by stage they reached Chittauṛ.

Then the Ghorî king sent a letter,
And Sharfû, the Qâzî, wrote the letter with discretion.
(And said) "Why be uneasy, thou King of Kâbul?"§
And he wrote, "The Ganges is between us, and above us is the Qurân;‖
I have come to visit thee and see thee (only),
That thou mayest tell me of Sangaldîp, whither I would advance."

---

* *i.e.*, 300,000!
† Meant for 'Alâ'uddîn Khiljî.
‡ *i.e.*, 700,000!
§ This must be a blunder of the bard: the "King of Kâbul" is writing the letter.
‖ Apparently an oath.

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When Rattan Sain heard this he sent for paper,
And Rattan Sain wrote a letter with discretion.
Rattan Sain wrote a letter with discretion, (and said),
"Hear, thou King of Kâbul, why art thou uneasy?
Beside thee are the tale-bearers, the spies of Dehlî,
If thou wishest thy welfare march thou back."
Hearing this the king forthwith exclaimed,
"If thou wilt meet me meet me, or I will march back."
Hearing this Rattan Sain got ready his mare
And went to the Court of the Ghorî king.
The Ghorî king was sitting there and he bowed his head.
Smiling spake the king and sat him down beside him.
Sending for a *chaupuṛ* board they played at chess (!)*
Then seizing (the Râjâ) by the arms they took him into the great tent.
They put fetters on his feet and an iron ring about his neck.

Abhe Râm, the Minister,† was pushed away.
And Abhe Râm, the Minister, went back into the fort,
And went to the door of Rattan Sain's mother.
(Said she), "Where went my Râjâ Rattan Sain, friend?"
Hearing this Abhe Râm raised a cry (and said):
"We two were separated weeping while the king's household rejoiced!
The king hath seized thy Râjâ and is beating his drums (over it)!"
The mother of Rattan Sain leant against the door, (and said):
"Where is the Maid of Sangal? ‡ where is Sangaldîp? whence came the bride?
Unfortunate§ art thou, that thy coming brought no happiness.

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* For the bardic notion on such things see Vol. II., p. 282.
† Who had accompanied him. ‡ *i.e.*, Padmanî.
§ This term implies a reproach.

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Go now whither thou mayest desire!"
Hearing this Padmanî wept bitterly.
She sat in her covered palanquin.
She took a dagger in her hand and girded her loins.
Going stage by stage she reached (a temple of) Śiva,
And taking an oracle from Śiva she went to her husband's younger brother.
With joined hands she asked forgiveness and bowed her head (and said):
"Brother, nor chick nor child (is mine) and my husband is afar.
Release the Râjâ, for thou seemest an honourable man!"
Hearing this Bhûrâ hardened his heart (and said):
"Go, sister, go where thou wilt.
He cut off my father's head and the kites ate it.
I will send thee too to the Ghorî king."*
Hearing this came his mother to Bhûrâ (and said):
"I have no written prophecy as to thy length of life.
I bore thee nine months in my womb, and saved thee alive.
Would that I had poisoned thee, that thou hadst not lived!"
"Mother, hast thou forgotten that hour when thou wast made a widow?
When he cut off my father's head and gave it to the kites?
My enemy is in trouble and thou wouldst have me save him!"
"My son, do good for evil, that it may be well with thee in the world."
Hearing this said Bhûrâ to his mother, "Mother, hear me,
I will let the king keep the Râjâ his captive."
Hearing this came Bhûrâ's wife to Bhûrâ;

* And so dishonour thee.

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With joined hands she craved his pardon and bowed her head (and said):
"Râjâ, take my painted spinning wheel, and take my red stool.
Sit down to my wheel and make thee a nose ring.
Take thou my bracelets and I will take thy arms!
I will be strong and fight the Ghori king!
Elephant shall meet elephant and heads shall fly about!
If thou be going, go, or deny outright!"
Hearing this, her words sank into Bhûrâ's heart.

Bhûrâ and Bâdal held an assembly in the market-place.
Badnî and Badan Singh attended the assembly.
Shâh Maṇḍan, the richest of all the merchants, also came (and said):
"I give up (for thee) my 52 bags of riches!
Expend them all to release my Râjâ!"
Hearing this came Bhûrâ to Shâh Maṇḍan.
With joined hands he asked pardon, and bowed his head.
Said Shâh Maṇḍan to Bhûrâ: "Make this plan.
Take 1,600 palanquins (with you) and take secret arms in your hands.
Seat yourselves within the palanquins and tell the secret to none.
Take Mânâ and Pûnâ, the iron-smiths, (as women) with you;*
And cover Mânâ and Pûnâ with thy vesture of silver and gold;
And put limes and pomegranates on their breasts for ornaments:
And fill their hanging locks with coral and pearls."

They adorned 1,600 palanquins and took an oracle from Śiva, (and said):
"Go hence to your homes, all ye that love your wives!

* *i.e.*, dressed up as women: observe the force of putting the names of these *men* into *female* forms in the text.

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They that go with us must fasten on swords!"*
Hearing this the warriors raised a shout,
And the noise of it reached the Ghorî king's Court.
Whereon Sharfû, the Qâzî, quickly made remark:
"God hath made thee king of the world and the faith!
They are no fair maids and girls that fill the palanquins!
The poles of the palanquins creak and the bearers breathe heavily!"
Hearing this spake the king:
"Search the palanquins for me."
Hearing this spake Bhûrâ quickly:
"Padmanî is weeping bitterly in her palanquin,
And when she sees Rattan Sain she will be filled with joy.
Send Rattan Sain into her palanquin."
Hearing this the king came to the Râjâ,
And breaking open the lock of the prison took the Râjâ out.
The Râjâ came like a lion out of his prison,
And seeing the palanquins his eyes filled with tears, (and) he said to Bhûrâ):
"Why sent ye her in marriage here, whilst I was alive to shame me?
Thou hast taken full vengeance for thy father!"
Hearing this said Bhûrâ quickly:
"I have brought Mânâ and Pûnâ,† thy beautiful darlings,
Sit down in the palanquin and meet them."
Hearing this Rattan Sain understood,
And went into the palanquin and put down the blinds.
Mânâ and Pûnâ, the iron-smiths, cut off his fetters.
Then Sharfû, the Qâzî, made remark:
"There is a noise of hammering and clanking within the palanquin!
The Râjpût's fetters are being cut! Thy fate hath come, (O king)!"

Hearing this Rattan Sain quickly came to his mare.

* As the enterprise is very dangerous.
† The names are still *female* in the text.

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Hand on saddle, foot in stirrup, quickly he mounted his mare.
Striking her quickly with his whip he gallopped off the mare.
They shouted out to him to turn back.
The great Râjpût entered his fort.
Hearing this* Bhûrâ quickly turned his mare,
And turned on the Ghorî king's camp.
The warriors leapt from the palanquins and gave a shout.
And there was a great slaughter in the Ghorî king's camp.
The guns thundered forth and there was a great disturbance.
As when the wind blows the scum (of a pond) to the bank.
Five thousand fell on the field beyond counting,
But what did Bhûrâ alone in the midst of an army?
He took his mare into the midst of the camp, (saying):
"Who is the jewel† of the army among you?"
And he cut Allahdîn 'Alâu'ddîn‡ into two halves,
And cast him down from his elephant with a stroke of his sword.
Hearing this the Ghorî king seized his bow,
And shot arrows forth like Arjuna.§
An arrow struck the Prince Bhûrâ and went through him.
And the blows, arrows, and swords threw him down from his mare.

The Râjâ Rattan Sain wept and cried out.
And the (king's) army entered the fort shouting;
And the Ghorî king made the (Muhammadan) call to prayer!‖

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* Something probably omitted here. † *Lit.*, bridegroom.

‡ The bard seems to think 'Alâu'ddîn to have been a personage apart from the "Ghorî" king, whereas they were really the same.

§ The Pâṇḍava; allusion to the story of the *Mahâbhârata*.

‖ A dreadful thing to happen in a Râjpût fort.

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And all at once the millions of (guardian) goddesses fled!
The Ghorî king gained the victory over the whole Court.
Hearing this Padmanî ran a spear through her body,
And all the women that were in Chittauṛ died!*
And the Ghorî king could find not one (and said):
"Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, was a liar! I have found no Padmanî!"
Putting his lock on Chittauṛ he set out,
And rested at Chhat-Banûr,
Where the king died and had a tomb erected to him.†

* Allusion to the well-known Râjpût ceremony of the *sâkâ*, or *jauhar*, or immolation of the women, before making the final sally, when it was no longer possible to save a place from destruction. The Râjpûts claim that a *jauhar* was performed on this occasion, and again at the second sack of Chittauṛ by Akbar in 1533.

† This place is probably meant for the Chach or Indus riverain tract of the Râwal Pindî District, just as the bard has placed Chittauṛ on the River Râvî. 'Alâu'ddîn, as a matter of fact, was buried at Dehlî in 1316 A.D.

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No. XXXIII.

THREE VERSIONS OF SARWAN AND FARÎJAN,

AS TOLD IN THE DEHLÎ AND KARNÂL DISTRICTS.

[Sarwan and Farîjan is the usual name of a well known ballad widely sung in the Dehlî, Gurgâoṅ, Karnâl, Hissâr and Rohtak Districts. It is specially interesting as being a pure myth concocted within the last fifty years for what may be called political reasons, and because it bids fair to become a permanent legend among the people.]

[Farîjan, Farîdan, Farîjar and Pharîjan are vulgar forms of the name of Mr. William Fraser, formerly Political Resident at the Court of the Mughal Emperors of Dehlî, who was murdered from personal spite at the instigation of Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khâṅ of Loharû on the 22nd March 1835. The murder formed the subject of a judicial enquiry and the Nawâb was executed on the evidence on 3rd October 1835. He was a man of very dissolute character, and the people who best remembered him, were the courtezans of Dehlî that lived on his gifts. These women for some time afterwards were in the habit of singing songs in his praise and are, no doubt, responsible for the concoction of the purely mythical story of Mr. Fraser's intrigue with Sarwan, a *zamîndâr's* or farmer's wife, at the hands of her outraged husband. Sir William Sleeman, who, in his *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*, 1844, Vol. II., p. 210ff, gives a complete account of the murder of Mr. Fraser, says that songs in honor of Wazîr 'Alî the murderer of Mr. Cherry and others at Banâras in 1798 A.D. were sung by courtezans there twenty years after the massacre for the same reason.]

[The true story is that Mr. Fraser had practically brought up the Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khâṅ, and was so disgusted at his debauched and licentious proceedings when he grew to man's estate, that he at last refused to admit him to his house at Dehlî, of which the Nawâb had previously had free use. This so exasperated him that he employed Karîm Khâṅ and Uniyâ, an associate and an old servant, to assassinate him. The opportunity offered on the night of the 22nd March 1835, when Mr. Fraser was returning from a party given by the Râjâ of Kishangarh, and Karîm Khâṅ shot him dead about eleven o'clock at night. Uniyâ got wind of attempts that were to be made on his own life by the Nawâb to destroy proofs of the affair and with some difficulty escaped from his clutches. He afterwards confessed his share in the crime to Mr. Simon Fraser and explained the whole of the circumstances at the trial held by Mr. Colvin, the judge. The result was the execution of Karîm Khâṅ and the Nawâb.]

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[In an Urdû work called *Târîkh Makhzan Panjâb* by Muftî Ghulâm Sarwar Qureshî of Lâhor, 1877, at p. 26, the following account is given of Mr. Fraser's murder:—"Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khân succeeded Nawâb Aḥmad Bakhsh Khân of Lohârû. He had two brothers, Amînu'ddîn Khân and Ziâ'u'ddîn Khân, who claimed shares in the estate under their father's will. The case was laid before Mr. William Fraser, the Agent at Dehlî, who reported to Government that according to the will all three brothers ought to have shares in the property. In revenge for this in October 1835 Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khân had him murdered by his people. After an enquiry, which lasted a year, he was convicted and hanged and his estate at Firozpûr confiscated and added to the Gurgâon District." Sir William Sleeman, however, is of opinion that the Government proceedings as to the partition of the estate had very little to do with the murder.]

I.

THE STORY OF THE MURDER OF MR. FARÎJAR.

Mân Singh, a farmer of the village of Nagdhû, in the District of Karnâl, told the following story on the 22nd February 1884.

A very handsome youth, named Amî Chand, a farmer of the village of Ghughiânâ, in the Karnâl District,* got into trouble and became a convict, working on the Canals being made through the District.† One day it so happened that Mr. Farîjar went out to examine the works and remarked Amî Chand and said to a convict warder,‡ "what a pity it is that so handsome a youth should be employed as a convict on excavation works!" He was so struck with the beauty of the youth that he mentioned it again and again§ till at last the warder said, "his beauty is nothing to his sister's." Upon this Mr. Farîjar strongly desired to see her, and that same evening he sent for Amî Chand and promised to release and reward him if he would bring his sister to him. He consented and was released by Mr. Farîjar, who supplied him with a horse and a servant, and sent him off to his village.

When Amî Chand reached home his friends were much surprised to see him, as they knew his time had not expired,

* It is really in the Dehlî District.

† They were taken in hand by Lord Hastings and completed between 1817 and 1830.

‡ *Met qaidî* was the expression used, *met* being the English word *mate*.

§ This is a purely oriental notion and quite foreign to English habits, of course.

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but he put them off with a story of services he had rendered so as to cause his premature release, and concealed the real facts.

He then went to his mother's house, but did not find his sister at home, for she had gone to her husband's house, and so he went there and told her that their mother was very ill, in fact dying, and wanted to see her. Her husband, however, declined to let her go home, and Amî Chand then told her privately that unless she could get away somehow that very day she would never see her mother alive again; so it was arranged between them that she should go to a certain well to draw water that evening, where he should meet her, and that they should go off together.

They met accordingly and he took her up behind him on his horse, but, instead of taking her to their mother, he took her straight to Mr. Farîjar's tent, as he was then encamped upon the works.

As soon as her husband missed her he guessed that Amî Chand had taken her off and went at once to his mother-in-law, and found her quite well, and that she had seen neither her son nor her daughter. After a while he ascertained that Amî Chand had carried her off to Mr. Farîjar.

This drove him quite wild, and going home to his village, he collected three or four friends and went with them to Mr. Farîjar's tent, and found his wife Sarwan there, as he had been told. He addressed a petition to Mr. Farîjar about the injustice of his acts, but got no answer and was turned out of the camp. So he went home and, watching his opportunity, murdered Mr. Farîjar in revenge for the abduction of his wife.*

II.

THE SONG OF SARWAN AND FARÎDAN.

From a version procured from Dehlî.

TEXT.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Farîdan, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.
Lâṇḍâ ghoṛa buḍhâ Farîdan Sarwan ḍhûṇḍan jâe.
Pânch muqâm Dehlî meṅ bole, chhaṭṭâ Ghûngânâ gâṅû.

* There was nothing in the language of the story as taken down to make it worth while printing it in original.

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Dhaule kûṅeṅ par tambû tan gae, mekheṅ de gaṛwâe.
Galî galî chuprâsî ḍoleṅ, Sarwan lajhdî nâhîṅ.
Bachhṛe chugâwandâ Amî Chand pakaṛâ mushkîṅ de bandwâe.
"Mushkîṅ merî chhoṛ de, Farîdan; Sarwan dûṅ batlâe.
Baṛe bagaṛ se Sarwan nikasî, chhoṭe bagaṛ nûṅ jâe Sarwan bâjre mâṅ."
Bâjrâ kaṭṭî Sarwan pakaṛî, dântî ḍhûngî mâṅ.
Sir par pîṛhâ, baghal meṅ charkhâ, pûnî laṭaktî jâe:
Hâth meṅ belâ, bele meṅ kanghî dauṛî nâîṅ ke jâe.
"Ulṭî sulṭî meṇḍhîâṅ gandhtî, ṭhâḍâ lewan jâe.
Âo, rî bahino, mil lo, suhelî: phir milâ nahîṅ jâe."
Ungalî pakaṛke, ponchhâ pakaṛâ, haude lî biṭhlâe.
Hâthî ke haude baiṭhî, Sarwan ṭap ṭap rondî jâe.
"Shahr Ghungânâ, jam jam basîyo! Amî Chand basîyo nâhîṅ!"
Addhî rât pahar kâ taṛkâ târe gindî jâe.
Pânch Pîr kâ malîda sukhâ faujoṅ meṅ baṭâ jâe.
"Lahnge kâ pahinâ chhoṛ de, merî Sarwan, sâya sînâ lagâe.
Sûp kâ pahinâ chhoṛ, merî Sarwan, ṭopî se naihâ lagâe.
Angî kâ pahinâ chhoṛ de, merî Sarwan, peṭîkoṭ se naihâ lagâe.
Pîṛhî kâ baiṭhnâ chhoṛ, merî Sarwan, kursî se naihâ lagâe."
"Topî kâ pahinâ chhoṛ jâe, rûî ke, pagiâ bandhan le.
Patlûn kâ pahinâ chhoṛ jâe, rûî ke, dhotî kâ bandhan le.
Koṭ kâ pahinâ chhoṛ jâe, rûî ke, mirjâe kâ pahinâ le.
Bûṭ kâ pahinâ chhoṛ jâe, rûî ke, jûtî se naihâ lagâe.
Giṭ-piṭ bolî chhoṛ de, Farîdan, sîdhî bolî le."

Translation.

Farîdan came all the way from Kalkattâ, worshipping the Five Saints.*
Old Farîdan on his bob-tailed nag was searching for Sarwan.

* See next version.

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Five days he stayed at Dehlî, the sixth at Ghûngânâ village.
The tents were pitched at the white well and the pegs driven in.
The messengers searched in all the lanes and found not Sarwan.
Amî Chand was seized grazing the cattle and his arms were tied behind him.
"Loose my arms, Farîdan, and I will show thee Sarwan.
Sarwan went out of the great street through the little street into the millet-field."
Sarwan was caught cutting the millet with her sickle at her side.
Her stool upon her head, her wheel under her arm, and the skein hanging down:
Her cup in her hand and her comb in her cup she ran to the barber's wife.
"Braid up my tangled locks, the oppressor hath taken me.
O my sisters and my companions, come and see me; we shall not meet again."
He caught her hand and seized her by the waist and sat her in the (elephant) litter.
Sitting in the elephant litter, Sarwan dropped tears.
"Be happy, Ghûngânâ! But be not happy, Amî Chand!"
All night long till dawn she counted the stars.*
The sweets that had been vowed were distributed in the name of the Five Saints (by Farîdan).
"Leave off wearing thy (native) skirt, my Sarwan, and put on a (European) skirt.
Leave off thy (kerchief), my Sarwan, and wear a hat.
Leave off thy (native) petticoat, my Sarwan, and wear a petticoat.
Leave off sitting on a stool, my Sarwan, and sit on a chair."

* Idiom: to be very unhappy.

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"Leave off wearing thy hat, thou doomed one, and fasten on a turban.

Leave off wearing trowsers, thou doomed one, and wear a loin-cloth.

Leave off wearing a coat, thou doomed one, and wear a quilt.

Leave off wearing boots, thou doomed one, and wear (native) slippers.

Leave off thy jargon, Farîdan, and take to plain speech."

III.

THE BALLAD OF SARWAN AND PHARÎJAN.

This version is from a beautifully written manuscript in the Persian character sent to Mr. Delmerick in 1872 *by the late Nawâb 'Alâu'ddîn Aḥmad Khân of Lohârú, nephew of Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khân. It is in his own handwriting, with some* 26 *notes in English also written by him, for he was a man of considerable literary attainments.*

TEXT.

Châma-i-Sarwan.

I.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Pharîjan, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.
Pânch muqâm Dehlî ke bole, chhaṭṭâ Gungânâ gâṅe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

II.

Dhaulî kûṅîṅ par tammû garṛâe, mekheṅ dî garwâe.
Huqqâ kîtâ Mîn Chand pakaṛâ, beṛî dî ṭhukwâe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

III.

"Ik chîz terî, kahe, Amîn Chand, dûsrî kahû kî nâe."
"Merî ho, to de dûṅ, Pharîjan; dusrî kî de na jâe."
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

IV.

"Sarwan kâ jo bhed batâ de, hâthî dûṅ in'âm."
Ghar ke bhedî bhed batâyâ, "Sarwan bâjrâ mâe."
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

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V.

Dhalâ ghoṛâ bhûrâ Pharîjan bâjrâ kûndtâ jâe.
Bâjrâ kaṭṭî Sarwan pâkaṛî, drântî ḍhûngî mâe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

VI.

Hâth pakaṛkar ghoṛe biṭhlâ le, ṭis ṭis âṅsû jâe.
Pânch pîṛ bâjrâ kâṭâ, chhaṭṭâ na kâṭâ jâe!
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

VII.

"Bâp ko tere Chaudhrî kar dûṅ, bhâî Thânedâr."
"Châchî tâîṅ sab â mil len, Mîn Chand milnâ nâe!"
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

VIII.

"Milnâ ho, to mil le, Mîn Chand; phir milne kî nâe."
Hâth meṅ bilwâ, bilwe meṅ kânghî, nâî ke ghar jâe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

IX.

"Ulṭî sulṭî meṇḍhî gundhe, nâî kî: gundhan phir nâe."
Hâth pakaṛkar haude biṭhâ lî, hirnî kî jûṅ ḍakar âe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

X.

Âdhî rât pahar kâ taṛkâ târe ginte jâe.
"Pîṛhî baiṭhnâ chhoṛ de, Sarwan; kursî baiṭhnâ sîkh."
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manae.

XI.

"Lahṅgâ pharnâ chhoṛ de, Sarwan, sâya pharnâ sîkh."
Âge sunâr kî, pîchhe munihâr kî, bîch meṅ Sarwan,
jâe (1) Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

XII.

"Pânch mohar kâ ṭîkâ gharâ dûṅ; mâthâ damaktâ jâe.
Assî mohar kî nath gharwâ dûṅ, totâ pharaktâ jâe."
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

XIII.

"Assî gaz ka lahngâ silâ dûṅ parû pharaktâ jâe."
"Pânch bhâî ke pâg utâre, phir bândhan ke nâe!"
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

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XIV.

Baṛe bhâî ne dene kahe the, chhoṭâ detâ nâe.
Pânch gâṅû kar lîe bas meṅ, Mîn Chand bas meṅ nâe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

XV.

Chhoṭî bagaṛ se Sarwan nikasî baṛe bagaṛ ko jâe.
Galî galî chuprâsî phir gae, ghar ghar thânedâr.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Pharîjan, Pânchoṅ Pîr manâe.

TRANSLATION.

The Ballad of Sarwan.

I.

Pharîjan came all the way from Calcutta, worshipping the Five Saints.*
Five days he halted in Delhî, and on the sixth he went to Gungânâ village.†
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

II.

He pitched his tents at the white well, and drove in the pegs.
Mîn Chand was seized smoking his pipe and fetters were fastened on him.
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

III.

"One thing hast thou, they say, Amîn Chand, that none else possesseth."
"If it be mine, I give it, Pharîjan: another's I cannot give."
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

* The *Panj Pîr* are really any five saints the author may remember or worship. The Nawâb says that here they mean (1) Khwâjâ Qutbu'ddîn Bakhtiâr Kâkî Ûshî of Dehlî, *ob.*, 1235 A.D.; (2) Khwâjâ Mu'ainu'ddîn Chishtî, of Ajmer, *ob.*, 1236 A.D.; (3) Shekh Nizâmu'ddîn Aulîâ, of Dehlî, *ob.*, 1325 A.D.; (4) Nasîru'ddîn 'Abû'l-khair Abdu'llah Ibn 'Umar Al-Baizavî, *ob.*, 1286; and (5) Sultân Nasîru'ddîn Mahmûd, Emperor of Dehlî, *ob.*, 1266. The origin of the *Panj Pîr* is in the Five Holy Personages, *viz.*, Muḥammad, 'Alî, Fâtima, Hasan and Husain.

† The Nawâb says it is in the Sunpaṭ sub-division of the Dehlî District.

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IV.

"Tell me where Sarwan is hid, and I give thee an elephant in reward."

The house-spy told the secret, "Sarwan is in the millet-field."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

V.

Brown Pharîjan on his white horse destroyed the millet-field.

Sarwan he caught cutting the millet, with her sickle by her side.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VI.

Seizing her hands he sat her on the horse, dropping tears.

Five sheaves of millet she had cut, but could not cut the the sixth.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VII.

"I will make thy father a Chaudhrî, thy brother a Police Officer."*

"Let me go and see my aunts, Mîn Chand I will not see."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VIII.

"Mîn Chand, if thou wouldst see her, see her now: thou shalt not see her more."

A cup was in her hand, a comb was in the cup, and she went to the barber's house.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

IX.

"Braid up my tangled locks, O barber's wife: thou shalt not bind them again."

He took her hand and seated her on the (elephant) litter, weeping like a doe.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

* A Chaudhrî is a local country magnate, and the country Police Officer is the embodiment of power in the villagers' ideas.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

X.

All night till the dawn she counted the stars.*
"Give up sitting on a stool, Sarwan, learn to sit on a chair."
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XI.

"Give up thy (native) skirt, Sarwan, and learn to wear a (European) skirt."
Sarwan went off in the midst of goldsmiths' and jewellers' maids.
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XII.

"I will make thee an ornament of five gold pieces to shine on thy forehead.
I will make thee a nose-ring of eighty gold pieces and of glittering jewels."
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XIII.

"I will make thee a skirt of eighty yards to become thy loins."
"Thou has pulled off the turbans† of my five brethren, not to be fastened on again!"
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XIV.

The elder brothers agreed to give her up, not so the younger.‡
Five villages were in their power, but not Mîn Chand.
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XV.

Sarwan escaped from the little street into the great street.
The messengers searched every lane and the police every house for her.
God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

All the way from Calcutta came Pharîjan, worshipping the Five Saints.

---

* Idiom, for being very unhappy. † Idiom, for utterly disgraced.
‡ *i.e.*, Amîn Chand.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

No. XXXIV.

PÛRAN BHAGAT,

AS SUNG BY SOME JAṬṬS FROM THE PAṬIÂLÂ STATE.

[This forms the first *mahal* or division of the legends about Rasâlû, and purports to relate the events previous to the stories told in the first legend given in these volumes, the Adventures of Râjâ Rasâlû. It will be seen, however, on a comparison of the two legends, that as a matter of fact the stories told in the Panjâb about Śâlivâhaṇa of Siâlkoṭ and his legendary sons, Rasâlû and Pûran Bhagat, are all mixed up together, and evidently, to some extent, form a cycle of tales, of which any one of these worthies is made the hero at each individual bard's pleasure. The close resemblance of many of them to the cycle represented by the *Story of Sindibâd* is again apparent in the following poem].

[It is still probably too early to fix the date of Rasâlû with anything like certainty, but yet I think it may be fairly hazarded now that he represents in Hindû Legend the king who so successfully fought the first Muhammadan invaders of India about 700 A.D., and is known to Muhammadan historians as Ranbal, Reteil, Zenbil, etc. The facts bearing on this identification will be found in my paper on Râjâ Rasâlû in the *Calcutta Review* for 1884, p. 390 ff.].

TEXT.

Râg Pûran Bhagat dâ Pisar Râjâ Salwân Sakna Siâlkoṭ.

Ṭillon Gorakh charhiâ, charhiâ nâdh bâjâe.
Bâwan sai chele guptiâ, bâwan sai chele nâl.
Baṭwe lîe bhabût de lainde ang ramâe:
Chhâh chûṭiân mirgâniân bhawande bîch akâs.

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Pûran Bhagat, the son of Râjâ Salwân of Siâlkoṭ.

Gorakh set out from Ṭillâ* sounding his conch.
Fifty-two hundred invisible and fifty-two hundred (visible) disciples were with him.
Ashes had they in their wallets for rubbing on their bodies,
And their deer skins hurtled through the heavens.

---

* In the Gujrânwâlâ District.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Siâlkoṭ Râje Sankh dâ jogî bâge lathe â.
Sûkhe ban hariâule pânî pie talâo;
Bah gae chaplî mânke dhûnî dende lâe.
Bhagtî kamâunde kahir de charne dhyân lagâe.
Raunak lagâ dî Râm ne ditte bâzâr lagâe:
Khalkat mâthâ ṭekde, kyâ râjâ, kyâ râe.

Râjâ mahilâṅ se ṭuriâ, man bich Râm dhyâe:
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî charnoṅ sîs niwâe:
"Jagat nûṅ târan â gîâ, mainûṅ târke jâ.
Kanne Gurû sun lîâ, ânkhâṅ vekhan â."
Gorakh âge boliâ; "tainûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe.
Terî aulâd kothâîṅ haiṅ aukhâ bikhṛa ṭhâûṅ.

They halted at Siâlkoṭ in the garden of Râjâ Sankh.*
The groves became green for them and the lakes full of water.
And they sat cross-legged, lighting their sacred fires.
Performing austere penance they turned to the (Gurû's) feet.
Râm (God) prospered them and made there a town for them.
And all the people did homage, high and low.

The Râjâ set out from his palace meditating on God in his heart.
With joined hands he spake, bowing his head at the (Gurû's) feet:
"Thou art come to save the world, save thou me also.
I had heard of the Gurû with my ears, now have I seen him with my eyes."
Then spake Gorakh: "I tell thee truth.
The way for thy offspring shall be rugged and steep.

---

* P Meant for Śâka; according to the bards he is the father of Śâlivâhaṇa. This is important.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Udânagarî Shahr hai Râje dâ Chaudhâl nâûṅ.
Us dî beṭî Achhrâṅ lâveṅ byâhke, tâṅ hove aulâd."

Koṭoṅ Râjâ chaliâ, chaliâ sat îmân.
Faujâṅ bâhir kaḍhâ lîâṅ, lâke bahe dîwân.
Gawwâṅ dân Brahmanâṅ, sonâ kardâ dân.
Ûdânagarî nûṅ dhyâunâ; pat rakhe Bhagwân!
Râjâ chaupaṭ mândhiâ rohî bich maidân:
Chauṅ Bîrâṅ nâl kheldâ sundâ dîn îmân.
Bârâṅ mange tâṅ chhe pie; chhe mange tâṅ chār:
Chauṅ Bîrân se bâjî jît lîe, âe Bîrâṅ nûṅ hâr.

There is a city Ûdânagarî* and its Râjâ's name is Chaudhâl.
If thou marry his daughter Achhrâṅ, thou shalt have posterity."

The Râjâ set out from his fort with a righteous intent.
He took with him his following and held an assembly.
He gave alms of cows and gold to the Brâhmans.
He set out for Ûdânagarî: God preserve his honour!
The Râjâ played at *chaupuṛ*† in the midst of the desert plains:
With the Four Saints‡ he played, celebrated for righteousness and faith.
When they cried twelve it fell six, and when they cried six it fell four.
He won the game from the Four Saints, and the Saints lost.

* An undefined locality and a name claimed by many old cities in the Northern Panjâb.

† See Vol. I., p. 243, and Vol. II., p. 282.

‡ *Bîr* is a Hindû word, but I think it is clear that the *Châr Pîr* are meant here. The *Châr Pîr* or Four Saints are the reputed founders of all the sects of Musalmân *faqîrs*. They were (1) 'Alî himself; (2) Khwâjâ Ḥasan Basrî, 642-728 A.D., who is buried at Basra: (3) Khwâjâ Ḥabîb 'Ajamî or the Persian, who died in 738 A.D.: (4) 'Abdu'l-Wâḥid bin Zaid Kûfî. 'Alî is said to have invested Khwâjâ Ḥasan Basrî with the *khilâfat* or deputyship to himself, and the last two were the followers of Khwâjâ Ḥasan.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

" Nîle-tâzîwâliâ, nigâh asâṅ bal pâe :
Je tû Salwân pârsawâr the, haṛe jândâṅ nûṅ banne lâe.
Aithoṅ sânûṅ rakh le, tere bhale sawârâṅge kâj.
Mere ṭabar kabîle raul gîâ, raulîâṅ nûṅ banne lâe."
Râje ne kîṛe kaḍh lîe, kâḍhe nadi se pâr.
Râje nûṅ kîṛâ bolîâ : " Suno merâ jawâb.
Je tûṅ Ûdânagarî nûṅ chaliâ merâ mûnch dâ le jâ bâl :
Jithe bhârî banoge, sânûṅ kareṅ yâd."

Pahilî chaukî á gae, tîl châṅwal ditte kheṇḍâe.
Râje nûṅ soch pî gae, kardâ kîrâṅ nûṅ yâd.
Chhin mâtar meṅ â gae, âe Râje de pâs :
" Tainûṅ kî aukhî ban gaî ? terî turt saṅwârîe kâj.
Ik ik dânâ til châṅwal kâ â giâ mâshâ ghaṭiâ nâ."

" O Grey-horsed warrior,* cast thy eyes on me.
If thou be the kindly Salwân, thou wilt save the drowning.
Save me from this and I will be of service in thy business.
My family is in difficulty, save the helpless."
The Râjâ rescued the drowning cricket from the river.
Said the cricket to the Râjâ : " Hear my say.
If thou art going to Ûdânagarî take one of my feelers with thee :
And when difficulty falls on thee remember me."

He came to the first post where the sesamum seed and rice had been mixed.†
And being in trouble the Râjâ remembered the crickets.
In a moment they came to the Râjâ (and said) :
" What is thy difficulty ? We will soon manage thy business for thee."
All the sesamum seeds and rice were separated and not a grain remained.

* See Vol. I., p. 43, etc. Change of scene here : the allusion now is to the story of the cricket. See Vol. I., p. 41.
† Confused allusion to the matter mentioned at p. 44, Vol. I.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râje chaukî jitke agge darwâzâ lathâ jâ:
Râje dhag bajâ lîe khabar hûî darbâr
Bhaje sipâhî â gae shahroṅ bâhirwâr.

"Achhrâṅ kâman istrî, sandal bhinne kesh.
Râjâ mâre Malikarmaut* de chhaḍ chhaḍ â gae des;
Unhâṅ de sir baḍh lîe, dhar chun lîe, le le pairâṅ de heṭh:
Je bhalî châhunâ jân dî, jâ bar apne des."
"Nâ ro, natâne muṇḍio, karo Rabb de agge ardâs.
Ike maiṅ Rânî byâh lâwâṅ, nahîṅ, rallâṅ tumhâre sâth.
Je maiṅ Rânî byâh lîe bich tuhâḍe pâwan sâs.
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, sachî dhyân sunâe."

Overcoming the post the Râjâ went on to the gate,
And the Râjâ sounded the drums and the Court heard the news of his arrival,†
And the guard came outside the City.

"Achhrâṅ is a lovely woman, with sandal-wood she scents her hair.‡
Râjâs encompassed by the angel of death have left their homes and come (for her),
And she cut off their heads and threw their bodies beneath her feet:
If thou seek safety for thy life go to thy home."
"Weep not, severed heads,§ but make your prayer to God.
Either I will marry the Princess, or be joined to you.
If I marry the Princess I will restore you to life.
With joined hands I pray you to tell me the truth."

---

* For Maliku'l-Maut, see *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. X., p. 289.
† See Vol. I., p. 44.
‡ Allusion now to the matter mentioned at p. 40, Vol. I.
§ This is Sâlivâhaṇa's reply.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Pahile pahre rain de: "Tûṅ sun, Dîwe jâr;*
Rânî nahîṅ bolnâ, tû hîṅ kareṅ jawâb.
Dûroṅ â gae chalke, sunke tere sû:
Utlî dwâkhî tuṅ base, tere nâûṅ Pilsoz."
"Jad maiṅ Dhartî Mâtâ sî, gawwâṅ chugdîâṅ ghâ:
Paiṛe pîâ kumhâr de, maiṅ nûṅ rakhiâ bahut saṅwâr,
Jadoṅ Basantar Gur mile merî umar baṛî ho jâe.
Shâbas kaho us kumhâr nûṅ jin dittâ Gur milâe.
Je tûṅ Râjâ chitr haiṅ, nâ byâhan Achhrâṅ nâr.
Râjâṅ de dîwe ghî de, mainûṅ rakhde til de nâl!"

Dûje pahre rain de. "Tûṅ sun, Gaḍwe yâr;

It was the first watch of the night (said Salwân): "Hear, friend Lamp†.
The Princess speaketh not, so do thou speak.
From afar have I come hearing of thy repute,
That dwellest in the upper shelf and art called Torch."
"Once I was (part of) mother Earth and the cows grazed upon me:
And then I fell into the potter's hands, who beautified me.
From the day I met my Gurû Basantar‡ my life prospered.
Hail to the potter that made me meet my Gurû.
If thou art a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid Achhrâṅ.
Râjâs give *ghî*§ to their lamps, *I* am kept on oil!"

It was the second watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân): "Hear, friend Pitcher;

---

* For *yâr*.
† The bard has now wandered off into part of the story of Rasâlû and Silâ Daî: See Vol. I., p. 270.
‡ *Basandar* is the sacred fire of the Hindûs, and hence its use here in a personified form.
§ Butter boiled and clarified.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rânî ne hai nahîṅ bolnâ, tûṅ haiṅ kare jawâb.
Rât kaṭîye sukh dî, din chaṛhde nûṅ lenâ mâr.
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, Rânî nûṅ deo bulâe."
Agge gaḍwâ boliâ, "Ḍâḍhî karâṅ pukâr;
Suner* Parbat men basâṅ, mainûṅ kaḍḍhiâ retâ ḍâl.
Mainûṅ kârîgar ghaṛh lîâ, bûṭâ rakhe chaukîdâr,
Kabhî nahîṅ mainûṅ mânjiâ; Rânî baṛî badkâr.
Je tûṅ Râjâ chitr haiṅ, byâhan na Achhrâṅ nâr.
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî; merâ yeh hî hai araj jawâb."

Tîje pahre rain de. "Tûṅ sun, gal de Hâr:
Rânî ne hai nahîṅ bolnâ; tûṅ kareṅ jawâhir."

The Princess speaketh not, do thou speak for her.
Let us spend the night in delight and at sunrise let us be slain.
With joined hands I say to thee, bring me to the Princess."
Then spake the pitcher: "Great is my complaint;
I dwelt on (the holy) Mount Meru† and was taken out of the (golden) sand.
A workman fashioned me and placed (upon me the figure of) a tree to guard me.‡
Never have I been cleaned: the Princess is a very bad woman.
If thou be a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid Achhrâṅ.
With joined hands I beseech thee: this is my answer."

It was the third watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân):
"Hear, thou Garland of her neck:
The Princess speaketh not, do thou salute me (for her)."

---

* For Sumer = Mount Meru.
† The sacred mount of the Hindûs in the centre of the Himâlayas.
‡ It appears to mean however merely that the pitcher was chased.

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Hâr suhâwâ boliâ: "Ḍâḍhî karâṅ pukâr.
Solah jojan unchâ bagâṅ, jyûṅ dîde pahâr dî dhâr.
Jauhrî bachâ parakhde, bah kaḍhe ustâdkâr.
Nâ byâhan Rânî Achhrâṅ, adam-khânî nâr."

Chauthe pahre rain de. "Tûṅ suṇ, Palang yâr:
Rânî ne hai nahîṅ bolnâ, tûṅ kareṅ jawâhir."
"Chandan bich samundar de banjâ sâhûkâr;
Kârîgarâṅ ne gharh lîâ, buniâ paṭ niwâr.
Gadhoṅ mângoṅ leṭdî, bhâr dîe man châr.
Je tûṅ Râjâ sugaṛ hai, byâhan na Achhrâṅ nâr."

The lovely necklace spake: "Great is my complaint.
Sixteen *yojanas** have I fallen, as a waterfall of the hills.
A jeweller tested and a workman made me.
Thou shouldest not marry the Princess Achhrâṅ, the destroyer of men."

It was the fourth watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân):
"Hear, friend Couch.
The Princess speaketh not, do thou salute me (for her)."
"A merchant bought the sandal-wood from across the seas;
Workmen made me and the carder stretched the tapes.†
As heavy as an ass she lies (upon me) weighing four *mans*.‡
If thou art a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid Achhrâṅ."

---

* *i.e.*, 128 miles!
† The Indian bed consists of a wooden frame on legs across which tapes are stretched.
‡ *i.e.*, 328 *lbs.* or 23½ stone!

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Bâhman bedâṅ gaḍiâṅ, paṛhde gotrâchâr.
Mangal gâveṅ suhelîâṅ baṭnâ dittâ lâe.
Rânî Achhrâṅ byâh lîe, hoiâ shahroṅ bâhr.

"Hatth bândh kardâ bintî; merâ Rabb, pahunchâe âs!
Hor Râjâ murghâbîâṅ, tûṅ, Râjâ, sarbâz!
Sâḍiâṅ band diâṅ bândhâṅ chhuṛâiâṅ: terî umar drâz!
Jab lag rahânge jîwande terâ japânge nâûṅ.
Hatth bândh karde bintî, sânûṅ Bîrâṅ se deo chhuṛâe."

Chaṛhiâ Sûrij Deotâ mastag lagiâ âe;
Rânî ne nahâwan rachiâ Pipwâle talâo.

Brâhmans fixed the marriage posts* and sang the songs of the clans.†
Maidens sang songs of rejoicing and the fire was lighted.
(Salwân) married Achhrâṅ and left the city.

"With joined hands we pray; ‡ may God fulfil our hope!
Other Râjâs are wild fowls, thou, Râjâ, art a hawk!
Release the bonds of the bound and may thy life be long!
As long as we live will we remember thy name.
With joined hands we pray, save us from the Saints."§

The Sun rose in their faces,
And the Queen (Achhrâṅ) desired to bathe in Pîpâ's‖ tank.

---

* The canopy under which a Hindû marriage is performed is always improvised for the occasion.

† *i.e.* the genealogies of the bride and bridegroom, so that the exogamic law of the Râjpûts might not be infringed.

‡ These verses are merely thrown in for effect: compare Vol. I., p. 50.

§ See above, line 24.

‖ Pîpâ is a recognized *bhagat*. In the *Bhaktamâlâ* he is called a disciple of Râmânand (*A.D.* 1,400 *circa*) and Râjâ of Garh Gangaraun. At Pipnâkh in the Gujrânwâlâ District is a legend that he was the Râjâ of that place and father of Lûnâṅ, whom Śâlivâhana forcibly abducted from him after destroying his town. Pîpâ is there described as a Chamiârî Râjpût, whence probably the notion expressed here and elsewhere that Lûnâṅ his daughter was a Chammâr by caste.

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Jadoṅ dâ sûrij vekhiâ Pûran garab baiṭhâ âe.
"Mainûṅ mihar Gurâṅ de ho gae; Rabb pahunchâe âs!
Tâl bharâṅ jag motîâṅ, upar pâwâṅ ghî.
Saddiâṅ paṇḍit pâṇdhiâṅ banddâ merâ jî.
Kholeṅ, Pâdhâ, patrî, merâ man nahîṅ bandhdâ dhîr!
Dasoṅ pushtak bânchke; mere ghar laṛkâ jame ke dhî?"
Aggioṅ Brâhman boliâ, mukh se japke Râm;
Patrî Brâhman kholdâ, karke Devî dâ dhyân:
"Tere aisâ beṭâ, jame Anjanî de Hanumân:
Aisâ beṭâ jatî jame, jaise Jaṣrat de Râm:
Aisâ beṭâ jarmanâ Harnâkas de Palâd:

As soon as the Sun saw her Pûran entered her womb.
(Said she): "The Gurû hath been merciful to me! God hath fulfilled my hope!
I will fill a platter with pearls and over them will I spread butter.
Send for priests and doctors that I may distribute them among them.
Open thy book, Doctor, for my heart is impatient.
See in thy book; shall I bear a boy or a girl?"
Then spake the Brâhman, reverencing God with his lips:
The Brâhman opened the book and worshipped the Goddess (and said):
"Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Hanumân to Anjanî:
Such a holy son shall be born to thee, as was Râm to Jasrat:
Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Palâd to Harnâkas:

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Aisâ beṭâ jarmanâ bich Lankâ de Râwan.
Jatî sadâve, jodhâ, baṛâ jawân.
Chauhîṅ Khuṇṭî phiro, rakheṅ dharam îmân.
Jamde nûṅ bhauṅrî pâ deo, dâî deo nâl.
Nahîṅ, tâṅ âp marogâ : nahîṅ, mât pât leo mâr."

Pûran paidâ ho giâ, muṛde bagâṅ nâl.
Naubat-khâne baj giâ, shâdî hoî Darbâr.
Gawwâṅ pun Brahmanâṅ piṇḍâṅ de kardâ dân :
Khalkat badhâîâṅ de rahe Râjâ Salwân.

Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Râwan in Lankâ.*
He shall be called holy, and a warrior and a great hero.
He shall wander through the Four Quarters (of the Earth) and keep his faith holy.
As soon as he is born put him into a pit and give him a nurse :
Else will he die himself : else will he slay father and mother†."

Pûran was born as the cattle were returning (in the evening).
The drums were sounded and happy was the Court.
Brâhmans were given cows and villages as alms;
And the people congratulated Râjâ Salwân.

---

* These are classical allusions. Hanumân, the Monkey God, was the ally of Râma Chandra in the war the latter waged to recover Sîtâ from her abductor Râvaṇa : he was the son of Vâyu, the God of the Wind, by Anjanâ. Râma Chandra was the son of Daśaratha. Prahlâda was the son of Hiraṇyakaśipu and his story is alluded to at p. 5, Vol. II. Râvaṇa, the abductor of Râma Chandra's wife Sîtâ and his opponent, was king of Lankâ. All the above are celebrated heroes, either as saints or warriors.

† This is mixing up the stories of Râsâlû and Pûran.

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" Prîchhat Râjâ balî sî kheḍan gîâ shikâr.
Mûe sarp nûṅ chakke tapasie de gal ḍâl.
Astîk Rikhî de bachan te, Râjâ, tainûṅ lîâ sarp ne mâr.
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, yeh hai mèrâ jawâhir.
Jalmejâ jag rajhiâ ṭhârâ* chhûnâ dittî gâl.
Ik Tâchhak rah gîâ, lîâ Damwantar mâr.
Bâgh lagâ de Pûran Bhagat dâ ; mushk surg nûṅ jâe :
Jag rambhî, Râjâ, koî bhûkâ Brâhman deo srâp."

Pûran bhawaroṅ kaḍhiâ khabarâṅ hoî sansâr.

" Râjâ Prîchhat was a hero and went a hunting.†
He found a dead serpent and placed it on the neck of a sage.
The curse of Astîk the sage‡ caused the serpent to slay the Râjâ.
With joined hands, this is my say :
Jalmejâ made a sacrifice (of serpents), destroying eighteen armies.
Tâchhak§ escaped and slew Damwantar.
Make a garden for Pûran Bhagat, that its odour may reach to heaven :
If thou give a feast to (all) the world, Râjâ, some hungry Brâhman may curse thee." ||

Pûran was taken out of the pit and all the world knew of it.

---

* For *aṭhârâ*.

† This speech is apparently said by Pîpâ. The whole story of Parikshit, and the others mentioned below will be found in the legend of Niwal Daî, Vol. I., pp. 418ff.

‡ The story of Âstîka is also to be found in the *Âdiparva* of the *Mahâbhârata*.

§ This is all most confused and is probably inserted simply because the verses are well known. Tâchhak stands for Takshaka.

|| Being by accident uninvited.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Naubat-khâne baj gîâ, bajiâ hub de nâl !
Megh aḍambar barsiâ, Pûran kare ashnân.
Ṭoṭhî Devî Jalpâ, khushî hoiâ Bhagwân.
Panje lâo kapṛâ, moṇḍe sabz kumân :
Ghoṛâ lâo pîṛke, sane kâṭhî lagam.
Gîâ Kachahrî bâp dî neûke kare salâm.
Lakkh rupae bâṇḍde, karde piṇḍâṅ de dân.

" Kî haiṅ parî, paristâ* ? kî haiṅ mahâṅ balâe ?
Adhî rât nûṅ kûkâṅ mârdî ; kin nûṅ dukh dindî haiṅ sunâe ?
Kis Râjâ dâ kaṅwar hai ? kis bhartâ dî nâr ?
Eh bâgh hai Pûran Bhagat dâ, uṛiâ pakherû na jânâ pâe.

And all the drums were beaten with a will !
And the rain fell when Pûran bathed :
Jalpâ Devî† was propitious and God was pleased.
He had on the five garments‡, and green bow on his shoulder :
He had his horse saddled and bridled.
He went to his father's Court and bowed his head and saluted.
Lâkhs of rupees were distributed and villages were given in alms (to Brâhmans).

" Art thou a fairy ? Art thou a great horror ?§
Crying out at midnight : to whom art thou making thy complaints ?
What king's daughter art thou ? what husband's wife.
This is Pûran Bhagat's garden, into which birds cannot fly.

---

* For *farishta*.
† *i.e.* Jwâlâmukhî : See Vol. II., p. 205.
‡ He was fully clothed.
§ The whole scene suddenly changes. Pîpâ is now addressing Lûṇâṅ whom he finds in his garden. The poem begins in earnest now.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Sachîâṅ bâtôṅ das de, maiṅ le chalâṅ tainûṅ nâl.
Man de bhed das de, terâ deâṅ dukh niwâr."
"Nâ maiṅ parî paristâ : nâ maiṅ mahâṅ balâe.
Indar Râjâ dî maiṅ pachhrâṅ, Lonâ merâ nâûṅ.
Ik din parîâṅ nahâwan â gîâṅ Pîpe de talâo.
Dharmî bâgh liwâ lîâ, pâpî baigan dittâ lâ ;
Merâ laṛ baigan nûṅ chhû gîâ, dehî phaṛ gaî bhâr.
Sab parîâṅ uṛ gaîâṅ mere se uṛâ na jâe.
Pîpâ, potrî banâ le dharm dî, le chal apne nâl.
Mere se ubgîâ ho gaî, merâ rakh len dharm îmân."
Agge Pîpâ boldâ ; "sachî deâṅ sunâe.
Mere ghar kalihârî istrî, haigî burî balâe.
Potrî dâ sâk na jândî, saukan lîo banâe.

Tell me the truth and I will take thee with me.
Tell me the secrets of thy heart and I will relieve they pain."
"I am no fairy, nor am I a great horror.
I am a maid of Râjâ Indar* and my name is Lonâ.
One day we fairies came to bathe in Pîpâ's lake.
The holy planted the garden, but the wicked put an egg-plant in it;
My clothes touched the egg-plant and my body became heavy.†
All the fairies flew away, but I could not fly.
O Pîpâ, make me thy foster-daughter and take me with thee.
I have committed a fault, and preserve thou my honour."
Then spake Pîpâ : "I tell thee truth :
I have a jealous wife at home that is very wicked.
She will not know thee for a daughter, but will make thee into a wife.

---

* Indra's Court is the abode of beauty according to Indian notions.
† It is often thought to be unlucky to eat the *baingan* or egg-plant (*aubergine*) : hence its introduction here.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Je bhalâ châhe apnî jiû dâ, pichhâ muṛke râh."
Agge Nûnâ bolî : " tainûṅ dewâṅ sunâe,
Nâl dî parîâṅ uṛ gaîâṅ, mere se uṛâ na jâe."
Pîpe nûṅ taras â gaî, leke ṭur piâ nâl.

Oh de ghar sî do Chamarîâṅ sau sau kaḍḍhan gâl.
" Pîpa, Pîpâ baj gîâ, terâ kinne na pâiâ bhed !
Râkhî kardâ bâgh dî, kardâ bhajan hamesh.
Dhyân lagânî darb dâ, mâṛe jinhâṅ de lekh.
Khabar ho jâ Râjâ Salwân nûṅ, bhâṇḍâ deogâ chhek.
Jidhar lâiâ kâḍhke, chhaḍiâ us des :
Nahîṅ, rakh lakûke, nahîṅ khalkat lîo dekh."
Pîpe châdar tânî châreṅ palle chhâp :
" Eh potrî hai dharm dî, maiṅ lagdâ is dâ bâp :

If thou wishest well of thy life, go thou back again."
Then spake Nûnâ : " I tell thee,
The fairies with me flew away and I cannot fly."
Then came pity unto Pîpâ, and he took her with him.

There were two Chammâr women in his house, who abused him a hundred times.
" Pîpâ, Pîpâ art thou called and none hath fathomed thy secrets !
Thou guardest this garden and art ever singing hymns.
Thou castest thine eyes on the goods of them that are unfortunate.
When the news reaches Râjâ Salwân, he will discharge thee forthwith.
Take her back to the place whence thou broughtest her :
Or hide her so that the people see her not."
Pîpâ spread out a sheet at the four ends,* (and said) :
" This is my adopted daughter, I am her father :

---

* The ceremony of adopting a daughter is to seat the girl under a coloured sheet spread over her and then to announce that henceforth she is adopted.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mandî nigâh jo dekhiâñ chîkar nûñ lage âg.
Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, merâ dharm bich bhang na pâe."
Pîpe ne mandar pawâ lîe Nûnâ de nâûñ.

Kalî mandarâñ bich rahindî, chit ohî dâ lagdâ nâñ.
"Nâ koî itthe pind hai, kuchh shahar, grâñ:
Nâ koî mahârî bhain hai, nâ koî mahârî mâñ."
Chandan ghar Chamâr de, nit uṭh kardâ kâm.
"Indarpurî taiñ chhaḍ lî kone lagâ ân?
Mushk mâṛâ konâñ te âutâ chîre kache châm.
Kah, Chandânâñ, kaisî banî? kyûñkar bhûle Bhagwân?
Maiñ tainûñ pûchhdî, Chandanâñ, kidhar pâiâ dhyân?
Indarpûrî tû chhaḍke ân bâsiâ gâûñ?"

If I look on her with lascivious eye may fire burn the dust.*
With joined hands I pray thee injure not my righteousness."
And Pîpâ built a house for Nûnâ.

Alone she dwelt in her house and her heart was sad.
(Said she), "There is here no village, nor city, nor town:
I have no sister here, nor mother."
In the Chammâr's house was a sandal tree by which they always worked.
(Said she to the tree) "Why didst thou leave Indarpurî† to stand by the tanner's vat?
From the tanner's vat comes the foul smell of hides.
Say, Sandal tree, how art thou faring? Why hast forgotten God?
I ask thee, Sandal tree, what is thy intent?
Leaving Indarpurî that hast come to dwell in this village?"

---

* *i.e.*, my body † Or Indrâvatî, the city of Indra.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chandan aggoṅ boldâ; "tainûṅ deâṅ sunâe:
Lagî Kachahrî Râjâ Indar dî, sab deotâ baiṭhe âe.
Pîpâ heṭ mere mâlâ phaṛdâ mainûṅ lîâ bharmâe:
'Mere ghar meṅ Gangâ bagdî, tainûṅ uthe chhoṛûṅ lâe.'
Khabar nâ kare Chamârâṅ nûṅ, baḍhke phalorî lîe banâe.
Dekheṅ khabar kardî, pardâ nâ setî gâe.
Terî sâḍî adâlat karo âp Khudâe.
Asî kî Rabb dâ pîṛhiâ laṭṭhe nîch de âe?"

Nûnâ pânî nûṅ nikalî, âî khûh de bâr.
Pânchoṅ pahine kapṛe, pânchoṅ lâe hathiâr,
Koṭoṅ Râjâ ṭur piâ, khelan chaṛhâ shikâr.
Khachrâṅ lâdiâṅ daulatiâṅ khûh te baiṭhe ân.
"Ginman laj lagâundîe, jîman tere bîr:

Said the Sandal tree: "I tell thee.
Râjâ Indar held his Court and all the gods sat in it.
Pîpâ told his beads beneath me and deceived me, saying:
'The Ganges floweth through my house, I would take thee there.'
Let not the Chammârs (tanners) hear of this or they will make vats of me.
Let them not hear and keep my secret.
God himself will judge for me and thee.
What harm have we done to God that he hath sent us to (dwell with) the low?"

Nûnâ went to fetch water from the well.
Wearing the five garments and armed with the five arms,
Came Râjâ (Salwân) from the fort, going a hunting.
With the mules laden with riches he came and sat at the wall (and said:)
"O thou that lightly droppest thy rope (into the well), long may thy brothers live:

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Asî piâse jal de, bharke pilâ de nîr."
"Nîle tâzî-wâliâ, nile dâ aswâr;
Tarkash jaṛiâ motîâṅ, hîre jaṛî kumâṇ;
Maiṅ chamkoṭâṅ dî beṭṛî, nîch hai sâḍî zât,
Chhattîs dharm gawâunâ apne kul nûṅ lâunâ lâj."
Agge woh Râjâ boliâ: "sun le merî sûṅ,
Kanchan hoe kîch meṅ, bhikmat amrit ho,
Bidiyâ nârî nîch pe; tinne lîe kho.
Dûroṅ â gae chalke, sunke terî sû:
Akhe mere lag jâ, Râjâ dî Rânî ho.
Râj kamâwîṅ bahke, tere tûl nâ ko.
Sûhâ sumbhal seṅveṅ sabhâ gawâî budh;

I am athirst, give me water to drink."
"O grey-horsed warrior, riding the grey horse,
With thy quiver set with pearls and the bow with diamonds.
I am a daughter of the tanners and lowly is my caste,
It will lose thee thy thirty-six (races) and disgrace thy family."*
Then spake the Râjâ: "Hear my say,
Gold from the earth, nectar from the poison,
A wise woman from the low; these three things should be taken.†
I have come from afar hearing of thy praises:
Do thou take me and be a Râjâ's Queen.
Thou shalt enjoy royalty and there shall be none equal to thee.
Thou hast cherished the red cotton flower‡ and lost all thy sense;

---

* If I give thee water to drink. Allusion here to the 36 "royal races" of the Râjpûts.
† This is a proverb.
‡ The cotton-tree or *sumbhal* has nothing valuable about it but its red flower.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Phul nûṅ vekhke ram rahâ, phal dî na le sudh."
"Indar Akhâṛe dî pachhiâṅ, tainûṅ hai nahîṅ budh!
Asîṅ jo â gaî bhulke ḍûbe Châroṅ Jug.
Ankheṅ ḍiṭṭhâ ghî bhalâ, nâ pilâe tel.
Tujhe bagânî kyâ banî? Ithoṅ ghoṛe nûṅ chhoṛ!"
"Kî Ḍhol dî Mârwan? Kî Râm gawâî Sî?
Kî haiṅ beṭî Jânak dî? Kîs Râjâ di dhî?"
"Nâ Ḍhol dî Mârwan: nâ Râm gawaî Sî!
Nâ maiṅ beṭî Jânak dî: nâ Râjâ di dhî!
Zât Chamelî sunî dî, Pîpe Bhagat dî dhî.
Indar Akhâṛe bich maiṅ rahâṅ, jîkar Râwan de Sî."

"Râjâ â gae chalke, âiâṅ de rakhe mân.

Thou hast been taken with the flower and thought nothing of the fruit."
"I am a maid from Indar's Court, and thou knowest me not!
I came here by mistake and am ruined for the Four Ages.*
Thou dost show butter to the eyes and givest but oil to drink.
Why dost meddle with others' affairs? Spur thy horse hence!"
"Art thou Ḍhol's Mârwan? Art thou Râm's lost Sîtâ?
Art thou Jânak's daughter?† What Râjâ's daughter art thou?"
"I am not Ḍhol's Mârwan: I am not Râm's lost Sîtâ:
I am not Jânak's daughter: I am not a Râjâ's child.
I am told I am a Chammâr and daughter of Pîpâ Bhagat.
I dwelt in Indar's Court, as Sîtâ in Râwan's (house)."

"The Râjâ hath come to thee,‡ honour then thy guest.

* *i.e.*, for ever.
† *i.e.*, Sîtâ. These names are brought in as those of well known legendary heroines. The story of Ḍhol and Mârwan is given at length at p. 276 ff. *ante*.
‡ Sâlivâhaṇa's messengers to Pîpâ.

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Âe mîṅ kahîye baiṭhnâ, manjâ dîe ḍâh.
Potrî dâ ḍolâ chakde mange Râjâ Salwân."
"Potrî dâ ḍolâ nâ deâṅ, hove tânoṅ tân."
Râje purzâ likh lîâ, âiâ Pîpe pâs.
Pîpe purzâ vekhiâ, vekhke siṭṭâ phâṛ.
"Faujâṅ lâeṅ chaṛhke, ṭopâṅ le âeṅ sâth,
Je tâṅ jang hai karnâ karke mere nâl."
Pîpe ârâṅ kaṭhiâṅ kîtiâṅ, kîtiâṅ kae hazâr.
"Potrî dâ ḍolâ nâ deâṅ, hove tânoṅ tân."
Agge Nûnâṅ boldî; "Sun lîe merâ jawab.
Kâh nûṅ kaḍḍhdâ taddiâṅ? Kâh nûṅ hotâ khwâr?
Ḍolâ merâ de Râje Salwân nûṅ; nahîṅ, koî byâhke le jâ Chamâr."
Agge Pîpâ boliâ: "Betî, âpe ho gaî tayyâr!"
Pîpe Bâhman saddiâ bedâṅ lîo gaḍâe.

Ask thy guest to sit and give him a couch.
Râjâ Salwân asketh thy daughter in marriage."
"I will not give my daughter in marriage, do what ye may."
The Râjâ wrote a letter and it came to Pîpâ.
Pîpâ saw the letter and tore it up. (Said he):
"Bring thy armies and bring thy guns (!) with thee,
If thou have a mind to fight with me."
Pîpâ collected many thousand of his (tanning) needles, (saying):
"I will not give my daughter in marriage, do what ye may."
Then said Nûnâṅ: "Hear my say:
Why art offering battle? why art troubled?
Give me in marriage to Râjâ Salwan, else some Chammâr will marry me."
Then said Pîpâ: "What, art ready thyself, my daughter?"
And Pîpâ called the Brâhmans and fixed the marriage posts (and said):

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

" Saddo Râjâ Salwân nûṅ, pherâ dîo diwâe."
Pîpâ bedâṅ gaḍiâṅ, Râjâ lîo bulâe;
Bâhman Bedâṅ paṛhde, ditte got ralâe.
Râjâ ne Rânî byâh lîe, lîe ratte ḍolâ pâe.
Kuṛîâṅ mangal gâunîâṅ, pherâ de de châr.
Râjâ byâhke ḍolâ le gîâ, pai gîâ apne Shahar dî râh.
Pîpâ ne jândâ ḍolâ vekhke, mârî sabar dî ḍâh.

Râjâ gîâ bich ujâṛ de, faujâṅ hoîâṅ sâth.
Ganjâ pâlî boldâ ḍâḍî kardâ pukâr:
Sajje tiliar boliâ, kubbhe kâlâ kâûṅ:
" Jeh nûṅ le chalâ byâhke rakhoṅgâ chhittrâṅ de thâṅ.

" Call Râjâ Salwân, for I will give her in marriage."
Pîpâ fixed the marriage posts and called the Râjâ.
Brâhmans read the *Vedas* and mingled their families.*
The Râjâ married the Rânî, and put her into a red palanquin.
Girls sang songs of rejoicing and they went four times round (the fire).†
The Râjâ married and took her away in the palanquin to his own City.
And when Pîpâ saw the palanquin going, he cried out impatiently.

The Râjâ went along the wilds with his cavalcade.
Ganjâ the neatherd cried and made a loud complaint:
On the right a partridge called and on the left a black crow:‡
" Whom thou art taking in marriage will treat thee as a shoe.

---

* See above, line 83.
† Final ceremony of the marriage: should be seven times.
‡ Bad omens.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jâd maiñ mâñ de udar thâ, khusre nâche bûhe bâr.
Latton langhâñ tâñ rahâ, sir nâ jame bâl.
Je maiñ sâbit jamdâ sukh nâ bastâ sansâr!
Jinhoñ le chalâ byâhke, ose pâ jâ râh."

Nûnâ bândî nûñ boldî: "Tûñ jhabdî Shahar nûñ jâ;
Mere bargâ âdmî tûñ chhetî bhâlke lâ.
Râjâ Salwân buḍḍhâ hai, mere kam dâ nâ."
Hîrâ bândî tur pîe, barî Shahar meñ â;
Jab mukh Pûran dâ vekhiâ ḍiggî sî ghash khâe.
Chhetî uthoñ uṭhke âî Nûnâñ de pâe.
"Pûran taithoñ bhî sohanâ, joṛî bandî tere nâl;
Pût hai teri saukan dâ, sûrat aprâpâl."

When I was in my mother's womb eunuchs danced at the door,*
And so I am lame and have no hair on my head!
Had I been born whole the world would not have dwelt in ease!
Whom thou hast taken in marriage take back again."

Said Nûnâ to her Maid:† "Go quickly to the City,
And bring me quickly a man fit for me.
Râjâ Salwân is old and of no use to me."
Hîrâ the maid went off into the City,
And when she saw Pûran she fell down in a swoon.
Rising quickly thence she went to Nûnâ, (and said):
"Pûran is more beautiful than thou and a fit pair for thee:
He is the son of thy co-wife‡ and very beautiful."

---

* It is customary for the class of eunuch mendicants to sing songs, &c., at births for fees.
† She has now reached her new home.
‡ *i.e.*, of Achhrân and so Lûnân's stepson.

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Athoṅ bele pai rahî, mahil andherâ pâe.
"Kî â gaî sunâunî Pîpe Bhagat de? Kaun margîâ bîr bharâû?
Kis ne mandâ boliâ? Kis ne kaḍḍhî gâî?
Jis ne kîtî ungalî, ungalî dewâṅ kaṭwâe.
Jis ne mandâ boliâ phâe dewâṅ chaṛhdâ.
Dil de bedil das de, sachî âkh sunâe."
Nûnâ Râjâ nûṅ boldî: "Sachî deâṅ sunâe.
Achhrâṅ lânde byâhke, rattî ḍolâ pâe.
Maiṅ Rânî dharîl hâṅ kaḍḍhî mahilâṅ se bâr!
Pûran sabhnâṅ nûṅ matthâ ṭek gîâ, maiṅ dittî mân o bisâr!
Matthâ ṭeke to bachûngî; nahiṅ, marûṅ katâṛî khâe."
Râjâ Nûnâṅ nûṅ âkhdâ, "Tûṅ uṭhke surat sambhâl!
Palang bichhâeṅ rangalâ, phûlâṅ dî sej khaṇḍâe.

She lay down in the evening and the palace became dark.*
(Said Salwân): "What hast heard about Pîpâ Bhagat? Which of thy brethren is dead?
Hath any one spoken harshly to thee? Hath any one abused thee?
If any finger hath been laid on thee I will cut it off.
Who hath spoken thee evil I will have him hanged.
Tell me the sorrow of thy heart and speak the truth."
Spake Nûnâṅ to the Râjâ: "I tell thee truth.
Thou didst marry Achhrâṅ putting her into the red palanquin.
I am but a mean woman turned out of the palace!
Pûran hath made his obeisance to all, but hath neglected me!
Let him make his obeisance to me and I am saved, else will I stab myself with a dagger."
Said the Râjâ to Nûnâṅ: "Get up and be at thy ease.
Lay the painted bed and spread the flowers on it.

* Signs of sorrow. Natives do not usually go to bed in the evening, and here also the sense is, she did not light up the palace.

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Rât kaṭ̣ye sukh dî, banke bhartâ nâr.
Pichhoṅ Kachahrî karûngâ, jad Pûran nûṅ leûṅ bulâe.
Din chaṛhde nûṅ matthâ ṭekogâ tainûṅ banâke dharam kî mâṅ."
Râjâ lâgî bhejke Pûran lîe mangwâe.
" Unche dhaular terî mîtie de jâke sis niwâe."
Mâtâ nûṅ matthâ ṭekdâ, piû nûṅ kahe 'jagdîs.'

" Unche dhaular mâtâ Nûnâṅ de jâke niwâṅwâṅ sîs."
" Nau darwâzâ Shahâr de, dasveṅ mûl na jâ.
Dasveṅ dhaular Nûnâṅ matîe de, tere nâl rakhdî khâr.
Change bhale nûṅ dekhke, chânak siṭde mâr.
Kal le âṅde byâhke, mailî nahîṅ hoî râh.
Kesh malî, mal nhâutî, sârâ kapṛâ lâ :
Indar Akhâre dî pachhrâṅ, haigî burî balâe.

Let us pass the night in delight as husband and wife,
Then will I hold my Court and send for Pûran.
At daybreak shall he salute thee as his foster-mother."
The Râjâ sent messengers and called Pûran, (and said):
"Go to the lofty palace of the stepmother and bow thy head to her."
He bowed his head to his mother and called his father 'lord.'

"I go to the lofty palace of mother Nûnâṅ to bow my head."*
" There are nine gates to the City, go not to the tenth.
The tenth is the palace of thy stepmother, Nûnâṅ, who hath enmity with thee.
When she sees thy beauty she will at once slay thee.
It was but yesterday he married and brought her here, the very road has not become dirty yet.
She decks her hair and bathes and wears many garments :
She is a maid of Indra's Court and a great horror.

---

* Pûran to his mother Achhrâṅ.

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Pût dâ sâk nahîṅ jândî, tainûṅ bhartâ lîo banâe.
Mânas deh durlamb, hot na bâr-o-bâr."
Jânde Pûran Bhagat nûṅ nannâ mûl na pâe.
"Je mâmâ ḍainâ hondiâṅ len nâ pûtâṅ nûṅ khâe.
Je mâṅ âve khân nûṅ agge deâṅ sîs niwâe.
Mâmâ kol putrâṅ jândiâṅ sharam na âve kâe.
Tùṅ merî Mâtâ janam dî, Nûnâṅ lagî dharam dî Mâṅ.
Hatth bandh kardâ bintî, mâtâ kol jânde nûṅ moṛâ na pâe."

Jânde Pûran Bhagat nûṅ dekhke boliâ kâlâ kâg.
"Âkheṅ merâ lag jâ agge na dhareṅ pâûṅ.
Oh gal chit vich rakhe jehṛî kahiudî sî Achhrâṅ mâṅ.
Marîdâ mar jâegâ, terâ kinnî nahîṅ karnâ niwâûṅ."

She will not know thee for a son and will make thee into a husband.
The body of a man is a precious thing, and comes not again and again."*
Pûran Bhagat would not be dissuaded at all from going.
"If a mother be a witch she will not destroy her son.
If my mother desire to destroy me, even then I will bow my head.
There is no shame in a son going to visit his own mother.
Thou art my Mother by the body, Nûnâṅ is my Mother by faith..
With joined hands I pray stay me not from going to my mother."

Seeing Pûran Bhagat going spake a black crow to him:
"Harken to my say and put not thy foot forward.
Let the words of thy mother Achhrâṅ sink into thy heart:
(Or) thou wilt be slain and none will do thee justice."

* Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Don't risk your man's body now, as you may not get one in the next life: some believe that a man's body comes but once to a being.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

" Kâgâ kâlî dhâr dâ, mere sir par ṭur na pher.
Tujhe bagânî kî pie ? Apnî âp nibeṛ.
Mâtâ ne neundâ deke sadd lîâ, chaliâ rasoî jîmeṅ.
Hatth bândhke karâṅ bintî; tûṅ kyûṅ boliâ, kâlâ kâûṅ ?"

Pûran âkhe, 'Râm Râm,' mukh se kahe jawâhir :
" Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, merî Pûran dî ardâs.
'Mâtâ' na kahe, hânoṅ hân pahchân.
Nekî badî âshikâṅ bahke sejâṅ mân.
Sej bichhâwâṅ rangalî, bahute phûl khaṇḍâe.
Deke kashîshâṅ mân le, tillî chaṛhî kumân."
Boliâ Pûran, " Sej te chaṛhe, jal marâṅ jalke bhashm ho jâeṅ.
Piâ ne lândî byâhke, tû lagî merî dharam dî mâṅ.

" O crow of the black hills circle not round my head.
What hast thou to do with others ? Mind thine own affairs.
My mother hath invited me and I go to feast with her.
With joined hands I beseech thee ; why speakest thou, thou black crow ?"

Pûran made his salute,* and spake his greeting with his lips, (saying) :
" Hear the prayer I Pûran make with joined hands.
Say not 'Mother' to me, know us for a well-matched pair.
Let us know the joys and grief of lovers sitting on this couch.
I will lay the coloured bed and cover it with many flowers.
Enjoy thyself, for the bow is ready for use."
Said Pûran, " If I mount thy bed I shall be burnt, burnt to ashes.
My father hath brought thee in marriage and thou art my mother by faith.

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* See Vol. I., p. 2.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Achhrâṅ mâtâ pâp dî, tûṅ haiṅ dharam dî màṅ.
Mâtâ putràṅ neh lagî, dhartî nigar jâ."
"Kad maiṅ tainûṅ kokh napaniâ ? Kad lîâ god khilâe ?
Battîs dhârâṅ na taiṅ chungiâṅ, kis bidh saddâ 'mân' ?
Tûṅ bhartâ, maiṅ istrî; donoṅ ik hî hân.
Jholî âḍh khaṛî dar tere haiṅ; sâre khair pâ."
"Pâp dâ gaṛwâ ḍohal de, gaṛwâ dharam meṅ nhâo.
Chapṛîâṅ de muḍh ṭobî, piṇḍâṅ de muḍh grâṅ:
Shâh bâj pat nahîṅ, Gurû bâj gat nahîṅ, putràṅ bâj nahîṅ rahinde nâṅ.
Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, mere bich bhang na pâe."
"Bhalî hoi tûṅ á gîâ; jâge sâḍe bhâg.
Ghî de dîwe much gae, jad tûṅ mahiloṅ baṛiâ âe:

Achhrâṅ is my mother by sin,* thou art my mother by faith.
If mother and son commit sin the earth will sink beneath me."
"When did I bear thee in my womb ? when did I feed thee in my lap ?
Thou didst never take thy 32 teeth (full of milk from me) and how canst thou call me 'mother' ?
Thou art husband, I wife; we are a pair.
I stand suppliant at thy door, give me of thy alms."
"Throw aside the river of sin, and bathe from the river of faith.
Ponds are near lakes, villages near towns :
There is no honor without a king, no salvation without a Gurû, no name without a son.†
With joined hands I pray thee, do no wrong to my virtue."
"Well was it that thou camest; propitious is my fate.
Lamps of *ghî*‡ have been lighted, since thou didst enter the palace :

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* *i.e.*, my carnal mother.
† Two well-known lines thrown in for effect.
‡ See above, line 60.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jaisî lâṭ tandûr dî rahî, bujhiâ na bujhâe.
Je dar rakhdâ Salwân dâ, dine charhde nûṅ siṭṭâṅ mâr.
Mohrâ de dûṅ tere bâp nûṅ, dewâṅ jân gaṅwâe.
Jinne pattan âute beṛîâṅ, tere dâman chhaḍḍâṅ lâe.
Chhoṭî umar diâ Pûranâṅ, thoṛe sîs niwâe:
Sej bichhâûṅ rangalî, bahle phûl khaṇḍâe.
Kyûṅ nâ sej kabûldâ, ho jâ Surg tayyâr.
Hatth baṅh kardî bintî, merî joṛî bhang na pâe."
" Mâtâ, kyûṅ jaṛ paṭdî dharam dî? Hathîṅ pâp na bîj.
Jat jattiâṅ de rahin de, tainûṅ kujh nahîṅ chîj."
" Jat jattiâṅ nahîṅ chhaḍne, karke bhajâ paṭîj."
" Jadâṅ jat Pûran dâ ṭûṭ jâo, sukh jâo Gangâ mâṇḍâ nîr.
Jat Pûran dâ ṭûṭ jâo, duniyâ ghatke jâo bhîr.

Like as the blaze of the (public) oven, which cannot be put out.
If thou dost fear Salwân I will have him slain in the morning.
I will give thy father poison and destroy his life.
I will put all the boats at the ferries under thy power.
My youthful Pûran, bow not thy head so low:
I will lay thee the painted bed and cover it with flowers.
Why not agree to my bed and be in Heaven?
With joined hands I pray thee destroy not the match (made for me)."
" Mother, why destroy the roots of faith? The seeds of sin prosper not.
Let the virtue of the virtuous remain, it concerns not thee."
"I will not let the virtue of the virtuous remain: be certain of this."
" When the virtue of Pûran is destroyed, the water of Ganges shall be dried up.
When the virtue of Pûrân is destroyed, the earth shall perish.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Maiṅ chelâ Gorakh Nâth dâ, jamdâ sâdh fakîr,
Mainûṅ tere jânde nûṅ ḍûbdî, merî jât nûn lâwandî lîk.
Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, Mâtâ, eh santâṅ dâ rît."
" Neundâ deke saddiâ, mahileṅ baṛiâ âe.
Je mere mahileṅ â gîâ, chhij âute chaṛh jâ âp.
Iko jeḍîâṅ mildîâṅ bich Darge hai nahîṅ pâp.
Nahîṅ tâṅ chhij kabûl le; nahîṅ, kar lâṅ terâ nâs."
" Mâtâ, neundâ deke sadd lîâ, maiṅ bhî rakhiâ dhyân.
Nâ rûwâṅ, nâ dhûâṅ, kithe hai nahîṅ rasoî dâ thân.
Kithe gaî jagâ rasoî-wâlî? kithe pakan pakwân?
Sunîâṅ maṇḍîâṅ mâṛîâṅ mainûṅ ḍeoḍîâṅ barbar khâeṅ.
Arsoṅ paindîâṅ golîâṅ kidhar nahîṅ dendîâṅ jân.
Jehṛî gall Achhrâṅ bachan bol, oh de bâk nâ bharte jân."
" Paireṅ pawwe pâke baṛâ mahileṅ âe.
Maiṅ Indar Râjâ dî pachhrâṅ, hângî burî balâe.

I am a disciple of Gorakh Nâth, and a saint from my birth.
Thou wouldst destroy me with thyself, casting a stain on my virtue.
With joined hands I pray thee, mother, this is the way of saints."
" I did invite thee and thou camest to my palace.
As thou hast come to my palace do thou mount my bed.
In the meeting of match (with match) there is no sin before the Court (of God).
Either agree to my bed, or I will destroy thee."
" Mother, thou didst invite me, I obeyed thee.
I see nor fire, nor smoke, nor any place for a feast.
Where is the feasting place? where is the feast?
Seeing the palace and hall thus empty I am afraid.
Thunderbolts from the heavens spare not life.
What Achhrâṅ spake hath come very true."
" Thou camest into my palace with shoes on thy feet.
I am a maid of Râjâ Indar and a great horror.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Hatth pair tere bândhke dewân khûb siṭṭâe.
Kyûn nahîn kahnâ mandâ ? dewân jân gaṅwâe."
" Hatth baṅh kardâ, Mâtâ, bintî ; tainûn sachîân deân sunâe.
Râwan nâl kihân guzriân, ditte sone dî Laṅkâ luṭâe ?
Singh Rikhjî gher lîe bich banwâs de, dittî babhût bhulâe.
Shams Tabrez mârâ bich Multân de, khal dittî bhuṅs bharâe.
Kî khûâ ? kî jal ghaṛe ? kî ṭobhâ ? kî bân ?
Sabh dâ pânî ik hai ; taiṅ dhariâ chit kuthân.

I will bind thy hands and feet and throw thee into a well.
Why hearest not my prayer ? I will destroy thy life."
" With joined hands I beseech, Mother ; and I tell thee truth.
What trouble did Râwan suffer when his gold Laṅkâ was destroyed ?*
Singh, the Sage,† was encompassed (by fair women) in the wilds and forgot his saintship.
Shams Tabrez‡ was slain in Multân and his skin filled with chaff.
What is the well ? what is the water-pot ? the pond ? the pit ?
The water in all is the same ; thou hast misplaced thy heart.

---

* By Râma Chandra for the abduction of his wife, Sîtâ. The allusion is to the story in the *Râmâyaṇa*.

† Probably meant for Viśvâmitra in allusion to the story of his seduction by the nymph Menakâ : the Sanskrit form is Śriṅga.

‡ This carries us into Muhammadan legend. Shamsu'd-dîn Muḥammad Tabrezî, better known as Shams Tabrez, was the celebrated Sûfî master of Maulânâ Jalâlu'ddîn Rûmî, founder of the Sûfi *durveshes* of Qunia (Iconium). His son, 'Alâu'ddîn Maḥmûd, killed Shams Tabrez by throwing him down a well at Qunia in 1247 A.D. There is a story that he was also flayed alive, and wandered about for four days afterwards with his skin in his hand. His descendants, a Shî'a family of Multân, in 1787 A.D. raised a tomb to him there. This explains the allusion in the text.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Gaû te gadhâ charhde, bich Darge na milo thân.
Donoṅ paṛ mil jâenge, Dhartî te Âsmân."
"Tûṅ sâḍâ bulâiâ nahîṅ boldâ, bhajke kahîṅ bal jâeṅ ?
Bhaje nûṅ jân na dûngî, bhaṅwarke leûṅ mangâe.
Tere barge ghabrû ditte pûr khapâe.
Âkheṅ mere lag jâ, nahîṅ baḍhke dewâṅ ṭangâe."
Pûran ḍâhâṅ mâriâṅ, mukh se japke Râm :
"Mâtâ, chalnâ Kachahrî Rabb dî, othe dohâṅ mâmlâ pân.
Sachiâṅ jhûte Surg de, jhûṭe kumbhe Narak nûṅ jâeṅ.
Kamnâ dî gur istrî, lobhî de gur dâm,
Kabîr de gur sant haiṅ, santâṅ de gur Râm.
Mâtâ, hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, merâ rahin de sidak îmân."

By mounting the ass on the cow thou wilt gain no place in the Court (of God).
Both spheres will meet, the Heaven and the Earth."
"Thou dost not listen to my say, and whither wilt thou flee ?
I will not let thee flee, I will have thee brought and bound.
I have destroyed many youths like thee.
Agree to my say, or I will cut off (thy head) and hang it up."
Pûran cried out and called on God with his lips :
"Mother, we must go to God's Court, and there be judged for our deeds.
The true will enjoy themselves* in Heaven, and the false go to Hell.
The teacher of the lustful is woman, the teacher of the greedy is gain,
The teacher of Kabîr a saint, and the teacher of the saints is God.†
Mother, with joined hands I pray thee, let me keep my honor and faith."

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* *Lit.*, swing in.
† An aphorism of Kabîr, the religious reformer of 15th century, dragged in for effect.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Uṭhîṅ, Hîrâ bândî, jandî de chaṛhâe.
Sâre darwâje mârke, kithe Pûran na jânâ pâe.
Sir Pûran dâ baḍhnâ, kisî bhaṅwar denâ sittâe.
Kahnâ nahiṅ eh mandâ, jîundâ chhaḍnâ nâe."

Pûran Râm ḍhyâke chaṛhiâ pauṛîâṅ jâe.
Pûran chhâlâṅ mâriâṅ pairoṅ pawwâ le gae khaskâe.
Kâmpiâ singâsan Indar kâ, bich pûrîâṅ pie hakâe.
Ḍigdâ Pûran dekhiâ, âp Rabb ne dittâ kambh aṛâe.
Takhte zamîn de rakhiâ, jûṅ mâlan deve phul ṭakâe.
Pat Pûran dî rakh lî, rakhî ap Khudâe.

Mâtâ Achhrâṅ boldî: "Tû kyûṅ mândâ lambî ḍhâh?
Kis ne mandâ boliâ? kis ne kaḍḍhî gâl?

"Up, Hîrâ, my maid,* and lock all the doors.
Close all the gates that Pûran escape not.
Cut off Pûran's head and throw it into a well.
He would not listen to my say and I will not let him live."

Pûran praying to God went to the stairs.
When Pûran leapt his shoes slipped from his feet.
Indar's throne trembled and a cry arose through the cities (of heaven).
God himself delivered Pûran as he leapt (from the palace),
And placed him upon the earth as a gardener layeth down a flower.
God himself preserved the honor of Pûran.

Said his mother Achhrâṅ: "Why weepest thou so loudly?
Who spake harshly to thee? who hath abused thee?

---

* Lûnâṅ is speaking.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Tûṅ beṭâ Râje Salwân dâ, jeḍâ Châhûṅ Pâse râj :
Jis ne tainûṅ mâriâ phâṅsî deâṅ cha hâe."
" Mâtâ Nûnâṅ ne lâîâṅ sîlîâṅ khole hâr singâr.
Kamar kaṭârâ kholiâ, jeṛâ maiṅ baliâ le lak de nâl.
Dhakâ deke mahilâṅ se siṭṭiâ, mainûṅ rakhiâ Parbatgâr.*
Âe mere pitâ nûṅ Mâtâ Nûnâṅ ne dînâ sikhâl."
" Bachâ, tainûṅ le dûṅgî sîlîâṅ ṭopîâṅ, hor le dûṅ hâr singhâr :
Kamar kaṭârâṅ le deâṅ, baṅh le lak de nâl.
Chandrî de mahileṅ kyûṅ gîâ ? âiâṅ jân bachâe.
Nûnâṅ matîe terî lagdî, âḍe dîo pâe."

Salwân Nûnâṅ nûṅ boldâ ; " Sun len merâ jabâb :
Mandî shagunî maiṅ ṭur âke : bagî kokhî bâ.
Tûṅ Indar Râje dî pachhrâṅ, Rânî, sabhnâṅ dî sardâr.

Thou art the son of Râjâ Salwân, who rules in the Four Quarters :
If any one hath beaten thee I will have him hanged."
" Mother Nûnâṅ hath taken my necklace and my jewels.
She hath taken the dagger from my waist, that was upon my waist.
She thrust me out of the palace and God preserved me.
And Mother Nûnâṅ will deceive my father, when he comes to her."
" My son, I will give thee necklace and cap and jewels :
I will fasten another dagger round thy waist.
Why wentest thou into the harlot's palace ? Thou hast but saved thy life.
Thy step-mother Nûnâṅ will yet do thee an injury."

Spake Salwân to Nûnâṅ : " Hear my say :
Evil omens came to me on the way : a violent wind was blowing.
Thou art a maid of Râjâ Indar, my Queen, the chief of all.

* For *Parwardigâr*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Tere mahileṅ âke Rânîâṅ sabhnâṅ dittî basâr.
Kî lût liâṅ kisî chor ne? kidhroṅ pai gaîḍhâr?
Sachîâṅ bâtâṅ das de, kî guzre tere nâl?"
"Ithoṅ bakhat* dhudhol dâ Pûran mereṅ mahileṅ bharâiâ.
Maiṅ tere bhulâve bhul gaî, rakhî chhîj bichhâe.
Pûran ne pairâṅ se joṛâ kholiâ, chaṛhiâ chhîj par âe.
Kaṛkaṛ bhanne gîâ haḍîâṅ, mâs burkiâṅ khâe.
Sih de mohre bakrî, jiûṅ bhâve tiûṅ khâe.
Main palî hoî gaû dî makhan dî, maiṅ rakhî hai jân bachae.
Kurtî phâṛ gîâ, beganî ṭukre kar dîâ châṛ.
Dukhan kanâṅ dî bâlîâṅ, dukhde sir de bâl.
Terâ bohal sonâ dâ luṭ liâ, bâkî kujh chhoṛâ nâṅ."
Âkhe; "Pûran nûṅ mâr de; nahîṅ, maiṅ mar jâûṅ kaṭâre khâe."
Râjâ Salwân Nûnâṅ nûṅ âkhdâ; "Eh gall hoî nahîṅ kisî jug.

I have deserted all the Queens to come to thy palace.
Hath any thief robbed thee? Hath any entered in?
Tell me truth, what hath happened to thee?"
"It was dusk when Pûran entered my palace.
I mistook him for thee and laid thy bed.
Pûran took off his shoes and mounted thy bed.
My bones crackled and my flesh was crushed under him.
If a goat be before a lion, he can eat her when he please.
I have been bred on cow's butter and I but saved my life.
He tore the coat from my breast into four pieces.
My earrings pain me and so doth the hair of my head.
Thy golden farm hath been robbed and nothing remains of it."
Said she, "Slay Pûran, or I will stab myself with a dagger and die."
Said Râjâ Salwân to Nûnâṅ: "Such a thing could not be in any age.

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* For *waqt*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Tûṅ Indar Râje dî padmanî bâṇî sunî dî dhaj.
Jat Pûran dâ rakin de, nâ lâo jatî de pag.
Pûran merâ jatî hai; kyûṅ lâunâ chîkar nûṅ ag?
Taiṅ chab le til châulî, tere hoṭeṅ rahinde lag.
Pûran dî sûrat vekhke bhul gaî, kar diṅ haiṅ bheṛe sabâb."
"Râjâ, Dhartî dâ maṇḍal Mengalâ, parjâ dâ maṇḍal bhûp,
Ghar dâ maṇḍal istrî, kul dâ maṇḍâl pût.
Ag lage tere maṇḍat, mâṇeṅ balke ḍigan satût!
Tere muṅh dahṛî, sir pag; kyûṅ baliâ sirak-sût?
Le âiâṅ mainûṅ âp biyâhke, chhîjâṅ mâne Pûran pût!"
Âkhe; "Pûran nûṅ mâr de; nahîṅ, maiṅ ḍere kar jâûṅ kûch."

Thou art a beauty of Râjâ Indar's (Court) and high is thy repute.
Preserve the honor of Pûran, put no stain on his virtue.
My Pûran is honest: why dost thou put fire to the mud?*
Thou hast eaten sesamum and rice,* for they are on thy lips.
Seeing Pûran's beauty, thou art captivated and doest this evil."
"Râjâ, the ornament of the Earth is Heaven, the ornament of the nation is the king.
The ornament of the house is a wife, the ornament of the family is a son.†
Fire burn thy house, and may the rafters fall!
There is a beard on thy face, and a turban on thy head, and why didst thou bind it on?
Thou didst bring me here in marriage and Pûran thy son hath enjoyed my bed."
Said she: "Slay thou Pûran or I will go home."

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* Both idioms: to tell a lie.
† This is a proverbial saying.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ Chûhṛâ saddiâ, lîâ Kachahrî mangâe:
"Hatthen kardân phaṛo, sârdî leo sân chaṛhâe.
Sir Pûran dâ baḍhio, kisî khûh bich âio pâe.
Apnî mâtâ de chhîjân mân gîâ, kul nûn lâ gîâ lâj."
Wazîr dâ laṛkâ Râje nûn boldâ; "Araz sune man lâe;
Khamân baṛân nûn hot hai, chhoṭân nûn utpât.
Nârân zahar dîân gandlân, rakhîye sanwâr sanwâr:
Je bich satrân de rakhîe, to kheḍan bich ujâṛ,
Mandâ changâ nâ dekhdîân, dekhen piû dâdâ dî nâ lâj.
Âkhe Nûnân de lagdân: kî kardâ kul dâ nâs?"
Aggion Rânî boldî: "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât:
Jhuṭîân gallân Wazîr âkhdâ; eh hai Pûran dî junḍî dâ yâr."
"Sunîo, lagio badhîo, leo dam ginâe.

The Râjâ sent for the Scavenger* from his Court, (and said to him):
"Take thy knives and have them sharpened on the whetstone.
Strike off Pûran's head and throw it into a well.
He hath enjoyed his mother's bed and shamed his family."
Then spake the Minister to the Râjâ: "Hear my petition;
Elders should pardon the faults of the young.
Women are poisonous pests, however carefully they be kept:
Keep them in seclusion and they will play in the wilds.
They regard not right and wrong, they regard not the honour of their families.
The words of Nûnâ are approved of thee: why dost destroy thy race?"
Then spake the Rânî (Nûnân): "Râjâ, hear my words:
Falsely saith the Minister; he is the friend of Pûran's party."
(Said the Râjâ): "Hear, ye slaves and minions, take your wages and count them.

* The common scavenger is always the executioner in Hindû India.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Pûran de bâheṅ rassî pâ, leo kaṛaṛe baṭ chaṛhâe,
Sir Pûran dâ baḍhke, sohane karo kabâb.
Putr apnâ maiṅ mârnâ, phir koî nâ pawe is râh."
"Bhaṭ pîe terî naukarî, mahîne apne aisî taisî bich pâe!
Pûran bargî sûratâṅ koî baḷrî jâve nâr.
Jis kûṇḍh Pûran jâ raho baiṭho râj diwâe.
Naukarî terî chhaḍânge sâthe, Pûran na mârâ jâe."

"Bhaje â gae, Pûran, tere bâp de, kar lîâṅ piû ne yâd.
Jal bich nhâutâ, Pûranâ, ho jâ jal se bâhar.
Jal bich nhândâ kî bane, man bich rahinde pâp?
Tere gal mâlâ rudhrâs* dî baiṭhâ Râm dhyâe.
Din nûṅ mâlâ phirdâ, rât nûṅ mâṛe pâṛ.
Sûlî gaḍḍî tere bâp ne, sidhâ hoke sûlî jhâk."

Fasten Pûran's arms with ropes: bind them tightly with cords.
Cut off Pûran's head and make a fine roast of it.
I slay my son that none may follow his ways."
(Said the Scavengers): "A curse on thy service, and may thy wages go as they will!
It is a rare woman that bears the like of Pûran.
Wherever Pûran may go there will he rule.
We had rather leave thy service than slay Pûran."

"Pûran, †thy father hath sent us for he hath remembered thee.‡
Thou art bathing in the waters, Pûran, come out of them.
What boots it to bathe in the waters, when the heart is evil?
With thy beads around thy neck thou dost worship Râm.
By day thou dost tell thy beads, by night thou breakest into houses.
Thy father hath erected the gallows, bear the gallows courageously."

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* For *rudrâksha*, mendicant's beads. † The executioners to Pûran.
‡ *i.e.*, found thee out and will punish thee.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Pûran Chûhṛâṅ nûṅ pûchhdâ: "Mere se koṛe bigaṛ gae kâj ?
Dohî tainûṅ Rabb dî, mainûṅ le chalo pitâ de pâs."

"Ḍaṇḍîe ghaṭ mangwâ lîâ, pitâjî, maiṅ â gîâ tere pâs.
Kareṅ niyâû merâ sodhke, dîeṅ dukh niwâr.
Âkhe na Nûnâṅ de lageṅ, merâ dahî nâ kharch karâe.
Chand-putr nahîṅ thyâunâ, kâh nûṅ ghaṭe ralâwandâ lâl ?"
"Bachâ, jatîâṅ bichoṅ jat gîâ, tapîâṅ bichoṅ tap.
Jad nâûṅ lîâ tere biyâh dâ doheṅ kane dhar gîâ hatth.
Shahreṅ khabarâṅ ho gaîâṅ, bich desâṅ de pai gaî sath.
Kal Nûnâṅ de mahileṅ jâke kî dhan âiâ khaṭ ?"[1]

Said Pûran to the Scavengers: "What evil have I done ?
In the name of God* take me to my father."

"Thou hast sent for the executioners, father, and I have come to thee.
Do me justice according to my desert and relieve my pain.
Listen not to the words of Nûnâṅ and destroy not my body.
Sons are not (always) begotten, so why throw thy ruby in the dust ?"
"My son, virtue hath left the virtuous, and righteousness the righteous.
When I mentioned marriage to thee thou didst stop both thy ears.
It is noised abroad in the City, it hath gone into all the land.
Yesterday thou wentest into Nûnâṅ's palace and what didst thou gain ?"

---

* Observe the use of *Rabb* here by a *Hindû Bhagat !*

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Pitâjî, akk dî nâ khâîye kakṛî; sap dâ nâ khâîye mâs;
Istrî nâ karîye lâḍlî, jad kad kare binâs.
Anhe nûṅ chânan kî kare, dîwe balan pachâs?
Bole nûṅ khaṛkâ nâ sune, ṭamak baje pâs.
Gadhe nûṅ mahîlâ kî kare, rûṛî jis dâ bâs?
Nârâṅ Bhoj pur prabal ho gaîâṅ, nak bich pâwan nath:
Aḍe mâr nachâundiâṅ mâṛe mard nârî de bas.
Jat sat merâ dekhke, tâṅ sitṭeṅ bhâṅveṅ mâr."
"Pûran, Pûran âkhîe, terâ kinne na pâiâ bhed.
Kal do pahre luṭ gîâṅ, sûnâ dekhke khet.
Harîâṅ belâṅ muchh gîâ, khâke kar gîâ ḍher.

"Father, eat not the fruit of the *âk*;* eat not the flesh of snakes;
Make not thy wife a darling, or some day she will ruin thee.
What will the brightness benefit the blind, if thou light a hundred lamps?
The deaf hears no sound, though thou sound a drum beside him.
What will a palace benefit the ass that dwelleth on the dunghill?
Women have conquered (Râjâ) Bhoj† and put a ring in his nose.
And spurring him the women make the conquered man dance.
Test my virtue ere thou dost destroy me."
"Pûran, Pûran we call thee, but none hath fathomed thy secret (heart).
Yesterday at noon didst thou rob it, seeing my field unguarded.
My tender creepers were destroyed and thrown into a heap when eaten.

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* *Asclepias gigantea*, a poisonous plant.
† Probably this merely means a great king: Bhoja-deva of Dhâra, *Ob. circa* 1002 A.D., is a name of household fame in India.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Buḍhe pîle baj rahe, râkhâ nahîṅ suchet.
Kal lâiâ Nûnâṅ nûṅ biyâhke; merî dhaulî kanî dekh.
Tainûṅ mulk bahoterâ khâne nûṅ, basdâ sârâ des:
Kâm bigâ.â bâp dâ, sonâ ralâ gîâ reṭ.
Mandir Nûnâṅ de luṭ lie, kîtâ â gîâ tere pesh."
"Pitâ, ankheṅ vekhke sach kareṅ, kanne sunke na mâr.
Châṛh kaṛâhâ tel dâ, khuṇḍâṅ ḍî ag machâe.
Jadoṅ kaṛâhâ tap jâo, merâ sajjâ dast ḍubâo,
Chîchî ungalî je saṛe, phâheṅ dîe chaṛhâe.
Mere sir par ârâ rakhke bichâleṅ siṭṭî chirwâo.
Sûrat vekhke bhul gaî, maiṅ mukh kahindâ rahâ 'Mâṅ'!"

Nûnâṅ kaṛâhâ châṛh dîâ, dittî ag jalâe.
Jadoṅ tel kaṛâhâ tap gîâ, Pûran lîâ mangwâe.

The old man sowed the field and the keeper was not alert.
Yesterday I married Nûnâṅ, and, see, my hair is grey.
Many lands are thine to take, for thou hast all the country:
But thou hast spoilt thy father's work and mixed gold with the sand.
Thou hast robbed Nûnâṅ's house and now (the consequences of) thy deeds are before thee."
"Father, see the truth with thine eyes, slay not for what thy ears have heard.
Light a fire of logs and place a caldron of oil thereon.
When the oil is hot plunge in my right hand.
If my little finger (even) be burnt hang thou me up there.
Put a saw to my head and have it sawn into halves.
She saw my beauty and forgot herself, but I only called her 'Mother'!"

Nûnâṅ lit the fire and put on the caldron.
When the oil was hot she sent for Pûran.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jad te ne jhâlâṅ chhaḍiâṅ Pûran dittâ kaṛâhe pâe.
Un seveṅ Devî Jâlpâ, Gorakh nûṅ lîâ dhyâe.
Sawâ pahar kaṛâhe bich rahâ, phir dhûke kaḍḍhâ bâhar.
Jat sat Pûran dâ kâim sî, nâ lagî tattî bâl.
Aggioṅ Râjâ boliâ: "Suno, Chûhṛo, jawâb:
Lîṛâ littâ lâke, Nûnâṅ nûṅ chhabânâ tîrâṅ de nâl."

"Pitâ kaṛâhâ baṅh lîâ, put ne bândhâ tel.
Maiṅ parî thî Baṛe Bahisht dî, bich parîâṅ kardî sel:
Pûran apnâ rakh lîâ, karke akal dâ khel.
Aisî sundar istrî phir kadhî nahîṅ honâ mel.
Bhulbhûlekhî maiṅ bhul gaî, mere akal ṭhikâṇâ nâe.
Nûnâṅ sach boldî, Pûran sachâ nâe."

When the oil bubbled up Pûran was put into the caldron.
He worshipped the Goddess Jâlpâ,* and meditated on Gorakh.
A watch and a quarter he remained in the oil and was taken out by force.
Pûran's virtue was proved, not a hair of him was injured.
Then said the Râjâ: "My Scavengers, hear me:
Strip the clothes off Nûnâṅ and pierce her with arrows."

"The father stayed the caldron and the son stayed the oil (by magic).
I was a fairy in the Great Heaven, wandering amidst the fairies,
And Pûran hath proved himself by a skilful trick.
Never again shalt thou meet so beautiful a woman.
I have been deceived by impositions and my (poor) skill availed me not.
Nûnâṅ saith truth that Pûran is not true."

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* See above, line 124.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Jâke Pûran nûṅ marîo, jithe an pânî bhî nâe.
Aise putr dâ marnâ, mere râj nûṅ âwandî hân."
Agge Chûhṛâ boliâ, rondâ ḍûhâṅ mâr :
"Mere hatth nahîṅ Pûran par nahîṅ bagde, hattheṅ apne mâr.
Sâḍe sir ulte manje rakhde shahroṅ de ujâṛ :
Ithoṅ kulî paṭke, hor te pâwânge jâe.
Bhagat Pûran nûṅ mârke, Nûnâṅ, keṛe sanwâregî kâj ?
Mere châroṅ beṭe mârke Pûran nûṅ lîeṅ bachâe."
Nûnâṅ Râje nûṅ âkhdî : "Itnî der na lâe ;
Chorâṅ yârâṅ nâl dostî kadhî bhî bantî nâe.
Eh dâ mârnâ hakk hai, eh dî nîtar lîeṅ kaḍhâe.
Hatth pair is de baṅhke, siṭṭan khûh de bâr."

"Pûranâ, tere hatth bândhke sankonîâṅ, chale goḍâṅ de bhâr.

"Go and slay Pûran,* where is nor water nor corn.
Such a son should be slain, that hath ruined my kingdom."
Then spake the Scavenger weeping aloud :
"My hands rise not against Pûran, slay him with thine own hands.
I will put my bed on my head and leave the city.
I will pull down my hut and raise it up elsewhere.
What dost thou gain, Nûnâṅ, by slaying Pûran, the Bhagat ?
Better slay my son and save Pûran."
Said Nûnâṅ to the Râjâ : "Delay not thus ;
It is useless to be friends with a thief.
He should be slain that hath destroyed (the apple of) thine eyes.
Bind him hand and foot and throw him into a well."

(Said Lûnâṅ) : "Pûran, thy hands are bound behind thee and thou goest upon thy knees.

---

* Salwân says this, giving into Lûnâṅ.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Âjâṅ bhî kahâ mân le, hun le âwâṅ chhuṛâe.
Jeṛî badî tainûṅ lag gaî hor pâse dîuâṅ ṭâl.
Eh gall merî mân le, ban jâ bhartâ, maiṅ terî nâr."
" Mâtâ, chhîjî terî agg balî, maithoṅ chaṛhâ na jâe.
Heṭh Dhartî Mâtâ dekhdî, utte Parbatgâr.*
Dohâṅ se chorî maiṅ karâṅ, paṛâṅ Nark meṅ jâe.
Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, tû lagî dharm dî mâṅ."

" Sunîye, tûṅ Khiḍḍû Chûhṛâ, sun le merâ jawâb.
Hatth le âîyo Pûran de baḍhke rakhâṅ sirhâne nâl.
Netrî le âîṅ kaḍḍhke, surmâṅ lawâṅ banâe!
Us dî rat le ânî kaḍḍhke lâwâṅ hâr singâr!
Je Pûran jîundâ rakhiâ, terâ deâṅ kabîlâ gâl.
In kahnâ merâ nahîṅ mâniâ; sittiyo khûh de bâr."

Hear my say to-day and even now will I release thee.
What evil hath been charged against thee will I pass on to another.
Only hear my say that thou be my husband and I thy wife."
" Mother, fire burns thy bed, I cannot ascend it.
Beneath Mother Earth is looking on and above is God:
If I steal from both I shall go into Hell.
With joined hands I beseech thee, be my mother by faith."

" Hear† thou Scavenger Khiḍḍû, hear my say.
Cut off Pûran's hands and place them beneath my pillow.
Take out his eyes that I may make eye-salve of them!
Bring me his blood, that I may put it to my jewels and clothes!
If thou let Pûran live I will destroy thy family.
He listened not to my words; throw him into a well."

---

* For *Parwardigâr* see above, line 371.
† Lûṅâṅ says this.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Satiâ dî bhalî jhompṛî, bhût kostî dâ gâûṅ.
Ag lage pitâ, terî maṇḍat, mâṛîeṅ bich hai nahîṅ Har da nâûṅ!
Râj nûṅ bijlî mâr jâ! Nûnâṅ nûṅ laṛ jâ kâlâ nâg!
Terâ shahr gharak ho jâe, gawwâṅ nâ chugdîâṅ ghâ!
Be-gunâh mâriâ, merâ kus nahîṅ kîtâ niwâûṅ.
Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, milî nâ Achhrâṅ mâṅ."

"Sâdhû tainûṅ boldâ; suniye, Pûran, jabâb.
Pichhle janam bich asîṅ donoṅ sî sake bhrâe:
Tûṅ jamiâ ghar Râje de, maiṅ lîe phakirî pâe.
Tûṅ merî gadî par baiṭh jâ, maiṅ mardâṅ tere thân."
Pûran aggîoṅ âkhdâ: "Tainûṅ deâṅ sunâe:
Honî bîtî pagambarâṅ, maiṅ kih dâ pânîhâr?

"Better the hut of the virtuous than the village of the sinful.
Fire burn thy palace, father, wherein God's name is not feared!
Lightning destroy thy kingdom! May the black serpent destroy Nûnâṅ!
May thy city sink and cows not graze thy grass!
Slaying me without fault thou hast done me no justice!
With joined hands I pray thee: I have not (even) met my mother Achhrâṅ."

"The holy man telleth;* Pûran, hear his say.
In the last birth we were own brothers:
And now thou art born in a Râjâ's house and I have become a *faqîr*.
Sit thou in my place and let me die for thee."
Then said Pûran: "I say to thee:
Fate hath happened to the prophets; I am but a water-bearer.†

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* Pûran is now consoled by a saint.
† *i.e.*, a humble person compared to them.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bhalî hoî mâpe mârde, mere prâṇ Surg nûṅ jân.
Ik achhnabâ ho gîâ, Mâtâ Achhrâṅ ho birân."

Chûhṛâ hirnâ dâ bak mâriâ, rat lî channe bich pâe.
Donoṅ nîtar mirg de kaḍḍhke banat banâe :
"Je Nûnâṅ kahâ mân gaî, tâṅ Pûran nûṅ deâṅge bachâe.
Je honî Pûran dî jâg pie, tâṅ muṛke deâṅge mâr."
Hirnî ḍâhâṅ mâriâ, kîtî Rabb agge faryâd :
" Hirnî maiṅ sâmân ṭhâr dî, chaṛhke âe utâr,
Ḍardî chher, bhagîlieṅ, chitioṅ, dittâ bak ujâṛ !
Nâ merîâṅ sâkhâṅ chungîâṅ ; nâ chugiâ hariâ ghâ ;
Nâ chhâlâṅ mâriâṅ ; nâ ṭuriâ mere sâth ;
Nâ than chunge rajke, merâ pâṭ hamâme jâe.
Be-badosî dâ bak mâriâ, nâ lagî duniyâ dî bâ !
Jih de khâtir mâriâ, so Pûran bhî mârâ jâe !"

It is well that my parents slay me, for I go to Heaven.
But there is one evil, that my mother Achhrâṅ is ruined."

The Scavenger slew a fawn and put its blood into a cup :
Both eyes of the fawn he took out, and made a plan :
" If Nûnâṅ listen to me, then will I save Pûran.
But if Pûran's fate be awake* I will come back and slay him."
The doe cried out and complained to God (and said) :
" I was a doe on the lower grounds and climbed up hither,
For fear the lion, the wolf, and the leopard, and I have (now) lost my fawn.
It sucked not my teats ; it ate not the green grass ;
It bounded not ; nor wandered beside me ;
It sucked not my teats to surfeit, for they are full to bursting ;
My harmless fawn hath been slain, ere yet it hath breathed the air of this world !
May Pûran for whose sake it hath died be also slain !"

* Be against him.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chûhṛâ âkhdâ : "Pûran nûṅ maiṅ lâiâ mâr.
Eh le, Nûnâṅ, rat Pûran dî lâ le hâr singâr."
"Uṭhîye, Hîrâ bândî, motî kaḍḍhke rat bich pâo :
Je rat Pûran dî ho, tâṅ motî milange us dî nâl."
Motî chhanne siṭṭ ditte, jûṅ ratî nahîṅ lagâ nâl.
"Dâde mugâune Chûhṛiâ, kî lâiâṅ banat banâe ?
Maiṅ nahîṅ Jaṭṭî Panjâb dî, jinhoṅ laweṅ bharmâe.
Jithe Pûran mâriâ, woh dikhâve thâe."
Chûhṛâ akhdâ : "Dâdâ hage khasam dâ, jin mahileṅ bâṛe chhâḍ !
Tere andar dî ag tâṅ bhuje, terî taprî pawe bâzâr !"
"Ki karâṅ Râje Salwân nûṅ, chhaḍe kamîn bigâṛ ?

Said the Scavenger (to Lûnâṅ) : "I have slain Pûran.
Take this blood of Pûran, Nûnâṅ ; take it to the jewels and clothes."
"Up, my maid Hîrâ, and put a pearl into the blood :
If the blood be Pûran's the pearl will be stained by it."
The pearl was thrown into the cup and blood stained it not.
"Thou accursed Scavenger, what trick hast thou played me ?
I am no Jaṭṭ's wife of the Panjâb, that thou canst deceive me.
Show me the place where thou hast slain Pûran."
Said the Scavenger : "Cursed be thy husband, that let thee enter the palace !
The lust within thee will only be appeased, when thou hast raised thy hut in the market !"*
"What shall I do to Râjâ Salwân for spoiling his menials ?

---

* *i.e.*, by becoming a prostitute.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Je bas pai jâṅ mere, tainûṅ lambî ghallân bagâr :
Tainûṅ bagârî ghallke tere ṭabbar deâṅ ujâṛ.
Sâmhnâ sânûṅ boldâ, tainûṅ phâe deâṅ jân."
" Sânûṅ changî bagâr, bagâr hai sâḍe kâr.
Dâne âveṅ bagâr de ṭabbar kare bahâr.
Je tûṅ iskh kamâunâṅ kanjṛî banke jâ :
Ṭaprî pâo bâzâr bich, bahke ishk kamâo.
Pûran barge gabrû bhâleṅ is bâzâr.
Je bas pai jâṅ Chûhṛîâṅ donoṅ khâkâṅ sitṭe phâṛ!"
Nûnâṅ uthoṅ muṛ pie, mahiloṅ baṛe âî :
" Lago Kachahrî Râje Salwân dî, tainûṅ baṅhke leo mangwâe."

Chûhṛâ ḍardâ bhaj gîâ, gîâ Pûran de pâs :
" Honî ne gherâ pâ lîâ, tere bachan nûṅ nahîn chhaḍâ râh.

If I have the chance I will send thee on a far service?
And when thou art gone on service I will destroy thy family.
Thou that speakest against me, I will have thee hanged."
" Service is well for me, service is my duty.
On the fruits of service doth my family rejoice.
If thou wouldst indulge thy lusts go and be a prostitute.
Pitch thy hut in the market and indulge thy passions.
Meet some gallant like Pûran in the market :
And if thou fall under the power of the Scavenger he will slit both thy lips!"
Nûnâṅ went back into her palace (saying) :
" I will go into the Court of Râjâ Salwân and have thee brought there bound."

Fear entered the Scavenger and he went to Pûran (and said) :
" Thy fate hath encompassed thee and there is no way to save thee.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Hatth pair mainũ baḍh len de, le jâwâṅ Râje de pas.
Mâriâ tainũ tere bâp ne, sâḍe kujh nahiṅ chaldi gharî-
bâṅ dî wâh."
Pûran âkhdâ; "Chûhṛiô, suno merâ jabâb.
Bhaje â gae ho bâp de, â gâe mere pâs.
Hatth pair mere baḍhke kâm banâio râs.
Goḍîâṅ te lattâṅ baḍh lo, askâṅ koloṅ hâth.
Nîtar deke nahanîâṅ kaḍh lo ḍonghe deke châk.
Utte giljâṅ jhurmuṭ maliâ, bahindiâṅ gherâ pâe:
Gîḍar chângâṅ mâriâṅ mangde merâ mâs:
Sherâṅ bhûbhâṅ mâriâṅ, koî hai nahiṅ Pûran de pâs!
Loth merî nûṅ chak leo, le chalo khûh de pâs.
Ik anherâ khûh dâ, dûjâ kâlî rât!
Jâke kah do merî mâṅ nûṅ: 'roke nain na leo gaṅwâe;
Dil nûṅ deve sabar dîâṅ tâkîâṅ, chit nâ kare udâs.'

Let me cut off thy hands and feet to take to the Râjâ.
It is thy father that slays thee; I, a poor man, have no power."
Said Pûran: "Scavenger, hear me.
Sent by my father have ye come to me.
Cut off my hands and feet and do your duty.
Cut off my legs from below the knees and my arms from below the elbows.
With nail-parers take out both my eyes.
Above the kites are gathered and circle round me:
And jackals howl for my flesh:
And lions roar and none is near (me) Pûran!
Cut off my hands and take my body to the well.*
Dark is the well and dark is the dark night!
Go and tell my mother not to lose her eyes for weeping:
To close the doors of patience on her heart and to sorrow not in her mind.

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* See Vol. I., p. 2.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bârâṅ baras te â milûṅ, mere ure nâ rakhe âs.
Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, merî mâtâ âge ardâs."

Jâke Râjâ dâ Chûhṛâ kûkdâ Achhṛâṅ dî bâr:
"Rattî pîṛhî baithîe, sun le merâ jawâb.
Nak te besar khot de; chûrîâṅ bhunne mahilân de nâl!
Putr jinhâṅ de mar gae, unhâṅ de man vich kaise châe?
Pûran terâ mâriâ, mâriâ Nûnâṅ kamzât!
Hatth baḍḍhke sankoniâṅ, ankheṅ lîâṅ kaḍḍhwâe!
Bharke chhannâṅ rat dâ Nûnâṅ lâve hâr singâr.
Akheṅ chalke vekh le, sitṭiâ khûh dî bâr!".
Achhrâṅ piṭṭe nikalî hoke bahut hirân.
"Bhâîâṅ bâz nî joṛîâṅ, putrâṅ bâj nahîṅ rahindî nâṅ.

In twelve years will I meet her, there is no hope before that.
With joined hands I pray, (take) my petition to my mother."

The Râjâ's Scavenger went and cried out at Achhrâṅ's door:
"O sitter on the red couch, hear my say.
Take off thy nose-ring, break thy bracelets against the palace (walls)!
How shall they have ease of mind whose sons are dead?
Pûran thy son is dead, slain by the shameful Nûnâṅ!
His hands and feet have been cut off and his eyes taken out!
Filling a cup with his blood Nûnâṅ hath put it to her jewels and clothes.
Go and see with your own eyes that he is thrown into a well!"
Achhrâṅ weeping went out aghast (and said):
"There is no pair without a brother, there is no name to live without a son.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dukheṅ bûṭâ maiṅ pâliâ, chulîeṅ pânî pâe :
Jad chhâṅ hoî jhûlmî, bagî kahir dî bâl.
Maut jawânâṅ nûṅ kahir, jiûṅ daryâṅ dî ḍhâî.
Terî maut ne gallîâṅ milîâṅ, Honî ne rokke râh.
Jis din kalimâṅ likhiâṅ je maiṅ hondî pâs,
Arjâṅ kardî ḍâḍhî Rabb dî, tere kalam likhâwandî râs !"
Jitthe Pûran mâriâ, chalke woh vekhiâ we thâûṅ.
" Pûran merâ mar gîâ, maiṅ marnâ oh de nâl.
Ambâ dî bûṭî baṛhdâṅ, akkâṅ nûṅ kardâṅ bâṛ.
Putrâṅ de khâtir mâpe khûheṅ te ṭobe pâunde jâl.
Sâḍe battîâṅ ṭalî ik phal, so bhî siṭṭîâṅ tûṅ mâr.
Tainûṅ chand-putr nahîṅ thiâuṅâ ; nâ jammûṅ dûjî wâr !"

With care I cherished the tree and watered it with my hands ;
And when its shade grew thick a violent wind hath overturned it.
Death taketh youth as a river-flood.
Death met him in the street and Fate stopped the way (for flight.)
When thy fate was written had I been by,
I would have made a great cry to God and had it written favorably !"
She went and saw the place where Pûran was wounded (and said) :
" My Pûran hath been slain and I will die with him.
They have destroyed the mango (Pûran) and sheltered the *âk* (Lûṅâṅ).*
For the sake of sons parents cast nets into the wells and ponds.†
Among my thirty-two trees but one bore fruit and that thou hast destroyed.
Thou shalt have no son : a second shall not be born to thee !"

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* See above, line 441.

† Allusion to the habit of native women of worshipping at wells and ponds in the hope of obtaining sons.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Sunîo, lagîo badhîo, dhakke de do châr :
Kachahrî te eh nâṅ kaḍḍh deo, kaḍḍh deo shahr dî bâr.
Hatth vich de do soṭâ, kâg uṛâtî jâe.
Muṛke mahilâṅ nâ baṛe, koî Pûran barge na jâve kamzât.
Bikhat pai gae Râjiâṅ, sireṅ uṭhâ le bhâr.
Bhaṭ jhukheḍîâṅ Rânîâṅ, dhakke den gaṅwâr."

Achhrâṅ khûh nûṅ ṭur pie, kardî kûk pukâr :
"Mâwâṅ putrâṅ de mele kadhî karo âp Khudâe ?"
Kah dî : "Bachâ, tere sir pe naubat baj rahî, man âî bhog.
Je taiṅ naubat bhognî, terî lagâṅ kâyâ nûṅ rog.
Maiṅ jâke agge Gorakh de kûkdî, 'Bal jâe terî jog !'
Kaun saumbhe tere mâl khizânâ ? kaun karo râj dî bhog ?"

(Said Salwân) : "Hear, ye slaves and minions, give (Achhrâṅ) three or four blows,
And turn her out of the palace and out of the city.
Put a stick into her hands to drive away the crows.*
Let her not enter the palace again that no more wretches like Pûran be born.
Heavy troubles have Râjâs suffered, carrying burdens on their heads :
And Rânîs have fed the oven, pushed about by churls."

Achhrâṅ went to the well and cried out :
"Will God be even pleased to let mother and son meet again ?"
Said she : "My son, thy turn (for sorrow) hath come upon thy head, suffer it with (a brave) heart.
And as thou bearest thy trouble thy body will be afflicted.
I will go to Gorakh and cry, 'Cursed be thy saintship !'
Who will guard thy treasures ? Who will enjoy thy royalty ?"

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* See Vol. I., p. 292.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Pûran khûh vich boldâ, mukh se japke Râm:
"Hâthîñ mere chhaḍ de mâtâ, Kajalî Ban meñ jân.
Mere ghoṛe tavele khol do: ghâs ṭur ṭur khâeñ.
Bâz sikre chhaḍ deo, kisî râj-dwâr ñûñ jâeñ.
Kuttiâñ dîâñ rassîâñ baḍḍh deo, kutte mangde ṭukre khân.
Rone-bhone khizâne luṭâ deo, kar deo pun te dân.
Jîunde rahe, tâñ milânge; Gorakh rakhe imân.
Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî Rabb rakhe terâ imân."

Laṛke ḍâhâñ mâriâñ, khûh de utte âe:
"Asiñ muṇḍe haiñ terî fauj de, tû sâḍâ sardâr.
Kallâ karke mâriâ; je asî honde tere nâl,
Tâñ mârde Rânî Nûnâñ nûñ, nahîñ, mar jânde âp."
"Haṅso khelo, muṇḍe Shahr dîo; Rabb agge faryâd.

Said Pûran from within the well, worshipping God with his lips:
"Let loose my elephant, mother, to go to the Kajalî Forest.*
Let loose my horse from the stable to graze the grass at will.
Let loose my falcons and hawks to go to some palace.
Let loose my dogs' ropes and let them beg their food.
Let my treasures be thrown away and given away as alms.
If I live I will meet thee again; Gorakh will keep my faith.
With joined hands I pray to God to keep my faith."

His playmates cried, coming to the well:
"We boys were of thy following and thou wast our leader.
Thou wast alone when they slew thee; had we been with thee,
We would have slain Rânî Nûnâñ, or died ourselves."
"Laugh and play, my boys of the City: my complaint is before God.

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* See Vol. I., p. 520.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bhalî hoî mâpe mârde, sâṅs Surg nûṅ jâe.
Mâsâ ghaṭe nâ tal badhe, jûṅ likhe Kartâr.
Râjî hoke bhichaṛo; bane Pûran de nâl."

Rânî khûh de ṭur pie, pie piṇḍ dî râh.
" Chandâ, terî chândnî sotî sî chhej bichhâe.
Châre pâwe palang de rowângî gal lâe.
Putr nûṅ vidyâ kar chalî, kî vekhîâṅ mâṅ ghar jâe?
Beṛâ kâle nâg dâ, lahreṅ de de khâe.
Akhâṅ te anhî ho gaî, mainûṅ kanâṅ se sundâ nâe.
Achhrâṅ mahilâṅ se kaḍḍh dittî, phirdî bich bazâr.
Ik bichhoṛâ put dâ, dûjî bhukh kaleje nûṅ khâe.

My parents did well to slay me, for my life goes now to Heaven.
What the Creator hath written changeth not at all.
Part with Pûran without murmur; suffering is for Pûran."

The Rânî (Achhrâṅ) left the well and went towards the village.
(Said she): " O moon, I have slept on my bed in thy light.
I embrace the feet of my bed (now) and weep.
Bidding adieu to her son what will a mother find in her house?
It is the boat of the black snake,*the waves frighten me.
Mine eyes are blind and I hear not with my ears.
I, Achhrâṅ, have been turned out of the palace to wander in the streets.
Firstly, I am separated from my son; and, secondly, hunger eateth into my heart.

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* Metaphor: a very unhappy home.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kal banî hoî thî paṭ-rânî, ajj bhatî jhonkdî âe !"
Un Rabb par rakhdî ḍorî ; kyûnkar umar bhâe ?

Indar dîâṅ parîâṅ uṛîâṅ khûh bich latthâṅ âe.
Bârâṅ barsâṅ Pûran nûṅ guzriâṅ, dharam ne pahrâ lîâ pâe.
Mukh te parîâṅ bolîâṅ: "Tainûṅ dîe sunâe:
Tûṅ kî hai paristâ ? nahîṅ, mahâ balâe ?"
Pûran agge boliâ leke Gorakh dâ nâûṅ:
"Nâ maiṅ parî paristâ; nâ maiṅ mahâ balâe.
Beṭâ Râjâ Salwân dâ ; Pûran merâ nâûṅ.
Je tusîṅ parîâṅ sach dîâṅ jâke kûkîyo Gorakh de pâs:
'Chelâ terâ mâriâ baḍhke siṭṭâ khûh de bâr:
Je tûṅ Gurû hai sat dâ, de duniyâ de bâl.'"

Yesterday was I a chief queen, to-day do I serve the oven !"
Her hope was in God, but how was her life to pass ?

Indar's fairies came flying into the well.*
Twelve years had passed over Pûran in the performance of religious duties.
Said the fairies with their lips: "We speak to thee:
Art thou a fairy ? or art thou a great horror ?"
Then said Pûran, taking Gorakh's name:
"I am no fairy: I am no great horror.
I am the son of Râjâ Salwân ; Pûran is my name.
If ye are true fairies go to Gorakh and cry out to him (and say):
'Thy disciple is wounded and thrown into a well:
If thou be a true Gurû let him breathe the air of the world.'"

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* The poem breaks off here; Pûran has now been twelve years in the well.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Khûh te parîâṅ uṛîâṅ Gorakh latthâṅ jâe.
Gurû baiṭhâṅ âsan lâke sohanî samâdh lagâe.
" Chele tere dî araz hai, tûṅ sune man chit lâke.
Oh baḍḍhke khûh bich siṭṭiâ, Pûran us dâ nâûṅ."
Gorakh nâdh bajâ liâ man bich Âlakh dhyâe.
Jinne chele Nâth de sabhî lîe bulâe :
" Mere Pûran par bhârî pai gaî, us nûṅ leo chhuṛâe."
Ṭilloṅ Jogî charh pie Siâlkoṭ latthe âe.
Aggioṅ Gorakh boldâ : " Suno, Jogîo, bât :
Itthe Pûran Bhagat hai kisî khûh de bâr.
Oh nûṅ sar-bhar ṭolnâ, kaḍḍhnâ khûh se bâr.
Us nûṅ bârâṅ baras guzre, bahutî pâî sazâe."
Jogî Nâr Singh boldâ : " Gurûjî, merî sun le araj man lâe,
Jogî tihâîâṅ jal de, koî khûâ deo batâe."

The fairies flew from the well and went to Gorakh.
The Gurû was sitting at his seat in a beautiful reverie.
(Said the fairies :) " Thy disciples speak, hear them with heart and soul.
He is maimed and thrown into a well that is named Pûran."
Gorakh sounded his conch and thought on the Invisible in his heart.
He called together all his followers (and said) :
" My Pûran is in trouble, do ye release him."
The Jogîs* came from Ṭillâ to Siâlkoṭ.
Then spake Gorakh : " Hear ye my words, ye Jogîs ;
Pûran Bhagat is here in a well.
Search him out and take him out of the well.
He hath passed twelve years (there), and great hath been his trouble."
Then spake the Jogî Nâr Singh† : " Sir Gurû, listen to my words with thy heart.
The Jogîs are athirst for water, show them a well."

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* His disciples.

† I suspect Nâr Singh or Nâhar Singh, the Jogî, is meant for the Narasiṅha, Man-lion, *avatâra* of Vishṇû. He is also called Anâr Singh and Nar Singh, and is frequently invoked in *mantras* and charms. See *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XII., p. 39.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Gorakh Jogiâṅ nûṅ boldâ : "Tuhâ nûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe :
Nagarî hai Râjâ Salwân, kûâ haigâ bich ujâṛ.
Uttoṅ jal bhar lo, bachoṅ, suno kûk pukâr."

Jogî utthoṅ ṭur pie, khûh par painde âe.
Nâûṅ leke Gorakh Nâth dâ tumbe ditte khûh bich phirâe.
Jadoṅ pânî khâṛakdâ, suniâ Pûran, Gorâkh lîâ dhyâe.
Tûṇḍâṅ nâl tumbe phaṛ lîe ; Jogî nath gae bhau khâe.
Jâke Gorakh nûṅ âkhde, gae Gorakh de pâs :
"Tumbe sâḍe kho lîe ; kûe bich hai mahâṅ balâe.
Akheṅ chalke vekh le, tumbe rahe khûh de bâr."
Ḍerioṅ Gorakh chaliâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe ;
Utte khûh de âke bah gae âsan lâe.

Said Gorakh to the Jogîs : "I tell you the truth :
The city is Râjâ Salwân's and the well is in the wilds.
Take water thence, my children, and hear if (Pûran) cry out."

The Jogîs went thence toward the well.
Taking the name of Gorakh Nâth they cast their bow into the well.
When the water resounded Pûran heard it and meditated on Gorakh.
He seized the bowls with the stumps (of his arms) and the Jogîs became afraid.
And they went and said to Gorakh :
"Our bowls have been lost ; there is a great horror in the well.
Go and see with thine own eyes, our bowls have remained in the well."
Gorakh went from his place, meditating on the Invisible in his heart ;
He went to the well and took his seat there.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bulâwandâ: "Bachâ, kî haiṅ pari paristâ? kî haiṅ mahâṅ balâe?
Mârâṅ pawâ gajab dâ, khûh nûṅ siṭṭâṅ bich Patâl!
Je bhalî châhunâ jân dî, ho jâ khûh te bâhr.
Maiṅ chelâ Machhandar Nâth dâ, siddh hâṅ baṛâ parkâr."
Agioṅ Pûran boliâ: "Gurûjî, araj karâṅ, sun lâe.
Nâ sî maiṅ parî paristâ; nâ sî mahâṅ balâe;
Beṭâ Râjâ Salwân dâ; Achhrâṅ hai merî mâṅ;
Chelâ bannâ hai maiṅ Gorakh Nâth dâ; Pûran merâ nâûṅ.
Lekhe dî likhe nâ miṭe, baḍḍhke khûh bich dittâ pâe.
Je tûṅ Gurû hai sach dâ mainûṅ de duniyâ de bâe."
Gorakh nûṅ Jogî âkhde: "Tûṅ chhetî nâ hoeṅ diyâl.

He called out: "My son, art thou a fairy? Art thou a great horror?
I will strike the well with my (magic) sandals and sink the well into Hell!
If thou desirest thy life, come out of the well.
I am a disciple of Machhandar Nâth and a mighty saint."
Then said Pûran: "Sir Gurû, I speak, hear me.
I was no fairy: I was no great horror.
I was the son of Râjâ Salwân, Achhrâṅ was my mother.
I would be a disciple of Gorakh Nâth; Pûran is my name.
The lines of fate are not to be blotted out, they wounded and threw me into the well.
If thou be a true Gurû let me breathe the air of the world."
Spake a Jogî to Gorakh: "Be not over-quick to pity him.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Je Pûran Bhagat hai tâṅ kaḍḍhe kache tâge nàl."
Gorakh Jogî boldâ: "Tusîṅ chhetî tâgâ le âo:
Le âîyo kuârî kanyâṅ dâ, byâhî hoî nân."

Jogî uthoṅ uṛ pie, Kârû des tathe jâe.
Tayyan kuṛîâṅ dâ vekhke tâgâ mangiâ jâe.
Sau baras dî buḍhiâ boldî: "Tuhâ nûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe.
Sat Jug charkhâ ghaṛiâ; Trete baṭṭî mâl;
Dwâpar tand khichiâ; tand chaṛh gîâ akâs!
Je ho chele kisî Nâth de, tûṅ tand nûṅ leo utâr!"
Aggioṅ Jogî bolde man bich ghusse khâe:
"Sat Jug Gurû sâḍe Kishn thâ, laṛiâ Kansh de nâl;

If he be Pûran Bhagat he will be drawn out by a single thread of yarn."*
Said Gorakh to the Jogî: "Go quickly and get me a thread:
And get it from an unmarried virgin."

The Jogîs flew thence and went straight to the land of Kârû.†
Seeing the virgins spinning they demanded a thread.
Spake a beldame of a hundred years: "I tell you truth.
The spinning wheel was made in the Golden Age; the skein and ropes in the Silver Age;
The thread was drawn in the Third Age and went up into heaven!
If ye be the disciples of a Saint, bring down the thread!"
Then were the Jogîs angered in their hearts (and said):
"In the Golden Age our Gurû was Kṛishṇa that fought with Kansa;‡

* Compare Vol. I., p. 39. This would be a sheer impossibility.
† ? Mâlwâ.
‡ The story of the destruction of Kansa, the king of Mathurâ, by Kṛishṇa, is well known, and is told in the *Bhâgavata Purâṇa*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Laṛiâ Kansh de nâl, Kansh lîâ mâr :
Phir Gurû Ram Chand hai, Râwan kaḍḍhiâ Lankâ se bâhr :
Hun Gurû sâḍa Gorakh Nâth, hai utariâ bich ujâṛ.
Bhalî châhnî tâgâ rakh de ; nahîṅ, nagarî deânge gâl."

Ḍardî tâgâ de diâ, Jogîâṅ de charne lagî ân.
Uthoṅ Jogî ṭur pie, Gorakh pe latthe ân.
Gorakh tâgâ siṭṭiâ, leke Machhandar dâ nâûn ;
"Je terâ jat sat kâim, charhiâ kache tânge nâl."
Pûran dâ jat sat kâim hai, sî nikalâ khûh de bâr !
Charne Gorakh de lag gîâ ; "Mainûṅ de bâ."
Gorakh mânî chaukṛî, gîâ bich Dargâh :

That fought with Kansa and slew him :
Then our Gurû was Râma Chandra that turned Râvaṇa out of Lankâ :*
Now our Gurû is Gorakh Nâth, who is dwelling in the wilds.
If thou desirest thy good give the thread, else will we destroy thy city."

Being afraid she gave the thread and fell at the Jogîs' feet.
The Jogîs went thence and came back to Gorakh.
Gorakh threw down the thread in the name of Machhandar (and said) :
"If thy virtue be steadfast come up by this single thread."
Pûran's virtue had been steadfast and he came out of the well !
He fell at the feet of Gorakh (and said) : "Give me air."
Gorakh sitting cross-legged went to the Court (of God).

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* See above, line 104.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jâke Indar nûṅ kûkdâ charne sîs niwâe :
" Asîṅ Pûran nûṅ sâbit karnâ, sânûṅ nîtar de phaṭâe."
Gorakh nîtar le lîe, âiâ Pûran de pâe.
Chiṭṭî amrit phalde de, lîe sâbit ditta banâe.
Pûran sâbit ho gîâ, Gorakh de charnoṅ lagâ â.
Jogî jhanḍe paṭ lîe, man bich Âlakh jagâe.
Chale Kârû des nûṅ karke sabhî salâh ;
Jogî bolde: " Pûranâ, tûṅ ithe aṭak jâ."
Pûran kahnâ maniâṅ, dittâ chaukṛî lâe :
" Je Gurû bakhshe ṭhangrî, mainûṅ ṭhangrî hai parwân.
Maiṅ kahnâ nahîṅ Gurâṅ dâ moṛdâ, lage dharam dî hân."

Pûran nûṅ raste chhaḍ gae, Karû des latthe jâe.

Going to Indar he cried out, bowing his head at his feet:
"I would make Pûran whole, give me his eyes."
Gorakh took the eyes and came to Pûran.
He sprinkled pure *amṛita** over him and made him whole.
Pûran being (now) whole fell at Gorakh's feet.
The Jogîs raised the standard and meditated on the Invisible in their hearts.
They all made a plan to go to the land of Kârû ;
And the Jogîs said: " O Pûran, do thou stay here."
Pûran obeyed their command and sat him down cross-legged (and said):
"If the Gurû will grant me a (Jogî's) hut I shall be content.
I will never disobey the Gurû's word, lest my virtue be injured."†

Leaving Pûran on the road they went to the land of Kârû.

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* *i.e.*, holy water.
† From here to line 773 the poem breaks off into a story about the doings of Gorakh Nâth in Kârû Des.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jhaṇḍe gaḍe Jogîâṅ, dittîâṅ dhunîâṅ lâe :
Bhagt kamâunde, Nâth dî sau samâdh lagâe.
Jad bakhat bhaṇḍârî dâ ho gîâ Jogî nagarî barde jâe,
Dudh bhâṇḍâ dâ chak lîâ, lîâ chipîâṅ vich pâe.
Nagarî vich dhûî pai gaî, "Kanphâṭe kidharoṅ latthe âe ?"
Sûkhî aurat boldî, sabhnâṅ suhelîâṅ nûṅ lîtî bulâe :
"Aise Jogî â gae kadhî bhî diṭṭhe nâe ;
Kane ehnâṅ dî mundrâṅ ; jodhe bare jawân ;
Bin puchhiâ dudh le gîâ, sâḍâ kus nahîṅ rakhîâ mân !"
Sûkhî sarsoṅ palajke mârde leke apne Gurâṅ da nâûṅ.
Jitne the chele Nâth de sabhnâṅ de ditte akal bhulâe.

Jogîâṅ de dhaṇḍe ban gae, singî rassî dittî pâe.
Apo apne gharâṅ nûṅ le gîâṅ, bhanne khoṛliâṅ jâe.

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710 The Jogîs set up their standards and lit their fires,
And did penance meditating on (Gorakh) Nâth.
When it was time for food the Jogîs went into the city,
And taking the milk for their food (by force) put it into their bowls.
And a cry arose in the city: "Whence have these Jogîs come ?"*
715 Spake the woman Sûkhî calling all her companions :
"Such Jogis have come as have never been seen ;
Earrings have they in their ears and are stout warriors,
They take their milk without asking and care nothing for me !"
Sûkhî charmed some mustard seed and threw it over (the Jogis) in the name of her Gurû.
720 All the disciples of (Gorakh) Nâth lost their senses.

The Jogîs were changed into bullocks and were fastened with stout ropes !
Each man took them to his stalls and put them in his mangers.

* The *Kanphaṭâs*, or Ear-bored Jogîs, are the followers of the Nâths, as these were.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ik Jogî Gorakh nûṅ âkhdâ, "Gurûjî, sun le jabâb.
Shambhû Nâth Jogî le gîâ sambhâṅ nûṅ nâl.
Karû des vich jâeke unheṅ dittî dhum machâe.
Tâno-tânî dudh chakke kisî nûṅ puchhiâ nâe.
Karû des dî tîvîân ne sâre lîe bald banâe!
Je, Gurû, agiâ tuhâḍe ho jâve, tâṅ unhâṅ lîe chhuḍâe!"
Gorakh tumbâ jhâṛiâ, man bîch Âlakh dhyâe;
Baṭwâ lîâ bhabût dâ, mantarke dittâ akâs charhâe.
Jitne chele the Nâth de â gae bald Gorakh de pâs.
Jad Gorakh thâpî dittâ, sab âdmî lîe banâe!

Gorakh hoiâ kahirmân, man bich ghussâ khâe:
Jitne khûh Kârû des de sahî ditte sukhâe.
Jeṛâ khûh Gorakh de muḍh sî sab pânî lîâ oh de bich pâe!

Spake a Jogî to Gorakh, "Sir Gurû, hear me.
Shambhû Nâth,* the Jogî, took the disciples with him.
Going into the land of Kârû they created a disturbance.
They took their milk by force without asking any one (for it).
The women of the land of Kârû have turned them all into bullocks!
If it be thy will, Gurû, they can be released!"
Gorakh emptied his bowl, meditating on the Invisible in his heart;
And taking his wallet of ashes he charmed them and tossed them in the air.
All the disciple-bullocks of Gorakh Nâth came to him.
Then Gorakh patted them and turned them into men!

Gorakh was wroth and there was anger in his heart:
And he dried up all the wells in the land of Kârû.
Gorakh drew all the water there was in them into the well beside him!

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* One of the nine Nâths of the Kanphaṭâ Jogîs. The name is a title also of Gorakh Nâth himself.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Satiâ Gorakh dî ho gaî, Nâth thâ baṛâ parkâr.
Oh tîvîâṅ pânî nûṅ â gaî, âiâṅ Gorakh de pâs :
"Gurûjî, pânî sâṇûṅ bhar lain de, pânî bahutî bhâlî lagî piâs."
Gorakh tîvîâṅ nûṅ âkhdâ : "Chhoṭîâṅ baḍîâṅ sabhî nûṅ jâîyo âe :
Phir pânî nahîṅ is khûh bich rahnâ, tusîṅ bhar lo ik bar."
Kârû des ḍhaṇḍorâ phir gîâ, sab ranâṅ hoî tayyâr.
Chhoṭîâṅ, baḍîâṅ, buḍhîâṅ, sab gaîâṅ Gorakh de pâs.
Jadoṅ pânî bharan lag gaîâṅ, ditte garwe pharâe.
Ik bhardîâṅ, ik âundîâṅ, ik khûh par khaṛîâṅ ae.
Gorakh ghusse hoke, chikkî dhûṅî dî suhiâ ;
Leke nâûṅ Machhandar dâ khûh par dindâ khaṇḍûe.
Ranâṅ te gadhîâṅ ban gaîâṅ, koî muṛke âe nâe !

And Gorakh Nâth by his virtue worked a great miracle.
The women came to Gorakh for water, (and said) :
"Sir Gurû, let us draw water, for we are greatly athirst for water."
Said Gorakh to the women : "Come ye all, great and small :
For there will no more be water in this well, do ye draw at once."
There went out a cry through the land of Kârû and all the women came.
Great and small and old, all came to Gorakh.
Then they threw in their pitchers to draw the water.
Some were drawing, some were coming, and some were standing by the well.
Gorakh was angry and took up some of the ashes from the (Jogi's sacred) fire,
And taking the name of Machhandar (Nâth) threw them on the well.
The women were changed into asses and none of them returned home !

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kan lambe, khur baṭhle, rûṛîâṅ chugdîâṅ jâe !

Hal bâhunde Jaṭṭ â gae, jande lagẹ wâr !
Sune ghar râh gae tîvîâṅ dî, koî nahîṅ dindâ khabar sâr !
Sau baras dî buḍḍhî âkhdî : " Sachî deâṅ sunâe.
Jeṛe bald kal bâh lîe Jogî the baḍe parkâr ;
Oî Jogî unhâṅ nûṅ le gae, dittîâṅ gadhiâṅ banâe !
Charne Gorakh de lagîyo, tuhâḍe deve bahe basâe.
Nagarî Kârû des dî â gaî Gorakh de pâs :
" Gurûjî, hatth baṅh karde bintî, tere charne dhyân lagâe ;
Je tûṅ Gorakh hoiâ miharwân, sâḍe buhe basâe.
Ehnâṅ laṇḍîâṅ tîvîâṅ dâ pîṛiâ sânûṅ bakhsh gunâhe."

Long ears, small hoofs (had they, and) grazed on the dung heaps !

When the Jaṭṭs returned from their ploughing all the doors were locked !
The houses were empty of women and there was none to give them news !
Spake an old beldam of 100 years : " I tell you truth.
All the bullocks of yesterday were powerful Jogis ;
And they have taken away (your women) and turned them into asses !
Fall ye at the feet of Gorakh, that he may people your houses again."
The whole city of the land of Kârû came to Gorakh, (and said) :
" Sir Gurû, with joined hands we pray thee, falling at thy feet ;
If thou, Gorakh, wilt be merciful, our homes will be peopled again.
Forgive the sin of these our miserable women."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Gorakh hoiâ miharwân, Gorakh hoiâ diâl.
Gaḍiâ jhaṇḍâ Nâth ne, karke Dargâh wal nigâhe:
"Jitnîâṅ tuhâḍîâṅ buḍhîâṅ jhaṇḍe de muḍh deo langhâe."
Satiâ bartî Nâth dî gadhîâṅ te ranâṅ dittî banâe!
Sab âpo apnî leke pai gae Kârû de râh.
Ik gadhî khaṛî rah gaî chardî bich kapâh.
Nodhâ jodhâ kûkde Gurû Gorakh de pâs:
"Sabhnâṅ tîvîâṅ thiâ gaîâṅ, sâḍî Sûkhî thiâwandî nâṅ.
Marpaṭ dî biyâh karwâiâ sî, sânûṅ koî nahîṅ jhal dâ thân!
Gurûjî, sâḍî tîvîṅ ṭur de, sâḍâ jag vich rah jâ nâûn."
Gorakh unhâṅ nûṅ âkhiâ: "Bhâ lo jâe kapâe."
Kapâ bich gadhî thiâ gaî, lâwande Gorakh de pâs.
Gadhî te tîvîṅ ban gaî; dittî Rabb ne unhâṅ de âs pahunchâe.

Gorakh was merciful, Gorakh was compassionate.
The Nâth fixed his standard and gazed at the Court (of God, and said):
"Send all your old women past the standard."
The virtue of the Nâth prevailed and the asses were turned into women!
And each took his woman towards the land of Kârû.
But one she-ass remained grazing among the cotton.
Nodhâ, the warrior, came crying out to Gurû Gorakh:
"All the women have been restored, but not my Sûkhî.
With much pains I married her, and now I have no place to go to!
Sir Gurû, let go my wife, that thy name may go through all the world."
Said Gorakh to him: "Go and catch her in the cotton."
He caught the ass in the cotton and brought her to Gorakh.
The ass was turned into a woman; and God granted him his desires.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kârû desGorakh ne jit lîâ, sab lîâ sewâṅ banâe !

Gorakh jhaṇḍâ paṭiâ paṭiâ 'Âlakh' jagâe.
Kânîpâ chelâ Nâhar Singh ṭurde Gorakh de nâl.
Majiloṅ majiloṅ chalde bâhareṅ koheṅ latthe âe.
Bahe gae âsan lâeke barmî kare pukâr.
Gorakh Nâth âkhdâ: "Is barmî bich kî hai bulâe ?
Barmî nûṅ paṭke vekh lo, dhartî nûṅ kar do sâf."
Aggioṅ Pûran boldâ, ḍâḍê kare pukâr:
"Maithoṅ Pûran Bhagat hâṅ, mainûṅ rakh le charne lâ."
Gorakh chelâṅ nûṅ âkhdâ: "Pûrân kaḍḍho barmî te bâr.
Eh nûṅ chhattîs baras guzar gae, bahutî pâî sazâe !

Thus Gorakh conquered the land of Kârû and made them all his followers !

Gorakh struck the standard and called '*Âlakh.*'*
Kânîpâ† his disciple and Nâhar Singh‡ went with Gorakh;
Stage by stage thy went twelve *kos*§ and halted.
They were sitting on their seats when a cry came from a hole.
Said Gorakh Nâth: "What is this sound from this hole ?
Open the hole and see and clear away the earth (round it)."
Then spake Pûran (from the hole‖) making a loud cry;
"I am Pûran Bhagat, let me fall at thy feet."
Said Gorakh to the disciples: "Take Pûran out of the hole.
Six and thirty years he has spent in it and suffered much pain !

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* See Vol. I., p. 32.
† See Vol. II., p. 16, where he is the opponent of Gorakh Nâth.
‡ See *ante*, line 651.
§ A *kos* is about 2 miles.
‖ He had been doing penance in it.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Eh dî jhabde pâo mundrâṅ, Jogî leo banâe.
Chelâ kar do Gorakh Nâth dâ, siddh baṛâ parkâr."

Jad Jogî banâwan lag pie Ṭhîkar Nâth ne kîtî phunkâr:
"Gurûjî, ik merî garîb dî araj hai, eh dâ ajân nâ mundrâ pâo.
Sangaldîp vich Rânî Sundrâṅ utte Pûran te bichhiâ lo mangâe.
Bichhiâ Sundrâṅ se le âve, Jogî leo banâe."
Gorakh Pûran nûṅ âkhdâ: "Bachâ, tûṅ Sundrâṅ de mahilâṅ jâe:
Bichhiâ le aveṅ mângke, Jogîâṅ nûṅ bhaṇḍârâ banâe.
Bichhiâ le âeṅ Sundrâṅ de hatth de, hor kisî bândî de hatth de lâîyo nâe.
Phir tainûṅ chelâ banâ lûṅ, kisî Jogî dî manûṅ nâe."

Put the rings into his ears at once and make a Jogî of him.
Make him a follower of Gorakh, for he is a great saint."

When they commenced to make him a Jogî, Ṭhîkar Nâth cried out:
"Sir Gurû, hear my humble petition, put not in the earrings without trial.
In Sangaldîp* is Rânî Sundrâṅ,† (send) Pûran to beg alms from her.
When he returns with alms from Sundrâṅ make him into a Jogî."
Said Gorakh to Pûrân: "My son, go to Sundrâṅ's palace,
And ask alms, that the Jogîs may cook their food.
Take the alms from Sundrâṅ's hand, not from any of her slaves.
Then will I make thee a disciple and listen to none of the Jogîs."

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* See Vol. II., p. 276. † Vol I., p. 3.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Pûran ḍeoṛîâṅ nûṅ ṭur piâ, man bich Alakh dhyâe :
Moṇḍe jholî pâ lîe, lîe bhabût ramâî.
Bich nagarî de jâke ditte 'Alakh' jagâe.
Unche dhaular Rânî Sundrâṅ de jâ khaṛotâ bûhe de bâr.
'Alakh' Pûran de sunke, Rânî ne bichhiâ bhajî bândî de hâth.
Jad bichhiâ leke â gaî ḍig gaî ghash khâe.
Pûran us nûṅ âkhdâ: "Sun le gall asâṅ dî.
Sach das, tûṅ Rânî hai ? yâ golî hai kisâṅ dî ?"
Golî jâke boldî : "Sun, Rânî, merâ jabâb.
Ik aisâ Jogî â gîâ, akkhâṅ Jogî de lâl !
Bârâṅ baras dî umar hai, sûrat aprâpâr.
Maite bichhâ nâ leve, tûṅ hattheṅ apne pâe.
Oh dî sûrat dekhke maiṅ ḍig paî, kujh rahî nahîṅ sudh sambhâl.

Pûran went to (Sundrâṅ's) gate, meditating on the Invisible in his heart :
His wallet over his shoulder and ashes on his body.
Going into the city he called out '*Alakh.*'
He went and stood at the door of the Rânî Sundrâṅ's lofty palace.
Hearing Pûran's '*Alakh,*' the Rânî sent out alms by the hand of her maid.
When she came with the alms she fell down in a swoon.
Said Pûran to her : "Hear my words.
Say truly, art thou a Rânî ? or art thou some one's maid ?"
The maid went (back) and said :* "Hear, Rânî, my say.
A Jogî hath come whose eyes are red !
Twelve years is his age† and beautiful his form.
He will not take alms from me, give him with thine own hands.
When I saw his beauty I fell down and lost my senses.

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* *i.e.*, going back to Sundrâṅ.
† But see lines 650 and 782.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Maiṅ chhaḍ jâwâṅ terî naukarî, jâwâṅ Jogî de nâl."
Rânî mandirâṅ te utarî bharke motîâṅ dâ thâl;
Khaṛâ Jogî vekhke, ditte jholî vich ḍâl.
"Taiṅ kî lînâ jog te? Tûṅ rahe pao sâḍe pâs!
Ithe kae karoṛeṅ dhan hai, lashkar be shumâr.
Kyûnkar jîve terî ambâṛî, jin lîâ shîr chhangâe?
Kyûnkar jîve terî bahinaṛ, jin lîâṅ god khilâe?
Maiṅ marâṅ un phakîr nûṅ, jin dittî bhabût ramâe!
Taiṅ kî lînâ jog te? Ban jâ bhartâ, maiṅ terî nâr!"

Pûran muṛke â giâ, âiâ Gorakh de pâs,
Kaḍḍhe bichhiâ rakh dî, rakheṅ motî jawâhir.
Gorakh agge boliâ; "Bachâ, âṭe dî bichhiâ lâ;
Eh motî nahîṅ mere kam dî, udhar dîeṅ khilâr!

I will leave thy service and join the Jogî."
The Rânî went down from the palace with a platter filled with pearls;
And seeing the Jogi standing put them into his wallet (and said):
"Why should'st thou take the saintship? Come and live with me!
I have many *lâkhs* in wealth here and a countless following.
How doth thy mother live (now), whose breasts thou didst suck?
How doth thy sister live, who fed thee in her lap?
I would slay that *faqîr* that rubbed the ashes on thee!
Why should'st thou take the saintship? Be thou my husband and I thy wife!"

Pûran returned and went to Gorakh,
And taking out the alms he put down the pearls and jewels.
Then said Gorakh: "My son, bring alms of flour;
These pearls are useless to me and I cannot eat them!

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Je tûṅ jog dhârnâ an dî bichhiâ lâe."
Aggiâ ho gaî Gorakh Nâth dî, Pûran muṛke ho gîâ usî râh.
Mahiloṅ Sundrâṅ vich jâke dûjî wâr ditte 'Âlakh' jagâe.
Pûran boldâ, Rânî ne sun lîâ, utarî bûhâ wâe.
Bâhoṅ Pûran phaṛ lîâ, mahileṅ lîâ châṛh.
"Dhan bhâg mere; tûṅ â gîâ, bahke râj kamâe!"
Pûran us nûṅ âkhdâ: "Sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe:
Aggiâ man mere Gurû dî bhaṇḍârâ dîeṅ chhakâe."
Aggioṅ Rânî boldî: "Keṛî keṛî chîj dî hai châe?
Laḍḍû, jalebî, kachaurîâṅ aur chauthâ kaṛhâe?"
Châre khâne banâke gaḍḍî lîe laḍâe:
"Jithe terâ Gurû hai, le chalâṅ us de pâs."
Pûran bichhiâ leke muṛ piâ, âiâ Gurâṅ de pâs;
Hatth baṅh kardâ bintî, châṛne dhyân lagâe:

If thou would'st take on the saintship bring alms of corn."
Receiving the order of Gorakh Nâth Pûran went back by the same road.
Going back to Sundrâṅ's palace he called out '*Alakh*,' a second time.
Hearing Pûran the Rânî came down to the gate.
She caught Pûran by the arms and went up into her palace (and said):
"Happy is my fate, that thou hast come to rule (with me)!"
Said Pûran to her: "I tell thee the truth:
(Better) obey the order of the Gurû to give him food."
Then said the Rânî: "What things doth he require?
Sweets and savouries and cakes and confections?"
She made the four kinds of food and put them into a cart (and said):
"Take them whither thy Gurû is."
Pûran returned with the alms to the Gurû,
And with joined hands he spake, bowing at his feet:

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Eh bhaṇḍârâ merâ bhagat dâ, chhak lo man chit lâe.
Kan phāṛke mundrâṅ pâ deo, deo bhabût ramâe."
Chele sabhî tayyâr ho gae, dittâ nâdh bajâe.
Jadoṅ nâdh baj gîâ chele âe kae hazâr.
Kae hazâr man an khâ gae, ajân rahindâ be-shumâr!
Aggiâ Gorakh dî ho gaî, Pûran nûṅ lendâ muṇḍh biṭhâe.
"Kin kin mangiâ, bachâ, mehgîâṅ? kin kin mangî dhup?
Kin kin mangiâ bolnâ? kin kin mangî chup?"
"Gurûjî, mâlîâṅ ne mangâ mehgâ; dhobiâṅ ne mangî dhup;
Bhaṭṭâṅ ne mangiâ bolnâ; santâṅ ne mangî chup."
Gorakh jholî jhāṛke mundrâṅ lîâṅ banâe.

"This is the food (gotten) of my alms, eat to thy heart's desire.
Bore my ears and put in the rings and rub the ashes on my body."
All the disciples were called and the conch was sounded.
When the conch was sounded they came in many thousands.
They ate up many thousand *mans** of corn and there remained a countless store!
The order was given by Gorakh and they sat Pûran beside him (said he) :†
"Who want rain, my son? who want sunshine?
Who want speech? and who want silence?"
"Sir Gurû, gardeners want rain and washermen want sunshine;
Bards want speech and saints want silence."
Then Gorakh shook out his wallet and made the earrings‡ (and said) :

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* A *man* is 82 lbs.
† Asking riddles: compare Vol. I., p. 42, etc.
‡ *i.e.*, miraculously.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Kânîpâ chelâ, kan Pûran de phâṛ le, deâṅ mundrâṅ pâe."
Sîlîâṅ te murgânîâṅ dittî, bhabût chaṛhâe.
Aggiâ hoî Gorakh Nâth dî, siddhoṅ dittâ ralâe!

Sundrâṅ Gorakh pe kûkdî: "Maithoṅ ki ho gîâ gunâe?
Mâl khizânâ luṭâ ditte, koî bâkî rah gîâ nâe.
Pûran de khâtir ḍere â gaî, taiṅ liâ Jogî banâe!
Je tûṅ Gurû haiṅ sach dâ mainûṅ khair Pûran dâ pâe."
Pûran nûṅ Gorakh âkhdâ: "Bachâ, tûṅ jâ Sundrâṅ de nâl.
Merâ bachan Gorakh dâ ho gîâ, tûṅ jâke râj kamâo."
Sundrâṅ Pûran nûṅ le gaî, le gaî mahilâṅ te bâr.
"Sâm le maṇḍat ambârîâṅ, phûlâṅ dî chhej samâl."

"Kânîpâ,* my disciple, bore Pûran's ears and put in the rings."
They gave him wallet and necklace and rubbed ashes on him.
By the order of Gorakh Nâth he was counted with the saints!

Sundrâṅ came crying to Gorakh: "What sin have I committed?
I have squandered my goods and money (on thee) and nothing remains.
For Pûran's sake am I come to thee and thou hast made him a Jogî!
If thou be a true Gurû, give me alms of Pûran."
Said Gorakh to Puran: "My son, go with Sundrâṅ.
It is the order of me, Gorakh, that thou go and rule."
Sundrâṅ took Pûran to her palace (and said):
"Take over the palace and the (elephant) litters, and the bed of flowers.

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* See above, line 774.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Tûṅ bhartâ, maiṅ istrî, jog bal nazar na pâe.
Tûṅ kî lenâ jog se? maiṅ le âeṅ Gorakh te bakhshâe."
Pûran châr ghaṛîâṅ mahilâṅ rahâ sî, phir pai gae usî râh.
"Maiṅ jangal chaliâṅ ujâṛ bich, âûṅ sawâ pahar te bâd."
Sawâ pahar golî ḍekdî phir muṛke âwandî Rânî de pâs:
"Pûran terâ bhaj gîâ, ralâ Jogîâṅ bich jâe!"
Sundrâṅ phaṛke kalîjâ ṭur pie âwandî Gorakh de pâs.
"Jeṛâ chelâ mainûṅ bakhshâ sî, hun Jogîâṅ lîâ lukâe.
Akhe tû Pûran de deo; na, mardî maîṅ kaṭârî khâe:
Akhe tû chelî banâe apnî, maiṅ rahûngî Pûran de nâl."
Gorakh aggioṅ boliâ sâf karke chit:
"Rânî, bhagwe jinhâṅ de kapṛe, ujal jinhâṅ de chit,
Jangal gae nâ bâwaṛe. Jogî kis de mit?

Be thou husband and I wife and think not of the saintship.
Why shouldst thou take the saintship, when I have thee as alms from Gorakh?"
Pûran remained four hours in the palace and then went back along the same road (saying):
"I am going into the wilds and will return in a watch and a quarter."
The maid waited a watch and a quarter and came back to the Rânî (and said):
"Thy Pûran has run off and joined the Jogîs!"
Sundrâṅ with a broken heart went to Gorakh (and said):
"The disciple thou gavest me has run off to the Jogîs.
Either give me Puran, else will I stab myself with a dagger:
Or make me into a disciple, that I may remain with Puran."
Then said Gorakh with a clear conscience:
"Rânî, whose clothes are red,* and whose minds are clear,
Return not from the wilds. Is a Jogî any one's friend?

---

* *i.e.*, Jogîs.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ajân bhî jâke bhâl le, Pûran honâ mahilâṅ de vich."
Pûran nûṅ mahilâṅ âke vekhdî, kithe tihâwandâ nâe.
Khânâ pînâ bhul gîâ, hoî bahut hirânî.
Jad mahilâṅ utte chaṛhke vekhdî, vekhiâ sârâ madân ;
Kithe Pûran nazar nahîṅ âutâ ; Rânî ne mahilâṅ te ḍigke gaṅwâ lî jân !

Gorakh jhaṇḍâ paṭiâ, Ṭille latthâ âe.
Sab Jogî utar pie, dhûîṅ lende apne sâm.
Pûran nûṅ Gorakh âkhdâ: "Tûṅ Siâlkoṭ nûṅ jâe.
Jâke mâtâ nûṅ matthâ ṭek, pitâ nûṅ sis niwâe."
Kahnâ Gorakh dâ maniâṅ, châr Jogî lendâ nâl,
Ṭilloṅ Pûran tur piâ, Siâlkoṭ latthâ âe.
Jadoṅ bâgh Pûran ne apnâ vekhiâ, hoiâ bâghkhwâr;
Phaṛke tumbâ jal dâ, dittâ bûṭîâṅ de muḍh pâ e.

Go back and see, Pûran is (probably) in thy palace."
She went to her palace and looked for Pûran and found him nowhere.
She could not eat nor drink and was very wretched.
Then she went up on to her palace (roof) and looked over all the plain.
Nowhere could she see Pûran ; and the Rânî threw herself down and destroyed her life.

Gorakh struck his standard and went to Ṭillâ.
All the Jogîs came and lit the (sacred) fires.
Said Gorakh to Pûran : "Go thou to Siâlkoṭ,
And make obeisance and bow thy head to thy father and mother."
Obeying Gorakh's command and taking four Jogîs with him,
Pûran left Ṭillâ and went to Siâlkoṭ,
When Pûran saw his garden he was filled with joy,
And taking his bowl of water he sprinkled the shrubs.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Sûkhe bâgh hariâule, pânî bharne talâe!
Brichâṅ nûṅ mewe lag gae, khiṛ gae amb anâr.

Mâlî jâke kûkdâ Râjâ Salwân de pâs:
"Bâgh Pûran dâ hariâ ho gîâ, pânî bhariâ talâe."
Râjâ Salwân mâlî nûṅ âkhdâ, "Eh sun, tûṅ, merî bât.
Gajke na bariâ meghlâṅ, bage na pânî de khâl.
Jhûṭîâṅ bâtâṅ tûṅ kare: tainûṅ kî âe khwâb?
Jis din dâ Pûran mar gîâ, us din dâ ujaṛ gîâ merâ bâgh."
Mâlî hatth banh kardâ bintî: "Tainûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe.
Ḍardâ sach nahîṅ dasdâ; bakhsheṅ merâ gunâhe.
Pûran wargâ Jogî bich bâgh de utarâ âe.
Kane mundrâṅ sundarîâṅ, baiṭhâ pinjâṅ Jogîâṅ de nâl.

The dried up garden became green and the lakes filled with water!
The trees began to bear fruit, and pomegranates and mangoes to blossom!

The gardener went and called out to Râjâ Salwân:
"Pûran's garden hath become green, and the lakes filled with water."
Spake Râjâ Salwân to the gardener: "Hear my words.
The clouds have not thundered nor dropped water.
Thy words are false: art thou dreaming?
From the day Pûran died, from that day hath my garden been neglected."
The gardener with joined hands spake: "It is truth that I said.
The frightened speak not truth; forgive my fault.
A Jogî (that looks) like Pûran hath come into the garden.
He hath beautiful rings in his ears and sitteth with handsome Jogîs.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Akkheṅ chalke vekh lo, beṭâ terâ Rabb ne dittâ milâe.
Mere jimme* koî gunâh nâ kaḍḍhe; mere leveṅ jân bachâe."

Râjâ mandirâṅ te ṭur piâ, bich bâg'a de utare âe.
Jogîâṅ nûṅ matthâ ṭekdâ, charne dhyân lagâe:
"Mere mahileṅ neundâ chal chhako, merî nagarî pâo pâûṅ.
Ik hor mere man chhabnâ hai; mere putr warge pahchân!"
Jogî aggioṅ boliâ: "Tainûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe.
Âsan chhaḍnâ charj hai; mahileṅ jânâ Jogîâṅ nûṅ lâj.
Ik jhaṭ ithe kaṭnâ, phir painâ apnî râh.
Mûe kadhî nahîṅ bâwaṛe, jande nahîṅ dûjî wâr.
Je tere man bharam hai, Rânîâṅ nûṅ bhajeṅ mere pâs:
Kis tarah dâ unhâṅ dâ beṭâ sî, apnî akhîṅ lain siân."

Go and see with thine own eyes, if God hath brought thy son.
I have committed no fault: spare my life."

The Râjâ left his palace and came into the garden.
He made his obeisance to the Jogîs and fell at their feet (and said):
"Come and eat your food in the palace and place your (blessed) feet in my city.
Another thing is in my mind also; (one of) you is like my son!"
Then said the Jogî (Pûran): "I tell thee truth.
We cannot leave our seats; it is shameful for a Jogî to go into a palace.
We will halt here awhile and then go on our road:
The dead cannot return, nor be born a second time.
If thou hast a doubt in thy mind send thy Rânîs to me,
And let them see with their own eyes what their son is like."

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* For *zimme*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râjâ bâghoṅ muṛke âiâ Lûnâṅ de pâs :
" Pûran wargâ Jogî latthâ bâgh bich âe."
Râjâ te Lûnâṅ ṭur pie, karde Achhrâṅ dî bhâl.
Sârî nagarî ṭulke das, bhaṭṭî par paiṅdî âe.
Rânî Achhrâṅ nûṅ Râjâ âkhdâ: " Sun, Rânî, merî bât.
Tere Pûran bargâ Jogî â gîâ, ṭur pio mere sâth."
Aggioṅ Achhrâṅ boldî, ḍâḍhî kare phunkâr:
" Merâ Pûran Nûnâṅ ne mâriâ, gae jâg viâhe.
Hun muṛke phâṭ jagâune ho, nawe jagâune ghâ.
Pûran mainûṅ tad mile, jo mele âp Khudâe."
Nûnâṅ Achhrâṅ nûṅ âkhdî: " Tuṅ ṭur pio mere sath.
Bich bâgh de Jogî â gae; jekar Rabb pahunchâve âs !"

Kahnâ Nûnâṅ dâ mânke Achhrâṅ pie nâl:
Jad bich bâgh de â gaî roveṅ ḍâhâṅ mâr.

The Râjâ went back from the garden to Lûnâṅ (and said) :
" A Jogî (that looks) like Pûran hath come into the garden."
And then the Râjâ and Lûnâṅ went out to seek Achhrâṅ.
They searched the whole city and found her at the oven.
Said the Râjâ to Rânî Achhrâṅ: " Rânî, hear my words.
A Jogî (that looks) like thy Pûran hath come, come thou with me."
Then spake Achhrâṅ, making a great cry:
" Lûnâṅ slew my Pûran ages ago.
And again thou dost open the wound, opening afresh the (old) wound.
I will meet my Pûran, when God himself joins us."
Said Lûnâṅ to Achhrâṅ: " Come thou with me.
A Jogî hath come into the garden, and may God fulfil our hopes !"

Obeying Lûnâṅ's word Achhrâṅ went with them,
And when she came into the garden she cried out :

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"Tûṅ bâgh liwâwan-wâliâ, ik bâr mainûṅ bulâe.
Je Pûran haiṅ tâṅ bol pio, mainûṅ akkheṅ dikhdâ nâe."
Pûran Jogî boldâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe:
"Mata, kere Pûran nûṅ bhâldî? kî nûṅ mâre hâk?
Maiṅ nahîṅ Pûran nûṅ jândâ; maiṅ rahindâ Gorakh de pas.
Us nûṅ jâke puchh lain, jis ne siṭṭiâ mâr!
Mâtâ, Pûran nûṅ kah dî mar gîâ, hun tûṅ charhî hai us dî bhâl!
Mûe kadhî nahîṅ bâware, peṭ nûṅ le le sabar dî bâr."
Achhrâṅ dâhâṅ mâriâṅ, Pûran dâ lîâ bol siân:
"Maiṅ apne Pûran nûṅ bhâldî; oh de kardî pukâr.
Bâgh harîâ ho gîâ; eh kîtâ âp Khudâe.
Isî tarhâṅ Pûran mainûṅ mil pawe, nahîṅ chalî jâṅ âjâheṅ."

"O thou that hast renewed the garden, speak to me once.
If thou be Pûran then speak, for my eyes cannot see!"*
Said Pûran, the Jogî, meditating on the Invisible in his heart:
"Mother, what Pûran seekest thou? To whom art thou crying out?
I know no Pûran; I live with Gorakh.
Go and ask her that slew him!
Mother, thou hast said that Pûran is dead and yet thou dost seek him!
The dead return not, have patience in thy heart."
Achhrâṅ cried out recognizing Pûran's voice:
"I seek my own Pûran; I cry to him.
The garden hath become green: it is God himself hath done this.
Thus hath my Pûran met me, that my life might not depart."

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* She had wept herself blind. See Vol. I., p. 2.

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Jogî Nâhar Singh parnâ siṭṭiâ Mâtâ Achhrâṅ de pâs.
" Mâtâ, chakke parnâ mukh lâ le, phir lîeṅ Jogî nûṅ siân."
Achhrâṅ ne parnâ phaṭiâ, man bich Râm dhyâe;
Nîtar Achhrâṅ de khul gae; Karam ne dittâ paharâ pâe.
Mâtâ putrâṅ de mele ho gae; kîtâ âp Khudâe.
Pûran paireṅ mâtâ dî pai gîâ: " Mâtâ, bakhsheṅ sab gunâh."
Mâtâ Achhrâṅ Pûran nûṅ âkhdî: "Tun bahke râj kumâo.
Râjâ Salwân buḍḍhâ ho gîâ, gâhâṅ gaddî ṭurogî nâṅ.
Nâ koî terâ châchâ nâtiâ; nâ koî sakâ bhrâo;
Na koî beṭâ Nûnâṅ de: kaun karogâ râj ?"
Pûran hatth baṅh Râjâ nûṅ kardâ bintî: " Pitâ, merî araj sune man lâe.
Achhrâṅ merî mâtâ hai pâp dî, Nûnâṅ dharam dî mâ.

Nâhar Singh, the Jogî, threw his kerchief to Achhrâṅ (and said):
"Mother, put this kerchief over thy face and then recognize the Jogî."
Achhrâṅ took the kerchief in her hand and called on Râm:
And Achhrâṅ's eyes were opened and Fate was kind to her.
Mother and son met together: God himself worked this.
Pûran fell at his mother's feet (and said): " Mother, forgive all my faults."
Said Mother Achhrâṅ to Pûran: "Do thou become a king.
Râjâ Salwân is old and the throne will descend to thee.
Neither hast thou a cousin (for heir), nor hast thou a brother:
Neither hath Lûnâṅ a son, and who will be king ?"
Pûran with joined hands spake to the Râjâ: "Father, hear my prayer with thy heart.
Achhrâṅ is my mother by sin and Lûnâṅ by faith.*

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* See above, line 295.

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Bas Nûnâṅ dî kus nahîṅ, eh milnî thî mainûṅ sazâe.
Merî lekh dî likhî ugaṛî, Nûnâṅ dos na kâe.
Jis baṭṭhî par Achhrâṅ rahi sî, unhoṅ bandhke dîeṅ râj.
Jeṛe muṇḍe mere nâl de, unhâṅ nûṅ mashabdâr* banâe.
Panj piṇḍ dîeṅ Khiḍḍû Chûhṛe nûṅ; un kîtâ nimak halâl.
Dukh nâ nagarî nûṅ dîeṅ, terâ sukh basogâ râj."

Nûnâṅ Achhrâṅ âkhdîâṅ: "Sune, Pûranâṅ, merî bât.
Eh gaddî hai Râjâ Ṣalwân dî, dharam dâ hai baḍâ râj.
Agge laṛkâ koî hai nâhîṅ, nâ tû rahnâ sâḍe pâs.
Je satiâ Gorakh Nâth dî, jag bich sânj ralâe."
Pûran aggioṅ boliâ: "Nâr Singhiâ, tumbâ jholî le âo."
Jadoṅ Pûran tumbâ jhâṛiâ, nikalî dhâk te châwal:

It was not Lûnâṅ's fault; I had to suffer these pains.
My fate was recorded evil, and it was no fault of Lûnâṅ.
At whose oven Achhrâṅ served, halve the kingdom with him.
Make nobles of all the boys that (played) with me.
Give five villages to Khiḍḍû, the Scavenger, that was true to his salt.
Give no trouble to thy city, that thy kingdom flourish."

Said Lûnâṅ and Achhrâṅ, "O Puran, hear our words.
This is Râjâ Salwân's throne, and a very righteous kingdom (it is).
We have no son to follow us, nor wilt thou remain to us.
If the virtue of Gorakh Nâth be (in thee), thou wilt link us with the world"
Then said Puran: "O Nâr Singh, bring thy bowl and wallet."
Then Pûran shook out his wallet and there fell out grapes and rice.

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* For *mansabdâr*.

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955 "Le, Mâtâ Nûnâṅ, sâbit le langâh; tere ghar jamwan beṭâ, jamwan kaṛâî bâr.
Jamde nûṅ bhaurî pâ dîo, nâ lage duniyâ de bâl.
Âdh dâ jatî sadâo, sir jatîâṅ sardâr.
Chauhîṅ Ḳhûṇṭî phirogâ, kadhî na âve bâr.
Chele banoṅ Gorakh Nâth dâ, ho baḍâ parkâr,
960 Jaisî Achhrâṅ nâl ho gaî, aisî honâ Nûnâṅ de nâl.
Rânîân biâho balâit* dîâṅ, agge nâ ho aulâd.
Machhandar Nâth dî putrî Sîlwantî nâr:
Jat sat Rasâlû dâ ṭoro, jeṛî rahindî Lankâ dî bâr.
Oh de ans Gadhîle hoṅge; eh Pûran dâ srâp!"

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955 (Said he): "Take, Mother Lúnâṅ, swallow them whole; and a son† shall be born to thee, (but) in an inauspicious hour.
When he is born put him into a pit, that the air of the world reach him not.
He will be holy from the beginning and the chief of the holy.
He will wander through the Four Quarters, and never come to harm.
He will become a disciple of Gorakh Nâth and a great saint.
960 As it hath happened to Achhrâṅ, so shall it happen to Lûnâṅ.
He shall marry Queens in many lands, but shall have no posterity.
Sîlwanṭî is the daughter of Machhandar Nâth.‡
She will destroy the virtue of Rasâlû that dwells in Lankâ.§
Their posterity shall be Gadhîlâs‖: this is Pûran's curse!"

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* For *vilâyat*. † *i.e.*, Rasâlû.
‡ But see Vol. I., p. 296 ff, in the legend of Sîlâ Daî.
§ For the doings of Machhandar Nâth at Lankâ, see Vol. II., p. 19ff.
‖ The Gaṇḍhîlâs are a wretched criminal tribe, of the lowest description belonging chiefly to the Montgomery District, with a tradition that they were once a people of some standing: hence probably the allusion here. Compare with this the legend at p. 65, Vol. I.

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Pûran bâgh te ṭur piâ, mâtâ pitâ nûṅ sîs niwâe :
" Sukh wasse eh nagarî, sukh base Sansâr !"
Pûran Ṭille â giâ, âiâ Gorakh de pâs ;
Charne lagâ Gorakh Nâth de ; baiṭhâ samâdh lagâe.

Eh kishiâ Pûran Bhagat dâ kitâ Qadaryâr.
Kaî paṛhde baitâṅ ; kaî gâveṅ ḍaṇḍhâṅ sârangîâṅ nâl.

Pûran left the garden and bowed his head to his father and mother (and said) :
" Happy be this city : happy be the World !"
Pûran went to Ṭillâ to Gorakh,
And sat at Gorakh's feet and did penance.

This is the lay of Pûran Bhagat as made by Qadaryâr.
Some sing it in verse ; some sing it to drums and fiddles.

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* The author.

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No. XXXV.

THE ADVENTURES OF MÎR CHÂKUR,

AS TAKEN DOWN IN THE BALOCHÎ LANGUAGE CHIEFLY FROM THE NARRATIVE OF GHULÂM MUḤAMMAD BÎLÎCHÂNÎ MAZÎRÎ, AND TRANSLATED BY M. LONGWORTH DAMES, ESQ.

[The Adventures of Mîr Châkur form the subject of a great number of ballads and tales among the Rind Baloches of the Ḍerâ Ghâzî Khân District, the adjoining hills, and Kachî in Balochistán. Two ballads on the subject have already been published with translations in Mr. Dames's *Sketch of the Northern Balochî Language*, (Extra No. *Journal As. Soc. Bengal*, 1881, pp. 137 and 148). The present prose narrative is from the recital of Ghulâm Muḥammad Bâlâchânî Mazârî of Rojhân, and the ballads interspersed have been obtained partly from him, and partly from others].

[There can be no doubt that the legend of Mîr Châkur is a genuine tradition unaffected by any literary influence, and handed down by word of mouth among a people entirely ignorant of reading and writing, for nearly four hundred years. Mîr Châkur himself is in all likelihood a real personage, and should probably be identified with the "Meer Jakur Zund," of Briggs's *Farishta*, (IV. 396) who obtained a *jâgîr* at Ûchh in the time of Maḥmûd Shâh Langâh of Multân, (1502-1524 A.D.). In Persian characters the words Mîr Châkur Rind might also, if the diacritical points were not clear, be read Mîr Jâkar Zand. The only copy of Farishta's text (lithographed at Nawal Kishor's Press, Lucknow, p. 329) available for these notes gives an entirely different name, *viz.*, Mîr 'Imâd Karwîzî. The place he came from (called by Briggs Solypoor) is in this text of Farishta Sivlî, and is probably intended for Sivî (Sibî)].

[Jâm Nindâ is also an historical personage. He was king of Sindh from A.D. 1485 to 1492, and the fort of Sivlî (Sibî) was taken from him by the troops of Shâh Beg Arghûn (Briggs, IV., 427, *Farishta's Text*, p. 320). Shâh Beg represented his father Zû'-n-nûn Beg, Governor of Qandahâr, who established independence at about that time (see Erskine's *Lives of Bâbar and Humâyûn*, I., pp. 347-353). Zû'-n-nûn Beg is probably the

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Zunû of the present narrative, and his mother, Mâî Begam, may be the Mâh Begam, who was married to Shâh Beg after her first husband's death].

[Another historical character mentioned in the legend is Sohrâb Khâṅ Dodâî, who is represented by Farishta, as having come from Kech-Makrân with his sons Ismâ'îl Khâṅ and Fatteḥ Khâṅ, and having obtained from Shâh Hussain Langâh the country between Koṭ Karor and Dhankoṭ (*Farishta's Text*, p. 326, l. 26. *et infra*). Briggs transliterates Duvally for Dodâî (Vol. IV., 388). There was evidently a rivalry between Sohrâb Khâṅ Dodâî and Mîr Châkur (*Farishta*, p. 329; Briggs, IV., 396.) Farishta calls Sohrâb Khâṅ in one place a Rohelâ or mountaineer, and in another a Baloch. The legend represents the Dodâîs to be descendants of one Dodâ, a Somrâ, who was adopted by the Baloch fraternity after marrying the daughter of Sâhle, a Rind. The sons of Malik Sohrâb, Ismâ'îl Khâṅ and Fatteḥ Khâṅ are the reputed founders of the towns of Ḍerâ Ismâ'îl Khâṅ and Ḍerâ Fatteḥ Khâṅ, notwithstanding the fact that the rulers of Ḍerâ Ismâ'îl Khâṅ were Hot Baloches and not Dodâîs. Ḍerâ Ghâzî Khâṅ was held by the Mirṛânîs, a branch of the Dodâîs, till comparatively modern times].

[The above identifications fix Mîr Châkur's date, as the beginning of the 16th century A.D., with sufficient accuracy. It seems probable that the Baloches joined the banner of the Turks or Mughals, and were with them when Jâm Nindâ was expelled from Sibî. Thence they gradually spread over the Southern Panjâb, and Northern Sindh, sometimes assisting the Mughals, and sometimes fighting against them. Mîr Châkur would seem himself to have obtained a *jâgîr* in Uchh on the Satluj, shortly before Bâbar's invasion. The legend represents him as accompanying Humâyûn to Dehlî, and afterwards returning to Satgaṛhâ, in the Montgomery District. His tomb is still shown in the neighbourhood, and is marked in the map of the Multân Division (Survey, 1854-56), as lying between the high road from Lâhor to Multân and the bank of the Râvî opposite Sayyidwâlâ, under the name of 'Tukeea Nuwab Chakur ke' (Takia Nawâb Châkur kâ).]

[The characters in this legend are household names among Baloches. Next in celebrity to Mîr Châkur comes Noḍhbandagh, who holds among the Baloches a similar position to that held by Hâtim Tâî among the Arabs as the conventional hero of generosity. Poems on the exploits of these heroes are frequently recited, and they are used in modern ballads as models for imitation].

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TEXT.

Âṅ wakhtâ ki Balochâṅ Kachî gipta azh kull aulâd Mîr Jalâlâneghâ Rind Lashârî masthar aṭhant. Lashârîâ do brâṭh Noḍhbandagh o Bakar mazain aṭhant. Noḍhbandagh bachh Gwaharâm nâm bîṭha, Bakar bachh Râmen nâm bîṭha. Rindâ Mîr Isḥâk sardâr aṭh. Eshî do bachh Mîr Hasan Mîr Shaihak bîṭhaghant. Mîr Hasan phanch bachh bîṭhaghant, pheshî Rehân, guḍâ Jîand, Muhammad, Brâhim, Mîr Hân. Mîr Shaihak bachh Mîr Châkur aṭh, ki kull Rindânî Sardâr bîṭha.

Baloch Kech-Makurân theghî laḍiṭho shuṭhaghant, âkhta maṅ Hurâsânâ. Kilâtâ, Mustungâ, Shâlâ, hawen deh gipta-ish. Ya sâle hamoḍhâ khuṭha-ish, guḍâ chârî shastâṭhaghant-ish Kachî gindaghâ, ki 'hameḍhâ gwabar khafî, zawistânâ na

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TRANSLATION.

At the time that the Baloches took possession of Kachî the Rinds and Lashârîs were the greatest of all the descendants of Mîr Jalâl Khâṅ.* The chief of the Lashârîs were the two brothers, Noḍhbandagh and Bakar. Noḍhbandagh had a son named Gwaharâm, and Bakar had a son named Râmen. Among the Rinds Mîr Isḥâk was the chief. He begot two sons, Mîr Hasan and Mîr Shaihak. Mîr Ḥasan begot five sons, first Rehân, then Jîand, Muḥammad, Brâhim, and Mîr Hân. Mîr Shaihak's son was Mîr Châkur, who became Chief over all the Rinds.

All the Baloches arose and marched from Kech-Makrân, and moved into Khurâsân. They took possession of Kilât, Mustang, Shâl (Quetta), and all that land. There they passed one year, and then they sent spies to see the land of Kachî, for, said they,

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* An ancestral leader of the Baloches.

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gwazainûn.' Châriyân âkhtaghant, Sevî, Ḍhâḍar, Gandâva, Mîlah, Jhal e dighar châiṭho âkhto hâl dathaish. Rind Lashârî guḍâ laḍiṭho hawân deh gipta-ish. Rind sarâ Mîr Châkur aṭh, Lashârîa Gwaharâm. Lashârî er-khapta Mîlahâ, Rind ma Bolânâ Rindâ âkhta Sohrân, Sevî, Ḍhâḍar. Sevîâ Jâm Nindâ hâkim aṭn. Mîr Châkur ki âkhta Jâm Nindâ salâmâ, âkhto khuthaî, guḍâ Châkur zorâ go âṅhiyâ phajyâ takht chakhâ nishta.

Guḍâ pholâ khuṭha Mîr Chakurâ, ki 'Haweṅ thaî dighâr paidâwârî chî eṅ.' Jâm Nindâ dasiṭha ki paidâwârî ikhtar eṅ. Guḍâ thî rosheâ Jâm Nindâ salâmâ ki âkhtaî, Jâm Nindâ phaḍâṭho shuṭha. Guḍâ Rind Lashârî âṅ deh waṭhî khuṭha, sai sâl hameḍhâ nishtaghant. Rindâ gipta Sevî, Ḍhâḍar, Shorân; Lashâriâ gipta Mîlah, Jhal, Gandâva. Zamistânâ Kachîâ bîṭhaghant, Âharâ shuṭhghant Hurâsânâ.

'The cold is great here, we cannot pass the winter here.' The spies came and spied out Sevî (Sibi), Ḍhâḍar, Gandâva, the Mullâh Pass, Jhal, and all that land, and then returned and made their report. Then the Rinds and Lashârîs marched and took possession of that land, Mîr Châkur being at the head of the Rinds, and Gwaharâm of the Lashârîs. The Lashârîs came down by the Mullâh Pass, the Rinds by the Bolân. The Rinds arrived at Sohrân, Sevî, and Ḍhâḍar. Jâm Nindâ was the ruler over Sevî. When Mîr Châkur came to do obeisance to Jâm Nindâ, having come in he made his salutation, and then seated himself by force beside Jâm Nindâ on the throne.

Then Mîr Châkur asked of him, 'What is the income of this thy land?' Jâm Nindâ explained to him that the income was such and such an amount. The next day when he came again to do obeisance Jâm Nindâ fled away. Then the Rinds and Lashârîs made that country their own, and abode there for three years. The Rinds took Sevî, Ḍhâḍar, and Shorân, and the Lashârîs took the Mullâh Pass, Jhal, and Gandâva. They passed the winter in Kachî, and in the summer they went up to Khurâsân.

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Rosheâ Râmen Lashârîâkhta Mîr Châkur shahrâ, Rehânâ gwar er-khapta-î. Râmen o Rehân pha-waṭhân aḍaṭhaghant mâḍhinânî sarâ; Rehânâ gwashta, ki 'Maiṅ mâḍhin shâghar eṅ'; Râmenâ gwashta, 'Maiṅ mâḍhin shâghar eṅ.' Guḍâ shart jaṭha-ish. Go philân mochiâ gurânḍe aṭh, rangâ boreṅ, sakîâ lândaveṅ. Gwashta-ish, 'Mâḍhinâṅ thâshûṅ; hawâṅ mâḍhin ki guzî gurândâ bâṛth, zarân phaḍhî phur khanth.' Guḍâ shafâ Râmen mâḍhin Rindâ ochan bokhto phirentha: shafâ mâḍhinâr gwahar bîṭha. Bânghavâ sanj khuṭhaghant-ish, galagh thâkhta-ish: guḍâ Râmen mâḍhin gwastha. Rindâ gawâhî dâṭha, ki Rehân mâḍhin gwastha, drogh basthaish. Râmenâ zahr gipta, guḍâ shoḍhâ chariṭho shuṭhâ.

Aṅ wakhtâ Gohar jatanî, Lashârîâ azh Mîlahâ khashtagheṭh. Gohar go waṭhî bagâ âkhto bâut bîṭha go Mîr Châkurâ. Mîr Châkurâ âṅhiyâr ma Kacharak nyâstha.

Râmen galagh-thâshî phaḍhâ shoḍhâ chariṭho, thî Lashârî

One day Râmen Lashârî came to Mîr Châkur's town, and alighted at the abode of Rehân. Râmen and Rehân disputed regarding their mares; Rehân saying, 'My mare is the swiftest,' and Râmen, 'Mine is the swiftest.' Upon this they made a bet. A certain tanner had a ram, red in colour and very fat. They said, 'We will race our mares; the mare that comes in first shall win the ram, and the hindmost shall pay its price.' But at night the Rinds untied and threw off the horsecloth from Râmen's mare, so that the mare felt the cold in the night. In the morning they saddled and raced their mares, and Râmen's mare came in first. The Rinds bore witness that Rehân's mare had won, but they lied. Then Râmen was very angry, and mounted and departed thence.

At that time a woman named Gohar, a camel-owner, had been turned out by the Lashârîs from the Mullâh Pass. She came with her herds of camels as a refugee to Mîr Châkur. Mîr Châkur settled her in Kacharak.

Râmen after the horse-racing rode off and assembled other

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much khuṭho, Gohar hir guḍaṭhaghantî. Mîr Châkur o Gwaharâm har do pha Goharâ'âshiq aṭhant, geshtar Châkur neghâ zor aṭh-î. Guḍâ hirâṅ guḍiṭho phaḍhâ ya rosheâ Châkur âkhto er-khapta Gohar meṛhâ. Begahâ ḍâchî ki âkhtaghant, garraghaṭhant; guḍâ Châkurâ azh Goharâ phol khuṭha, 'Ḍâchî phache garraghant?' Goharâ waṭh hâl na dâṭha-ish. Jateâ gwashtâ, ki 'Râmen Lashâriâ phairî rosha hir guḍaṭhaghant.' Guḍâ Châkurâr zahr mân-âkhta; shuṭha waṭhî handâ; har-gureâ avzâr shastâṭhaghant-î. Rind kull much khuṭhaghant-î, ki 'Miṭûṅ go Lashâriâ.' Lashâriâ ḍâhî shuṭha ki Rind much bîṭhaghant. Laḍiṭha Lashâriâ, shuṭha go Omar Nuhâniâ. Gwaharâmâ gwashtâ, ki 'Rind go mâ miṛîṭh; maṅ thaî bâutâṅ, tho manî phushtâ khan': ki Nuhânî Rînd aṭh. Omará gwashta, ki 'Châkur sakeṅ mardeṅ, maîṅ dâraghe neṅ; sathe khanânî; kaizâṅ hairâ khanth.' Omarâ Kahîrî shastâṭhaghart-

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Lashârîs, and they killed some of Gohar's young camels. Mîr Châkur and Gwaharâm both loved Gohar, but her affection for Châkur was strongest. One day after the slaughter of the young camels Châkur came and alighted at Gohar's encampment. In the evening when the female camels came in they were lowing; then Châkur asked of Gohar, 'Why are your female camels lowing?' Gohar herself would not tell him the reason. But a camel-herd said, 'The day before yesterday Râmen Lashârî slaughtered their young ones.' Then rage took possession of Châkur; he returned to his home and sent out riders in every direction. He assembled the whole of the Rinds, saying, 'Let us fight with the Lashârîs.' The alarm went out among the Lashârîs that the Rinds were assembling. Then the Lashârîs marched away to Omar Nuhânî. Gwaharâm said, 'The Rinds will attack us; we are thy refugees; do thou extend thy protection unto us,' for the Nuhânîs were Rinds. Omar said, 'Châkur is a mighty man, and not to be held back by me, I will send him a deputation, perchance he may make peace.' Omar sent the Kahîrîs to him, saying,

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î, ki "Châkurâr gwash, 'Ma miṛeṭh go mâ; mâ dî Baloch ûn, tho dî Baloch e; miṛagh jawaiṅ neṅ.'" Châkurâ gwashta, 'Maṅ nelân-î; miṛâṅ.' Haweṅ jawâb daṭha-î sathâr. Guḍâ Omarâ gwashta, 'Nî maṛ bî; miṛûn-î.' Âṅmar Nalî Khaur-daſâ basṭhaghant-ish, sakeṅ jange bîṭha oḍhâ; bhoreṇṭha-î Rind. Rind phrushta, havd-saḍh maṛ khushta; Mîr Hân dî khushta: Mîr Châkur barâvareṅ mard aṭh. Ḍombeâ hâl ârṭha loghâ, ki 'Rindâ phadâṭha.' Shaihakâ phol khuṭha, ki 'Mîr khushta ki dar-shuṭha?' Dombâ gwashta, ki 'Mîr dar-shuṭha; Mîr Hân khushta.' Shaihakâ gwashta, "'Mîr' maṅ Mîr Hânâr gushagheṭhâṅ."

Châkur pha shikârâ rapta,
Bagâeṅ tharâe wârṭha-î.
Lahze pha sawâdâ nishte:
Ḍâchî âkhtaghan' danzâna,
Shîr pha mâighâṅ shanzâna.

"Say to Mîr Châkur, 'Do not fight with us; we are Baloches, and thou also art a Baloch; it is not good that we should fight.'" But Châkur said, 'I will not allow it; I will fight.' And he gave this answer to the envoy. Then Omar said, 'Now be men; let us fight with him.' They entrenched themselves at the mouth of the Nalî Torrent, and there was a great fight there; they defeated the Rinds. The Rinds gave way, and seven hundred of them were killed, Mîr Hân among them, who was a man equal to Mîr Châkur himself. A Ḍom (minstrel) brought home the news that the Rinds had fled. Shaihak* asked, "Is the Mîr killed or has he escaped?" The Ḍom said, "The Mîr has escaped, but Mîr Hân is killed." Then Shaihak said, "When I said 'the Mîr' I spoke of Mîr Hân."

Châkur went forth to hunt, and he
Ate at the return of the camels.
For a little while he sat down to look round:
The female camels came, stirring up the dust,
The milk dripping from their udders.

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* Father of Mîr Châkur, and uncle of Mîr Hân.

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Gwashta Châkurâ Mîrenâ,
Wa'pha Goharâ hirenâ:
"Thaî ḍàchî phache kâre danzant?
Shîr pha mâighâṅ shanzant?"
Gwashta Goharâ durrenâ,
Wa'pha Châkurâ Khanenâ:
"Maîṅ hirâṅ wârṭhaghant zahreṅ sol;
Maîṅ hirâṅ waḍh-mireṅ go khapten."
Guḍâ bag-jat Melaveṅ gâl-âkhte:
"Phairî âkhtaghant Lashârî;
Shikko saile bor thâshî;
Hir azh maîṅ khushtaghant jukhtîâ;
Shingo garṭhaghant mastîâ."
Châkur maṅ dilâ grân bîṭha.
Rinde hapt hazâr loṭâe:
"Mâ chyâr saḍh ya-thareṅ warnâ bûṅ;

Then spake Châkur the Mîr,
Himself to Gohar the fair:
"Why do thy female camels stir up the dust?
Why does the milk drip from their udders?"
Then spake Gohar the beautiful,
Herself to Châkur the Khâṅ:
"My young camels ate poisonous shrubs;*
My young camels fell down through self-slaughter."
Then spake out the camel-herd Melo:
"The day before yesterday the Lashârîs came;
They raced their chestnut (mares) with great delight;
They slaughtered a pair of our young camels
Hence they returned in their madness."
Châkur became heavy at heart.
He called together seven thousand Rinds (and said):
"Let us form a band of four hundred youths, equal one to the other.

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* *Sol, i.e.*, the *prosopis spicigera* or *jand*.

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Ḍâne dar-shafûṅ syâralî ;
Barîvagh Khân phaḍḷâ dragâna."
Wâge giptaghant sardâre :
" Châkur khenaghân khame khaṅ ;
Nuhânî hazâr mardâṅ bî ;
Lâlo khushtaghaṅ' Lâshârî !"
Guḍâ gwashta sar-batâkî mardâṅ,
Jâro, jareṅ Rehânâ :
" Barîvagh gondalâṅ sâhmenthe :
Hindîâṅ ma ; thars ser-dâṭhe :
Rekh zahraneṅ whardâṅ !"
Guḍâ Ḍomb langavâṅ shâkârom :
" Barîvagh Khân thârâ dîr nyâḍhûṅ :
Mâḳh-oṅ zahm-janeṅ Lâshârî :
Âfo banaî mânah-ûṅ.
Hoshagh phinj khanûṅ âptiyâ,
Nind o giud khai sîṭḥ bî ?

Let us issue forth cunningly from the low hills ;
Hastening after Barîvagh Khâṅ."
They caught hold of the chief's bridle (and said) :
" Châkur, abate your rage a little,
The Nuhânîs are a thousand men.
They have slain the Lashârîs' brethren !"
Then spake out the headstrong men,
Jâro and fiery Rehân :
" You are afraid of Barîvagh's arrows.
Fear not the weapons, you shall have your fill of them.
Sand is a bitter food !"
Then said the Ḍom herald :
" We will settle Barîvagh Khâṅ far from you.
We are sword-wielding Lashârîs,
We are posted in the water-embankments.
If we thrash out the ears between us,
Stay and see whose will be the advantage :

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Mûlân pha khai devalî ?
Sîṭha pha khaiâ gon khâî ?"
Go haweṅ gwashtanâṅ taukheghâ ;
Wâg ishtaghan' Sardâre.
Chârî khashtaghan' châ'rânî ;
Bol basṭhaghant pahrânî.
Chârî âkhtaghant golânî ;
Saḍh logh jidarâiyâ dîṭheṅ.
Oḍhâ ma Nalî gaṭâ,
Shahr châriṭha Gâjâne.
Bag jukṭhiyeṅ Gwaharâme.
Bânghavâ khuṭheṅ phâsâne ;
Pha Gâjân kilât demâ.
Bag guḍiṭheṅ Gwaharâme ;
Dastâ buriṭha Sâfâne :
Maṭâṅ Gohara hirânî,
Haweṅ zâlî shûmat o shirrânî.
Mel kûch khuṭha Lâshârâ.

Whose leaders will be victorious ?
And to whom will the profit belong ?"
With the utterance of these words,
They let go the Chief's bridle.
And spies they sent forth to spy ;
And they fixed a word for the watch.
The spies came spying out the country ;
They saw a hundred separate dwelling places.
There in the Nalî defile,
They spied out the town of Gâjân.
A herd of Gwaharâm's camels was sleeping there.
In the morning they made an attack
On the face of the fort of Gâjân.
They slaughtered the herd of Gwaharâm's camels ;
And cut off the hand of Sâfân (the herd),
In exchange for Gohar's young camels,
On account of this woman's disgrace and quarrel.
The assembly of the Lasharîs marched away.

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Rosh othâne burz bîṭhe,
Lashârî khurâ gon-dâṭhe.
Rinda lashkara bhâj bîṭhe;
Mîr Hân ma-phirâ phirenthe;
Go havd saḍh ya-thareṅ warnâ.
Guḍâ Châkur ghamzamîâ gartha,
Pha Mîr Hân ghamâ lahmenâṅ,
Pha humbo chotaveṅ Mîrenâṅ:
Lahrî khaur gawârâṅ gipte.

Guḍâ Châkur ḍâhîṅ bîṭho shuṭha Turkâṅ gwar: Turkânî sardâr Zunû nâm aṭh. Bânghavâ Lashârî shuṭha go Turkâṅ; labainṭha-ish, ki 'Châkurâ khush.' Châkurâ Turkâṅ gwân'-jaṭha bânghavâ. Phallî nâme motabareṅ Amîr aṭh Turkeghâ. Phalliyâ Châkurâr hâl dâṭha, ki 'Lashârî âkhta, labainṭha-ish Turk.' Guḍâ Châkarâ Turkâṅ gwân'-jaṭha; Turkâṅ gwashta Châkurâr:

By the time the sun was well risen they were high up the hill side,
They followed on the Lashârîs' track and overtook them.
The army of the Rinds was put to flight;
Mîr Hân was left dead on the spot,
With seven hundred youths each equal to the other.
Then Châkur returned in sorrow,
Weeping for the loss of Mîr Hân,
For the beautiful hair of Mîr:
Fasting he took his way to the Lahrî Pass.

After this Châkur went as a suppliant to the Turks,* whose leader's name was Zunû. In the morning the Lashârîs came to the Turks, and bribed them, saying, 'Slay Châkur.' In the morning the Turks sent for Châkur. There was a trustworthy Amîr among the Turks, whose name was Phallî. Phallî told Châkur that the Lashârîs had come and bribed the Turks. Then the Turk sent for Châkur and said to him:

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* *i.e.*, the Mughals.

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"Mard evakhâ ki bî,
Hathyâr ki ma bant-î,
Âṅhiyâr duzhman valainant,
Guḍâ âṅhî thufâkh chachoṅ bant ?"

Châkurâ jawâb dâṭha, ki

"Dast dil waṭhî ambrâh bant ;
Âṅhiyâ thufâkh hechî neṅ."

Guḍâ hathyâr giptaghant-ish Châkurâ, mokal dâṭha-î, ki 'Tho baro waṭhî handâ.' Hâthî khûnî guḍâ Châkur sarâ ishto dâṭha-ish, 'Bilânî Châkur khushîṭh.' Guḍâ hâthî akhṭo Châkurâ nazî bîṭha.

Kshike khaptagheṭh bâzârâ :
Tângâ gipta-î Châkurâ.
Guḍâ jaṭha-î hâthiyârâ.
Bîng ki chamburṭha hâthiyâr.
Hâthî phadâṭho shuṭhâ.

Châkur dar-shuṭho shoḍhâ ; Turkâṅ gwân'-jaṭha-î, phârainṭho, mokal dâṭha-î.

"If a man alone be left,
If of arms he be bereft,
When his bitter foes surround him,
Say what help will then be found him ?"

Châkur answered thus:

"Hand and heart will help themselves ;
What need then of other help ?"

Then they took his weapons from Châkur and let him go saying, 'Go to your home.' Then they let loose a furious elephant on Châkur saying, 'Let Châkur kill it.' Then the elephant came towards Châkur.

There lay a dog in the bazar,
Châkur seized it by the leg,
And threw it at the elephant.
When the dog struck the elephant,
The elephant turned and fled.

So Châkur escaped thence; and the Turks sent for him, rewarded him and let him go.

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Thî-bare Lashârî Turkâñ go âḳhtaghant, zar bâz dâṭha-ish. Guḍâ Phalliyâ Châkurâr gwashta, ki 'Aghadî Lashâriâ Turk labainṭha.' Turk gwân'-jaṭhaghant Châkurâr dohmî roshâ, ki 'Tho sakeñ mard e mañ Balochâñ; eḍhâ mazâre asteñ; go mazârâ miṛ.' Mazâr ishto dâṭha; siḍhâ bîṭhaî Châkur sarâ. Jaṭha Châkurâ mazâr go zahmâ. Aghadî Turkâñ phârainṭha Châkur.

Sohmî roshâ Lashârî âkhta; labainṭha-ish Turkâñ; Phalliyâ dî hâl dâṭha Châkurâr. Agha Châkur gwân'-janainṭha Turkâ sohmî dhakâ. Turkâñ khûh phaṭṭainṭhaghant; khûhâ sarâ kakh phirenṭhaghant. Naryân khûnî ârṭha-ish; Châkurâr gwashta-ish, ki 'Haweñ naryânâ, char drikain.' Havd bâravâñ Châkurâ naryân drikainṭha thâkhta, ma khûhâ na khapta-î, darshuṭha-î. Aghadî Turkâñ Châkur pharainṭha.

Guḍâ Zunû mâṭhâr Mâîñ Begumâr hâl sar-bîṭha. Gwashta-î, ki 'Châkur zât Baloch Sardâreñ, dukhâñ ma dai, Zunûâr

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Another time the Lashârîs came to the Turks and gave them a large sum of money. Then Phallî told Châkur, 'Again the Lashârîs have bribed the Turks.' The next day the Turks sent for Châkur, saying, 'Thou art the mightiest man among the Baloches; here is a tiger; fight with it.' They let loose the tiger and it came straight at Châkur. Châkur killed the tiger with a blow of his sword. Again the Turks rewarded Châkur.

A third time the Lashârîs came and bribed the Turks and Phallî informed Châkur thereof. Again a third time the Turks sent for Châkur. The Turks had a well dug, and over the mouth of the well they strewed reeds. Then they brought forth a savage stallion and said to Châkur, 'Mount this horse, and leap him over this place.' Seven times did Châkur leap and gallop the stallion, but he did not fall into the pit, and escaped alive. Again the Turks rewarded Châkur.

Afterwards tidings of these things were brought to Mâî Begam, Zunû's mother. Then said she to the Turks, 'Châkur is the true Lord of the Baloches, do not afflict him more, but

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mokal dai ki urd bâṭh Châkur saren-bandî khanth.' Zunûâ waṭhî fauj burṭha, go Lashârîâ miṛaṭha. Lashârîâ phadâṭha. Châkur âṅhîṅ randa shuṭha, Râmen khushta-î. Phanch-saḍh maṛ Lashârî go Râmenâ khushta.

Lashârî guḍâ darainṭho shuṭha Gujarâtâ. Jang Gujarâtâ haweṅr'gâ bîṭha: ki Bangul nâme Lashârî aṭh. Warnâe Gujarâteghâ kawândî baragheṭh, loghâ zurthî âragheṭh. Bangulâ gwashta hawâṅ mardârâ ki, 'Kâhan biyâr manî mâḍhiṅâr dai.' Âṅmaṭâ gwashta, 'Kâhan niyeṅ, kawândant; tharâ na deân-ish.' Guḍâ jaṭha Bangulâ jâbahâ thîre, âṅmar murṭho khapta. Âṅhî phiṭh brâṭh kull 'âlam ḍâhîṅ shuṭhaghant go bâdshâhâ, ki 'Haweṅr'ga kaum âkhta Baloch, ki mardum dî khushaghant; kawândâṅ dî charainaghant; dehâ phullaghant.' Badshâhâ phaujâr hukm dâṭha, ki 'Miṛeṭh go Balochâ.' Guḍâ Bakarâ, (Râmen phith ki astaṭh) Lashârî much khuṭha:

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rather give Zunû leave that he lead forth his army to Châkur's assistance.' On this Zunû led forth his army and fought with the Lashârîs. The Lashârîs took to flight. Châkur followed on their tracks, and he slew Râmen. With Râmen five hundred Lashârîs were killed.

On this the Lashârîs set forth for Gujrât. And their war in Gujrât was on this wise: there was a certain Lashârî named Bangul. A youth of Gujrât was taking away his sugarcane, carrying and bringing it to his house. Bangul said to him, 'Bring those reeds and give them to my mare.' He replied, 'They are not reeds, they are sugarcane; I will not give them to you.' On this Bangul took an arrow from his quiver, and shot him, and he fell dead. His father and brother and a multitude of men went and complained to the king, saying, 'A tribe called Baloch has come here, and they are such manner of men that they slay men, and graze their horses on sugarcane, and spoil the country.' Hereupon the king gave orders to his army to fight with the Baloches. Then Bakar, Râmen's father, gathered the Lashârîs together,

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jang dâṭha-ish; bâdshâh phauj bhoraintha-ish. Guḍâ gwân'-janaintha bâdshâhâ Bakarâr, phârainṭha-î. Phanjâh naryân bashkâṭha-î; phanjâh khawâh âbreshamî dí dâṭha-î; phanjâh thangaveṅ kâtâr dâṭha-î. Gwashta-î, 'E tharâ bashkâṅ, Gandâvagh Mithav deh dî thaî jâgîr eṅ, ki tho sakeṅ mard e.' Guḍâ Lashârî âkhto nishta Gandâvaghâ, Mithavâ, Jhalâ. Dâiṅ Lashârî hamoḍhâ nishta; Maghassî thî bâz kaum âṅhî shâkh ant.

Rind nishta Sevî Ḍhâḍarâ. Guḍâ Zunû bând khuṭha go Lashârîâ. Ya rosheâ Zunûâr Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Chaṭî maṅ tharâ deâṅ, bând bozh.' Lak rûpîâ dâṭha-î. Bând bokhta-î Lasharîeghâ.

Wakhtâ ki Châkurâ Lashârî bând azh Mughalâṅ bokhta, shafâ janâṅ chakhâ pahrâ dâṭha-ish. Guḍâ yashafâ khase go mâiâṅ gandagh khuṭha. Bânghavâ mâiâṅ gwashta, ki 'Haweṅ mard Baloch nayant, Leghâr ant.' Shâṅ wakht âṅhî nâm Leghârî bîṭha, ki kaum Leghârî ch'eshiyâ bîṭha. Dohmî shafâ

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and gave them battle; and they defeated the king's army. Then the king sent for Bakar and rewarded him. He made him a gift of fifty horses, fifty silken scarves and fifty golden daggers. He said to him, 'These I give to you, and the land of Gandâva and Mithav shall be your *jâgîr*, for you are a mighty man.' Then came the Lashârîs back and settled in Gandâva, Mithav and Jhal. Till the present day the Lashârîs have dwelt there, and the Maghassîs and many other tribes are branches of them.

But the Rinds dwelt in Sevî and Ḍhâḍar. And Zunû took women as hostages from the Lashârîs. One day Châkur said to Zunû, 'I will pay the ransom, let the hostages go.' And he paid him a *lâkh* of rupees. Then Zunû released the Lashârî women.

When Châkur released the Lashârî women who were hostages from the Mughals, at night he set a guard over the women. One night some one of the guard acted evilly towards the women. In the morning the women said, 'This man is not a Baloch, he is a Leghâr (foul).' From that time he was known as Leghârî, and the Leghârî tribe is descended from him. The

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pahrâ bîṭha Drîshake. Shafâ haurâ gwartha. Guḍâ hawâñ Drîshak tambû zurtho oshtâṭhaghant, khafaghâ nishta-ish mâiâñ chakhâ. Banghavâ mâiâñ Châkurâ phol khuṭha, 'Doshî chacho eñ pahrâ bîṭha shawâ chakhâ?' Gwashta-ish, 'Doshî Thangaveñ Rind aṭhant.' 'Shâñ roshâ Drîshak, 'Thangaveñ Drîshak' khanantî.

Guḍâ aghadî Châkurâ miṛaṭha go Zunûâ. Zunû waṭh Châkurâ khushta, uṛd bhoraintha-î.

Wakhtâ ki Rind Lashârî jang phawaṭhâñ khanaghaṭhant, roshcâ Châkur akhto khapta Gohar halkâ ya-avzarîyâ. Guḍâ Gwaharâm saḍh avzârânî go âkhtâ. Goharâ gwashta Mîrâr, 'Maroshî Gwaharâm go tho miṛîth; tho char baro.' Châkur charitha, guḍâ ghoro rikhta pha dimâ Gwaharâmeghâ. Sarâ ki bîṭha gon-khaptaghantî. Rosh er-khapto shuṭha. Guḍâ Dilmalikh Rindâ gwar âkhto Gwaharâm mihmân bîṭha. Dilmalikh sakyâ bhâgyeñ marde aṭh. Saḍh gurând khushta-î mehmânî khuṭha-î. Saḍh gwâlagh dân ârtho phirenṭha-î.

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next night Drîshak was on guard. In the night rain fell. Then that Drîshak stood holding up the tent and did not let it fall on the women. In the morning Châkur asked of the women, 'Last night what sort of guard was there over you?' They said, 'Last night there was a Golden Rind.' Since that day they call the Drîshaks 'Golden Drîshaks.'

After this again there was war between Châkur and Zunû. Zunû himself was slain by Châkur, and his army defeated.

While the Rinds were at war with the Lashârîs, one day Châkur happened to come to Gohar's village, riding alone. Then came Gwaharâm with a hundred horsemen. Gohar said to the Mîr, 'Gwaharâm will fight with you to-day; ride away.' Then Châkur rode off and the band of Gwaharâm's horsemen pursued him. He was ahead but they came up to him. Just then the sun set. Then Gwaharâm went and became a guest with Dilmalikh Rind. Dilmalikh was a very wealthy man. He slew a hundred sheep and entertained them. He brought a hundred sacks of corn and threw them down there. Then when

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Guḍâ gozhd ki grâstha-î, saḍh thâlî lâfâ hawâṅ saḍheṅ gurâṅḍâṅî dumbagh yakhe yakhe mâu-khuṭhâ-î. Saḍh chûrî swetḥ-ganeṅ har yakhe dumbagh chakhâ tumbiṭho ishta-î. Guḍâ Gwaharâmâ gwashta, 'Gind, Lashârîâṅ, Rindânî kirrâṅ.' Lashâriâṅ jawâb tharenṭha, ki 'saḍheṅ gwâlaghâṅ dî mâ phujûṅ, saḍh gurâṅḍ dî mâ khushûṅ, ya handâ saḍh swe'-ganeṅ chûrî azh mâ paidâ na bî.' Guḍâ Dilmalikh âkhta pha Gwaharâm nindaghâ. Gwaharâmâ gwashta, ki 'Dilmalikh, tho saḍh chûrî ashkoh ârtha ?' Gwashta-î, 'Lohâre maîṅ birâḍhar eṅ. Shazh mâhâ manâṅ phanjâh chûrî khârîṭh dâṭh, maṅ lerave âṅhiyâr bandâṅ deâṅ. Hawâṅ phanjâh Rindâṅ bahr-khanâṅ deâṅ. Olî shazhmâhî er-khuṭhaghiyaṭh, bahr na khuṭhaghâṅ, dohmî phanjâh dî âkhta, guḍâ saḍh phawânkâ bîṭhaghant.'

Guḍâ Dilmalikh Rindâ zurṭha shart, mâl theghâ barainṭhî; guḍâ bîṭha horgheṅ. Roshe âkhta Rinde halkâ mihmân bîṭha. Halk-wâẓhâ edhâ niyaṭh; logh-bânukhâ thaghard dâṭha.

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he had boiled the meat, he served up the tails of the hundred sheep on a hundred dishes one by one. And he brought a hundred white-handled knives and left one sticking in each sheep's tail. Then said Gwaharâm, 'Behold, O Lashârîs, the dwellings of the Rinds.' The Lashârîs answered and said, 'We can produce a hundred sacks of corn, and we can kill a hundred sheep, but we cannot show in one place a hundred white-handled knives.' Afterwards Dilmalikh came to visit Gwaharâm. Gwaharâm said, 'Dilmalikh, whence did you get those hundred knives ?' He answered, 'I have a sworn-brother who is a blacksmith. Every six months he brings me fifty knives, and I give him a camel in exchange. The fifty knives I distribute among the Rinds. The last six months' knives were still lying by me, I had not distributed them when the next fifty came in, thus I had a hundred altogether.'

After this Dilmalikh Rind gambled, and lost all his wealth, and became empty. One day he came and put up at the village of a certain Rind. The master of the village was away, and the good wife gave him a mat to sleep on. The owner's

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Guḍâ mâḍḥin halk-wâzhâe basṭḥageṭḥ. Mâiâ Dilmalikhâr gwashta, ki 'Dâsâ bar, mâḍḥin sângâ rem bur biyâr, ki shuḍḥî eṅ mâḍḥin.' Rem ki buriṭḥo ârṭḥa-î dast bîṭḥaghant-î hon; rem dî hon bîṭḥa. Bânghavâ Dilmalikh shuṭḥa. Mâî gindi ki rem khapta. Mâḍḥinâ na wârṭḥa, ki remâ hon mân-âkhta-ghant. Halk-wâzhâ ki âkhta mâiâ hâl dâṭḥa-î ki rem hon biṭḥa. Halk-wâzhâ gwashta, ki 'E mar Dilmalikh eṅ ki doshî mihmân bîṭḥo rem buriṭḥa!'

Guḍâ Dilmalikh haweṅ sha'ar jaṭḥa.

Shartâṅ malûkheṅ Dilmalikh
Azh khenagh o kivarân burtha
Brâṭḥî payâfeṅ meravâṅ,
Dîmâṅ Rindî deravâṅ.
Rinde jane 'Nâkho' khanant.
Dâsâṅ ma dastâṅ deant,
Remâ malûkheṅ Dilmalikh

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mare was tied up there. The good wife said to Dilmalikh, 'The mare is hungry, take this sickle and cut some grass and bring it for her.' When he had cut and fetched the grass his hands were bleeding, and the blood came off upon the grass. Next morning Dilmalikh departed. The good wife saw the grass lying there. The mare would not eat it, for there was blood on the grass. When the master came home the good wife told him how there was blood on the grass. Then he said, 'It was Dilmalikh who was last night the guest and cut the grass!'

Then Dilmalikh made this song:

By gambling famous Dilmalikh
Through malice and spite has been driven
From the encampments of his noble brethren,
From the assemblies and abodes of the Rinds.
The Rind women call him 'Uncle.'
They put sickles into his hands,
And famous Dilmalikh goes forth

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Burî pha reshen ḍaḍḍavâṅ.
Nî bilâṅ manî phâḍḥ-mozhaghî,
Thâsen rikef o doravî;
Ma phîshen sawâsâṅ zom girant.
Manâṅ kadro kumeṭḥânî nayaṭḥ;
Mâ dâṭḥâṅ pha sunyen pheshaghâṅ.
Bheḍî rangoî bayân!

Guḍâ Gwaharâmâ gwashta Dilmalikhârâ, 'Biyâ, Lashârî bî, tharâ zarâṅ mâlâ bâz deâṅ.' Dilmalikhâ phaso dâṭḥa, ki

"Rindâ Huḍḥâ Lashâr na khant.
Musalmân Hindû na bî;
Trag na zirî Kâfirî."

Yabare Haivtâṅ, Jâro, Noḍḥbandagh, Mîr Hân nishto kalâm khuṭḥa e'r'gâ, ki Haivtânâ gwashta, ki 'Khase ḍâchî go maîṅ bagâ âwâr bî maṅ khasâr tharâna na deân-î.' Jâro-â kalâm

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To cut grass for galled jades.
Now I give up my long boots
And my brazen stirrups,
And the sandals of dwarf-palm leaves make my feet swell.
My understanding was not worthy of the bay (mares);
I have given them in exchange for a barren amusement.
Their story is in the coloured ankle-bones!*

Then said Gwaharâm to Dilmalikh, 'Come now, become a Lashârî, and I will give you much money and cattle.' Dilmalikh retorted thus:

"God does not make a Rind into a Lashârî.
A Musalmân cannot a Hindû become,
Nor wear the cord of Heathendom!"

Once upon a time Haivtân, Jâro, Noḍḥbandagh and Mîr Hân were sitting together, and each made a vow thus: (and) Haivtân said, 'If any one's camel gets mixed up with my herd I will not give it back.' Jâro's vow was this, 'I will kill any

* *i.e.*, the ankle or knuckle-bones used for gambling.

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khuṭha, ki 'Âṅ ki maiṅ rîshâ dast lâî, khushân-î; âṅ ki Haddehâr khushîṭh, âṅhî dî khushâṅ': ki Haddeh birâdar aṭh-î. Noḍhbandaghâ kalâm khuṭha, ki "Zarâṅ maṅ dast na lâṅ; suwâlî khâî chîe loṭî, deân-î, 'Na' na khanâṅ." Mîr-Hânâ kalâm khuṭha, 'Âṅ ki Rindeṅ zâlâ maṅ go mashkâ geṅdâṅ, âṅhiyâr maṅ molide bashkâṅ.'

Ya roshe go Huḍhâ bîṭha leṛave Châkuregh Haivtân bagâ go âwâr bîṭha. Haivtânâ sogav khuṭha, gwashta-î, 'Tharâna na deân-î.' Rind much bîṭhaghant, ki 'Mâ miṛûṅ go Haivtânâ; Châkur leṛo na daûn-î.' Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Er'geṅ leṛo chandî bhorainṭhaghan mazârâṅ; er'geṅ suwâlîâṅ burṭhaghant. Mâ na miṛûṅ; bilâṅ bârth-î.' Guḍâ thî roshe bîṭha Lashâriâ âkhto bag jaṭha Châkure. Châkur khunî bîṭha bag dîmâ, burtho gon-dâṭha-î. Rind o Lashârî maṅ-waṭhâṅ miṛaṭhaghant; phrushta Rind. Rind ki tharṭha, Haivtân khunî bîṭha Châkurâ

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one who touches my beard with his hand, and whoever slays Haddeh him also will I slay:' for Haddeh was his sworn-brother. And Noḍhbandagh's vow was this, "I will never touch money; and if a petitioner comes and asks anything of me, I will give it to him, I will not say 'No.'" Mîr Hân's vow was this, 'If I see any Rind woman carrying a water-skin I will present her with a slave-girl.'

One day, as God willed, a camel of Mîr Châkur's got mixed with Haivtân's herd. Haivtân kept it and said, 'I will not give it back.' The Rinds gathered together saying, 'Let us fight with Haivtân; let us not give him Châkur's camel.' But Châkur said, 'Many such camels have been killed by tigers; many such have been given to those who asked for them. Let us not fight, let him take it.' Again another day it happened that the Lashârîs came and carried away a herd of Châkur's camels. Châkur pursued after the herd and overtook them. The Rinds and Lashârîs fought together, and the Rinds were beaten. When the Rinds returned after Châkur, Haivtân set out in pursuit: he over-

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phaḍhâ, gon-dâṭha-î: go Lashâriâ miṛaṭha, bhorenṭha-î Lashârî, bag zîṭha-î, burṭha-î waṭhî loghâ. Rind sambarṭha, ki 'E bag Châkuregheṅ, mâ na daûṅ Haivtânâr.' Agha Châkurâ gwashta, 'E hawân bageṅ, doiman baraghaṭhant-î. Nî ki Haivtânâ zîṭhaghant, bilâṅ Haivtânâ gwar bant. Roshe harbâo maîṅ kârâ lâfâ ravant. Azh doimanâ maîṅ brâṭhâṅ gwar jawânthar ant.'

Jâro hâl hamesh eṅ, ki Châkur dî Jâro dî rosheâ nishtaghant kachehriâ. Châkurâ ḍâiâr gwashta, ki 'Jâro bachhâ zîr biyâr.' Ḍâiâ Jâro bachh ârṭha. Châkurâ gwashta ḍâiâr, ki 'Zîr dai Jaroâr kutâ.' Jâroâ gwashta, 'Ḍâî! maiṅ neghâ mayâr-î.' Châkurâ gwashta, 'Na, ḍâî, bar dai.' Guḍâ ârtho dâṭha ḍâiâ Jâroâr maṅ kutâ. Guḍâ chhorav levâ khanâna dast Jâroâ rîshâ mân-âkhta-î. Jâroâ bâṅzrâ gipta bachhegâ kâtâr khashto, jaṭha-î bachhâ maṅ sarenâ, khushta-î. Gwashta 'Biyâ, ḍâî, nî bar-î, Châkur bilâṅ khush bî.'

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took the Lashârîs, fought with them, defeated them, took away the herd from them and brought it back to his home. Then the Rinds prepared to fight, saying, 'This is Châkur's herd, let us not give it to Haivtân.' But again Châkur said, 'This is the same herd that my enemies were carrying off. Now that Haivtân has recovered it, let him keep it. Some day no doubt it will be of use to me. It is better that my brethren should have it than my enemies.'

This is the story of Jâro, that one day Châkur and Jâro were sitting in the assembly. Châkur said to the nurse, 'Bring Jâro's son here.' The nurse brought Jâro's son. Then Châkur said to the nurse, 'Put him in Jâro's lap.' Jâro said, 'Nurse, do not bring him near me.' But Châkur said, 'No, nurse, bring him.' So the nurse brought him and set him on Jâro's knee. Then while the boy was playing his hand touched Jâro's beard. Jâro seized the child's arm, drew his dagger and plunged it into his loins and killed him. Then he said, 'Come now, nurse, take him away; let Châkur be happy.'

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Aghadi Châkurâ gwashta Haddehârâ, ki 'Tho Jâroâ rîshâ dastâ lâ; tharâ kî khushîṭh, guḍâ waṭhâr dî khushîṭh, kalâm drogh bîṭh-î, râst bîṭh-î.' Roshe Jâroâ Haddeh mâḍhin thâkh-taghant. Haddeh mâḍhin gwastha, gwasthîyâ dast lâiṭha-ish Jâro rîshâ. Sai chyâr mâh gwasṭhaghant; guḍâ Jâro Haddeh dî gon-gikhta, Shâho dî gon-gikhta, (ki waṭhî gohârzâkht-aṭh). Shuṭhaghant galagh bastho, drashke bunâ waptaghant. Nî ki Haddeh whâv shuṭha, guḍâ Jâroâ gwashta Shâhoârâ, ki 'Jane zahmâ Haddehârâ.' Jaṭha Shâhoâ zahm, Haddeh khushta-î. Jâroâ gwashta, 'Nî khaḍâ phaṭṭe, phûrûn-î.' Guḍâ gwashta-î, 'Nî do mardî khaḍe bî ki Haddeh manâṅ dost aṭh.' Nî ki Shâhoâ khaḍ phaṭṭha, guḍâ Jâro jaṭha zahm Shâhoârâ, khushta-î. Hardo phûriṭhaghantî, tharṭha waṭhî handâ. Haddeh ki tharṭho niyâkhta Châkurâ gwashta, 'Haddeh ki gâreṅ maṅ sha'ar shaghân janân-î.'

Châkur Shaihak gushî; Jâro rîshânî giragh rosh gushî; Haddeh khosh gushî:

Again, Châkur said to Haddeh, 'Touch Jâro's beard with your hand. If he kills you he must kill himself also; we will see whether he breaks his vow or keeps it?' One day Jâro and Haddeh were racing their mares. Haddeh's mare won, and in passing he touched Jâro's beard with his hand. Three or four months passed, and then Jâro took with him Haddeh and Shâho, (who was his own sister's son). They went out and tied up their horses, and lay down under a tree. As soon as Haddeh went to sleep Jâro said to Shâho, 'Slay Haddeh with your sword.' Then Shâho struck Haddeh a blow of his sword and killed him. Then Jâro said, 'Now dig a hole and we will bury him.' He also said, 'Let it be a hole large enough for two men, for Haddeh was my friend.' As soon as Shâho had dug the hole Jâro struck him with his sword and killed him. He buried them both and returned to his home. When Haddeh did not return with him Châkur said, 'I will make a song taunting him because Haddeh is missing.'

Châkur son of Shaihak sings, about the day of touching Jâro's beard, of the slaughter of Haddeh he sings:

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O Mughal sanj khaṅ naryânâ,
Âhûâ sher gûmbazenâ.
Zen trundeṅ Ârabîyâ,
Thank nazîkheṅ biginâr;
Dân maṅ khârâṅ hiyâle.
Rind manî khoheṅ kilâtant,
Khushtagheṅ Rindâṅ galo nest:
Hardo demâ jân dârî.
Lev chitoi kharoâṅ
Jâro dî kârch kâtâr jukhtaghîyâ.
Go nyâṅ-bandâṅ jaṭhîyâ,
Brinjaneṅ rîsh giptaghîyâ,
Haddehâ pha zor gipta.
Guḍâ Jâro Jalamb gushî: Châkur phasave dâṭh gushî:
Gozh de, o khandeṅ Mazîdo,
O Mazîdo, bange hâleṅ;
Bange hâl o bâz khiyâleṅ.

O Mughal, saddle your steed,
As swift as deer or tiger.
Saddle your fiery Arab,
And bring him close to me;
That I may tell you my thoughts.
The Rinds are my hills and forts,
But for a slain Rind there is no way open:
On both sides his life is shut in.
Because he stood up in sport
Jâro slew him with his companion.
With knife and dagger he slew them both,
Because his curled beard was touched,
Because Haddeh seized it roughly.
Then Jâro son of Jalamb sang; in reply to Châkur he sang:
Listen, O smiling Mazîds,
Listen to this strange tale;
This strange tale in many words.

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Drogh ma bant, Châkur Nawâveṅ :
Drogh ma bant, ki drozhi na bai ;
Drogh azh dathânâ darrâ bî.
Azh zawânâ bai sharrenâ.
Râsteṅ, o Mîr mangehânî.
Râsteṅ, o Châkur Nawâveṅ.
Maîṅ brinjaneṅ rîsh giptaghîyâ.
Azh mâ p'haweṅ sâhe giptan,
Azh waṭhî guḍî miyârâṅ,
Azh khenaghiânî shaghânâ,
Roshe Haddeh o Shâho bidîṭha
Dîr loghan maṅ dighâreṅ.
Gon aṭhî sândeṅ khamâne,
Jâbahe phur azh thanga,
Thegh nokh sâj barâkh aṭh,
Kârch kâtâr jukhtaghîyâ ;
Go nyâṅ-bandâ jaṭhîyâ.

Speak not falsely, O Châkur Nawâb ;
Speak not falsely, that you be not held a liar.
Let falsehood be outside your teeth.
Be noble with your tongue.
Be true, O exalted Mîr.
Be true, O Châkur Nawâb.
My curled beard was seized.
By this my life was taken from me,
For my own double shame,
For this malicious insult,
One day saw both Haddeh and Shâho
In their homes away in the earth.
He had with him his bow,
His quiver filled with gold,
His sword with new scabbard.
He was slain with his companion ;
Both of them with knife and dagger.

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Pha dil kâmâ khuṭh o khisht.
Haddeh ṭilhâna niyâkhta,
Phophul o hîrân warâna,
Gwar janâṅ chyâr-kullaghenâ,
Gwar Châkur durreṅ gohârâ,
Gwar Banaṛîâ nek-zanenâ,
Thankhen amzâne na nishta.
Haddehâ phol ma dighârâ:
Haddeh dighârâ du mardeṅ.

Noḍhbandagh Lashârî kissav chhoṅ bîṭha. Noḍhbandagh Châkurâ gwân'-jaṭho hurjîn zare phurkhuṭho dâṭha-î. Hurjînâ sherî phalawâ ṭung khuṭhaghant, ki zar darkhafîṭh, Noḍhbandagh dast lâîṭh-ish. Chaṛiṭho Noḍhbandagh rawâṅ bîṭha, mâḍhin chakhâ hurjîn dâṭha. Shuṭha-î juzâna, zar raptaghant rishâna: dast na lâîṭh-î, zar thewaghâ riṣhto shuṭhaghant. Demâ jangale sâkûre chinagheṭh. Noḍhbandaghâr loṭṭha-ish, "Noḍh-

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For their hearts' pleasure they were killed and left there.
Haddeh never came home returning
Eating betel and cardamoms,
To the women in their four-sided huts,
To Châkur's fair sister,*
To Banaṛî, best of women,
Nor sat with her in close embrace.
Seek for Haddeh in the ground:
Haddeh is in the ground in a double grave.

The story of Noḍhbandagh Lashârî is as follows. Châkur once sent for Noḍhbandagh and gave a pair of saddle-bags full of money. In the bottom of the bags he made a hole, so that the money might drop out and Noḍhbandagh might touch it. Noḍhbandagh threw the bags across his mare's back and rode away. As he went on, the money kept dropping out, but he did not touch it, and the whole of the money dropped out. In front of him was a band of women gathering tamarisk-galls. They said to Noḍhbandagh, 'O Noḍhbandagh, your name

* Haddeh was married to Banaṛî, sister of Mîr Châkur.

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bandagh, thaî nâm nî Zar-zuwâl bîṭh; mâr chie dai." Noḍhbandaghâ gwashta, "Shâ maiṅ mâḍhin randâ zurthîyâ baraweṭh, har chî shâr phakar bî, zîreṭh, bareṭh." Mâiâṅ zurtho much khuṭhaghant-î, burṭha-ish. Sheḍh-deṃâ Noḍhbandagh nâm Zar-zuwâl bîṭha. Guḍâ Noḍhbandagh brâṭhân âṅhî sarâ zahr gipta, gwashta-ish, "Noḍhbandagh, tho waṭhî thewagheṅ mâl bahr-khane; chîe bil dai, nawâṅ go tho mâl chî na bî." Guḍâ Noḍhbandaghâ phasawe haweṅ sha'ar jaṭha.

Kungurâṅ, o kungurâṅ!
Kungur jareṅ brâhondaghâṅ!
Gâle gazîrâṅ âvurṭha:
Aiv pharâ haisî sarâ.
Choshâ maṅ gindâṅ zâhirâ,
Zulm pharâ be-dâḍhihâ.
Drust dafâ rîsh âvurṭha;
Nâmard rîsh jahl khuṭha,
Khond o khuriyâṅ gwâh-khuṭha,

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is now Gold-scatterer; give something to us.' Noḍhbandagh said, 'Follow in my mare's track, and pick it up, and take away whatever you need.' The good women picked up and collected the money and carried it off. Thereafter Noḍhbandagh bore the name of Gold-scatterer. Then Noḍhbandagh's brethren were very angry, and they said to him, 'Noḍhbandagh, you will divide the whole of your property; leave something, or you will become quite destitute.' Then Noḍhbandagh answered them, and made this song:

O mankind, mankind!
Foolish generation of men!
The misers have uttered a speech:
They have laid an offence upon my head.
So I see manifestly,
They have injured an innocent man.
All men wear beards on their faces;
But the unmanly wear their beards below,
They show them on their knees and heels

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Chunge avur gaukh phaḍhâ.
Mardâ haweṅ vâs na khuṭh,
Beronagheṅ maṛ gwar janâṅ,
Choshen ki chûrî kukkureṅ
Jant-î nasoâ ma sarâ.
Nindîṭh grehî phagurâ,
Âhâṅ ki khashî phar dafâ.
Go mâ sakhîeṅ meṛaveṅ,
Go mâ bakhîleṅ jheṛaveṅ,
Jheṛant hanchosh gushant,
Sutâ karîrâ res-deant.
"Mâl na bî pha Noḍhbandaghâ!
Phul na zâî ma mausimâ!
Shazh mâho phureṅ noḳh sarâ
Zâîṭh niyârî khuraghâṅ."
Nî nâḍhân aṭhant jaureṅ baḍhân.
Zî pha shaghânâ na khafâṅ.

And some on the nape of their necks.
No man has ever undergone such disgrace,
As a man dishonoured among the women,
Striking them as a hen does her chickens
When she strikes them on the head with her beak.
But a man sits near a woman, and weeps,
And brings forth deep sighs from his mouth.
With me the generous assemble,
With me the violent quarrel
They quarrel, and thus they say,
Turning away their faces from me,
"Nothing will be left with Noḍhbandagh!
Phul* will not bring forth in due season!
In six months at full moon
She will not bring forth, nor bear a foal."
Now foolish were my bitter foes!
Nor am I liable to the taunts of yesterday.

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* Phul is the name of Noḍhbandagh's mare.

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Agh mâ phaso phostî khuṭheṅ,
Mâl cho mughemâ melaṭheṅ?
Cho munkirâ yak-jâh khuṭha?
Mâl Muhammade zir-aṭh,
Haft-saḍh hasht-saḍh goramâ,
Bag girdagheṅ be-shon aṭhant.
Shartâṅ na dâṭha hizhbare,
Bheḍî rangoî bâyân.
Azh mâ na zîṭha kâtulâṅ:
Bungâh o grâneṅ lashkarâṅ.
Dâṭha bi nâme Kâdirâ,
Bi momin o whânindaghâṅ,
Barâ asîleṅ dârgurâ.
Sohvâ larîsâṅ warâṅ;
Biyâyant ghâzî whazh-dilâ,
Whazh-dil manî nâm girant.

If I were skinning my sheep and goats,
How many of the greedy would there assemble?
Of the stingy how many would be gathered together?
I possessed the wealth of Muḥammad.*
Seven or eight hundred herds of cattle
And herds of camels without number were grazing round about.
I have never gambled at any time,
Nor is their story in the coloured ankle-bones.
Cheats did not take them from me,
Nor the assembly of mighty armies.
But I gave them away in the Creator's name.
I gave them to pious men and reciters of the Qurân,
And to the poor dwelling in the wilderness.
At morning-tide they eat their fill,
The warriors of the faith come with glad hearts,
With glad hearts they take my name.

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* *i.e.*, enormous wealth.

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Dâḍẖ na lekhâṅ châḍẖarâ,
Khes go khawâh o jâbahâ,
Mirsî mazaiṅ thape lurâ :
Eshâna Ghâzî barant.
Sârî kafochî sai-saḍẖî,
Phar yak shafâ osâraghâ,
Sohvî ḅi swâlî âṅ-burṭha ;
Ḍomb gushokheṅ langavân.
Jawâneṅ sarî Rabbâ lavâṅ,
Shughrâ hame gâl khanâṅ.
Chosheṅ suwâlîe miyâîṭẖ ;
Biyâîṭẖ o ma loṭî amrishâ,
Ki "baufâ go hâṭẖîne khasha."
E dâdanî chîe niyâî !
Khaule manâṅ cho Omarâ,
Cho Omarâ khaule manâṅ.
Man bashkaghe band na bâṅ :

In giving I take no count of sheets,
Of scarves, silken overcoats or quivers,
Or of my wide-wounding sword Mirsî :
These the Ghâzîs carry away.
A striped shawl worth three hundred (rupees),
Worn for but one night,
In the morning is taken away by the asker,
By a Ḍomb, a singing minstrel.
Good men praise God,
And render thanks to him for this.
But let not such a petitioner come to me ;
Let no one come and ask me for my wife,
And say, 'Bring forth pillows and a lady fair.'
For of such gifts there are none to be had !
A promise is to me as to Omar,*
As to Omar is a promise to me.
I will not be stopped from giving :

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* 'Umar, the companion of Muḥammad.

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Band bîaghe marde niyâṅ.
Har chi ki khâî azh Kâḍhirâ,
Sadh ganj be-aiv darâ,
Zîrâṅ pha râsteṅ chambavâ,
Barâṅ avo karch sarâ,
Nî bahr khanâṅ go hâḍhirâ.
Nelâṅ khanâṅ pha phaḍhâ;
Guḍâ manî brâṭh bingaveṅ,
Brâzâkht o brâṭh mângenavâṅ,
Kahar bant âptiyâ girant,
Mîrât milk johaghâ,
Noḍhbandaghâ mâl sarâ!

Phaḍhî roshâ Châkurâ Ḍombe shastâṭha-î, ki "Baro Noḍhbandaghâr sha'ar khaṅ; guḍâ Noḍhbandagh azh tho pholâ khant, 'Tho chî loṭe?' Tho haweṅ suwâlâ khane, ki 'Jar harchî ṭha-îjinde, thaî zâle, thaî loghâ, kullâ manâṅ dai.'"

Ḍombâ shuṭho sha'ar khuṭha Noḍhbandaghârâ; Noḍhbandaghâ

I am not a man to be stopped.
Whatever comes to me from the Creator,
A hundred treasures without blemish,
I will take with my right hand,
I will cut with my knife,
I will deal out with my whole heart.
I will let nothing be kept back;
For then my young brothers,
My nephews and my grieving brethren,
Would quarrel among themselves,
As to the partition of my inheritance and wealth,
And regarding the property of Noḍhbandagh!

Next day Châkur sent a Ḍom, saying, "Go to Noḍhbandagh and recite a poem to him; then he will ask you what you want. Upon this make this request, 'Give me all your own clothes, and all your wife's clothes and all the clothes that are in your house.'"

The Ḍom went and recited a poem to Noḍhbandagh, and

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pholkhuṭha-î, 'Ḍomb! tho chî loṭe?' Ḍombâ gwashta, 'Wâzhâ! Maiṅ suwâl hamesh eṅ, ki jar ki thaî jindegh-ant, thaî zâlegh-ant thaî logh-ant, kullâ manâṅ dai.' Noḍhbandaghâ gwashta, ki 'Tho waṭhî phushtî manâṅ dai, maṅ waṭhî jaraṅ kullâṅ tharâ deâṅ.' Ḍomb phushtî gipto khoṭagh khuṭha-î; neme waṭh jânâr khuṭha-î, neme zâlâr dâṭha-î; kullâṅ jarâṅ ki loghâ aṭhant Ḍombâr dâṭha-î: logh azh jaràṅ horg bîṭha. Shafâ waptaghant loghâ hardo. Nemshaf bîṭha leṛave âkhto Noḍhbandagh logh demâ jhukiṭha go bârâ phajyâ. Zâlâ gwashta, ki 'Leṛave maiṅ logh galîâ jhukiṭhagheṅ, bâr dî chakh en-î.' Noḍhbandaghâ gwashta, 'Tho dafâ baro, bo gir-î. Bo thauzh khâiṭh-î, kharo khan, bil-î; kutûrî bo-en-î, guḍâ manâṅ gwâṅ' jan, maṅ bâr bozhân-î, ki Huzûrâ dâṭha-î.' Bo ki gipta zâlâ, katûrîegh-en-î. Guḍâ Noḍhbandaghâ bâr bokhta dîṭha-î theghî jaràṅ dokhtiyâ ṭhâiṭhîyâ bâr lâfâ mân ant, mardegheṅ zâlegheṅ. Waṭh dî khuṭha-ish, zâlâr dî dâṭha-ish. Bânghavâ kachehriâ âkhta

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Noḍhbandagh said, 'Ḍom, do you want anything?' The Ḍom said, 'My lord, my petition is this: give me all your own clothes, and all your wife's and all that are in your house.' Noḍhbandagh said, 'Give me your sheet, and I will give you all my clothes.' He took the Ḍom's sheet and divided it. With half he clothed himself, and half he gave to his wife: then he gave all the clothes that were in the house to the Ḍom, so that there were none left in the house. It was empty. At night they both lay down in the house to sleep. At midnight a camel came and sat down before Noḍhbandagh's house with its load. The good wife said, 'A camel has stopped at our door, and there is a load upon it.' Noḍhbandagh said, 'Go to its mouth and smell it. If it has a sour smell, make it rise and let it go: if it has a sweet smell, then call me to take off its load, for Heaven has sent it.' The good wife smelt it, and it had the smell of musk. Then Noḍhbandagh opened the bales, and saw that they contained garments of every sort for men and women, all sewn and made up. So he clothed himself and gave of them to his wife. In the morning he came to

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Châkuregh. Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Noḍhbandagh, tho beshakk Zar-zuwâl e.'

Mîr Hân kalâm kissav hame-r'gâ eṅ. Zâl dîṭhaghantî go mashkâṅ, havd-gist molid bashkâṭha-î. Ya roshe Rindâṅ gwashta, 'Tho havd-gist molid bashkâṭha-î; demâ khase ki ginde go mashkâ kharâ gîr de, molidâ ma bashk.' Sheḍh-demâ guḍâ khar bashkâṭhaghant-î: kharânî shumâr nenî chikhtar bashkâṭhaghant.

Châkurâ sî sâlâ go Lashârîâ jang khuṭha. Guḍâ pha-waṭhân Rind Lashârî hair khuṭha. Châkur shahr Sevî aṭh, hamodha kilât joritha-î. Sîsâl phaḍhâ zahr gipto Sevî ishta-î, laḍiṭha Sindh phalwâ. Âṅ rosh ki Sevî khishta, haweṅ sha'ar Gwaharâmâr phasave dâṭho gwashta-î.

Bilâṅ mar-lawâsheṅ Sevî
Gaureṅ sadhânî margâvî!
Jâme Nindavâ bhaṭṭiyâ.
Sai roshâṅ Baharâm neghâ.

Châkur's assembly. Châkur said, 'Noḍhbandagh thou art without doubt the Gold-scatterer.'

And the story of Mîr Hân is on this wise. He saw the Rind women carrying water-skins, and gave them seven-score of female slaves. One day the Rinds said to him, 'You have now given one hundred and forty slave girls: henceforth when you see any woman carrying a water-skin give her a donkey and not a slave-girl.' So from this time forth he gave them donkeys, and there is no counting the number of donkeys he gave.

Châkur's war with the Lashârîs lasted for thirty years. After this the Rinds and Lashârîs made peace together. Châkur's town was Sevî, and he built a fort there. After the thirty years had passed in his wrath he left Sevî, and marched towards the Indus. On the day he left Sevî he made this song in answer to Gwaharâm.

I will leave man devouring Sevî!
Curses on my infidel foes!
For three days shall Jâm Nindâ from his oven
(Distribute bread) in honour of Bahrâm (slain).

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Sîsâl uvt o uzhmârâ
Jân-jebhavâṅ jangiyâ :
Thegh azh balgavâ honenâ ;
Chotâṅ cho kamândî boghâṅ,
Jukhtân na nashant lâṛenâ.
Warnâyâṅ du-mandîlenâ
Laḍ ma ḍeravâṅ na rusthant :
Ârîfeṅ phiṭhî sar-sâyâṅ :
Misk ma barûtâṅ na mushtant :
Whard dumbaghâṅ meshânî :
Karwâlî sharâb sharr joshant !
Shâhân pha nishân yakhe nest !
Drustân wârthaghâṅ hindiyâṅ :
Theghâṅ pharâhâṅ ziverenâṅ :
Shartâṅ dâṭhaghâṅ shîmenâṅ :
Bachakî lawar lâṅziyâ !
Gwaharâm muzheṅ Gandâvagh :

For thirty years, for ever, shall there be war
With the men of giant size :
Nor shall my sword be clean from blood-stains ;
I will bend it like jointed sugarcane,
So that through crookedness it will not go into the sheath.
The youths wearing two turbans
Do not rise up from their dwellings to sport :
They dwell in the shadows of their fathers :
They rub no musk on their moustaches :
Their food is fat-tailed sheep :
They boil strong liquor in their stills !
There is not one bearing the marks of a ruler !
They have all eaten their weapons :
The broad swords are bitter to them :
They have gambled away their heads.
They have childrens' sticks in their hands !
Let Gwaharâm stay in dusty Gandâva :

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Singhe ma zirih phirenṭha !
Mâchîya lawashta lanjâiṭh ;
Alî o Walî druh-dârâṅ,
Bag girdagheṅ be shoneṅ ;
Yâkî kilâta beroneṅ,
Hâgh kâvalî Turkânâṅ,
Rind bâragheṅ borânâṅ.
Gwahârâm azh dude hande bî ;
Ne gor bî ne Gandâvagh.

Châkur ki Seviâ dar khapta Sangsîla Syahâf dagâ rawân bîtha. Sangsîla nazikhâ khohe sarâ otak khuṭha-î, shoḍhâ Sevî phalawâ diṭha-î. Daṅ maroshî Châkur-mârî nâm-en-î. Guḍâ laḍiṭha Châkurâ shamoḍhâ, Haivtân tharṭho shuṭhâ, nishta Linîâ. Rind gwastha demâ: guḍâ Haivtânâ jang khuṭha go Rindâ. Rind ki Multânâ âkhta, guḍâ Mîr Châkurâ gwashta, 'Khase eṅ ki tharî ro jang jhandâ zîrîṭh Haivtâṅâ ?' Khasâ waldî na dâṭha-î. Guḍâ Mazârî Sardâr Bâḍhêlâ gwashta, 'Mâ

A stone thrown into a well !
Mâchi has drunk blood ;
Alî and Walî are traitors.
The camel herds wander unclaimed ;
The rebels' fort is deserted,
Reduced to earth by tyrannous Turks,
And Rinds on high bred mares.
Gwaharâm will be driven forth from both places ;
He will own neither grave nor Gandâva !

When Châkur went forth from Sevî he travelled by way of Sangsîla and Syahâf. Near Sangsîla he halted on a certain mountain, and thence looked towards Sevî. Until the present day this mountain is called Châkur-mârî (Châkur's palace). Thence Châkur marched onwards, but Haivtân left him and returned and settled at Linî. The Rinds passed on, and Haivtân made war upon them. When the Rinds arrived at Multân Mîr Châkur said, 'Is there anyone who will return and raise the standard of war against Haivtân ?' But no one replied. At last Bâḍhel, Chief of the Mazârîs, said, 'I will

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zîrâṅ jang jhandâ.' Mazârî azh Tûlumbâ tharṭho âḳhta, gwashṭho shuṭha Gorîâ Chaupânâ: Mazârîâ jang khuṭha hamoḍhâ go Haivtânâ.

Mîr Châkur Shaihak nâme bachh aṭh. Châkurâ Bijar gwân'-janainṭha, Shaihak dî gon-dâṭha-î, ki 'Baroeṭh, Shaihakâ Sîr khane, biyâeṭh.' Guḍâ emar shuṭho bokhtaghant Haivtân halk nazikhâ. Haivtân hîrenṭho hardo Bijar dî Shaihak dî khushta-ish. Bijare mazaiṅ rîsh aṭh. Rîsh buriṭho Bijare chaunṛî khuṭhaghant-î Haivtânâ. Shaihak pahlî sîhâṅ jaṭho sajjî khuṭhaghant-î. Guḍâ Haivtânâ waṭhî rîsh sâinṭhaghant, ki 'Cho ma vî ki maiṅ rîsh burant chaunṛî dî khanant-î.'

Mîr Châkur âṅ wakhtâ nishtagheṭh Satgharâ. Bâḍhelâ avzâr shastâṭhghant phamoḍhâ, hal dâṭhaghant-î Châkurâr, ki 'Tho lashkarâ biyâr, Haivtân Linîâ nishtagheṅ.' Guḍâ Châkur o' Mîroâ lashkar khuṭho âkhta Multânâ. Guḍâ Bâḍhel thî avzâre shastâṭha. Sîtpurâ treṭṭhaghant; Châkurâr hâl dâṭha-î ki Haivtâna Linîa nishtagheṅ. Guḍâ chikṭha-ish lashkarâ,

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raise the standard.' Then the Mazârîs returned from Tulumbâ, and passed on to Gorî and Chaupân, and there they made war upon Haivtân.

Mîr Châkur had a son named Shaihak. Châkur called Bijaî to him, and sent Shaihak with him saying, 'Go and arrange a marriage for Shaihak, and return.' So they went, and encamped near Haivtân's village. Haivtân attacked and defeated them and slew both Bijar and Shaihak. Bijar had a very long beard. Haivtân cut it off and made himself a swish (for flies) of it. And Shaihak's ribs he stuck on spits and made roast meat of them. Then Haivtân shaved off his own beard, 'Lest,' he said, 'they cut off my beard also, and make a swish of it.'

At that time Mîr Châkur had settled at Satgharâ. Bâḍher sent a horseman there and gave the news to Châkur saying, 'Haivtân is at Linî, bring up your army.' Then Châkur and Mîro collected their army and came to Multân. Then Bâḍhel sent another horseman. He met them at Sîtpur and told Châkur that Haivtân was still at Linî. Then they led up the

mâṅ rikhta-ish; Haivtân jindâ phadâṭha, bâzeṅ mard khushta-î, shahr luṭṭha-î. Haivtân dîmâ ghoṛo rikhta. Guḍâ Haivtân drikh-dâṭha ma gaṛ lâfâ, ki nâm Gogaṛ aṭhî; hamoḍhâ khapto murṭha. Gwârân Sargânî er-khapto shuṭha gaṛ lâfâ; Haivtân saghar buriṭho ârṭha-î, Châkurâr dâṭha-î. Khopar buriṭho mazhg khashto, guḍâ khopar nughrâ marhainto Châkurâ bhangav pyâlo ṭhâinṭha-î. Guḍâ Bijar o Shaihak hon gipto thariṭho âkhta Châkur Satgharâ. Bâz Rind thariṭho âkhta Derav dehâ, demâ na shuṭha. Deravâ Dodâî nishta, ki asul azh Doda Sâtha-Somrâ biṭha-î. Dodâ hâl hamesh aṭh, ki Sâhle Rindâ âṅhiyâr waṭhî jinkh sîrâ dâṭha: shâṅhiyâ Dodâî biṭha.

Akhtaghâ Dodâ 'sh-ângurâ pâhrâ,
Sukhtaghîyâ go dakhtagheṅ rahuâ:
Sâhleâ dast ma chotavâ shipta,

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army and took the place by storm. Haivtân himself fled, and many men were killed, and they plundered the town. The horsemen pursued after Haivtân. The Haivtân leapt into a chasm, the name of which is Gogaṛ, and there he fell and died. Gwârân Sargânî went down into the chasm, and cut off Haivtân's head and brought it and gave it to Châkur. Châkur cut the skull and took out the brains, and then had the skull mounted in silver, and made a *bhang*-cup* of it. Then, having avenged the blood of Bijar and Shaihak, Châkur turned again to Satgharâ. Many Rinds returned to the land of Ḍerâ (Ghâzî Khân) and would go no further. At Ḍerâ lived the Dodâîs, who were sprung from Doda of the Sâtha-Somrâ tribe. Dodâ's story was this. Sâhle Rind gave him his daughter in marriage, and from him the Dodâîs were descended.

Dodâ came from the other side,
All burnt up with patched rags on him:
Sâhle laid his hand upon his hair

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* See Vol. II., p. 290.

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Phusagh azîze nighâh dâshta.
Sâhleâ dramânî Muḍho dâṭha,
Pha jan sângâ maṛ Baloch bîṭha;
Daur Muḍhoâ gwar Dodavâ dîṭha.

Mîr Châkur wakhtâ Dodâî Sardâr Sohrâv aṭh. Châkurâ âṅhiyâr gwashta, ki 'Âṅmar ki tharî khâî tho go aṅhiyâ mir.' Guḍa Dodâî go tharagheṅ Rindâ miraṭha. Ân Rind ki dema shuṭha go Châkurâ bahr bahr bîṭhaghant, ân Jaghdal bîṭhaghant, âṅki tharṭho âkhtaghant Baloch bîṭhaghant. Châkur gwastha demâ, Dilliâ shuṭha Hamâû Bâdshâh go, âṅwakhtâ ki Dillî jaṭho gipta-ish. Guḍâ Mîr Châkur azh Dilliâ tharṭho, nishta Satgharâ; hamoḍhâ murṭha. Ziârat dî dâîṅ hamoḍhâ ant-î.

And saw in him an excellent son.
Sâhle gave him the fair Muḍho
And for the woman's sake the man became a Baloch;
And with Muḍho Dodâ obtained wealth also.

In Mîr Châkur's time Sohrâv was the Chief of the Dodâîs. Châkur said to him, 'If any men come back, fight with them.' So the Dodâîs made war on the Rinds who returned. Those Rinds who went on with Mîr Châkur have become divided and are now Jaṭts; but those who returned remained Baloches. Châkur went on to Dillî (Dehlî) with King Humâyûn, when he marched down and took Dillî. After that Mîr Châkur returned from Dillî, and settled at Satgharâ, and died there. His tomb is still there.

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No. XXXVI.

ISMÂ'ÎL KHÂṄ'S GRANDMOTHER,

AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[According to the bards this tradition is familiar to all the people of Jhang and the neighbouring modern town of Maghiânâ.]

[The story given here bears a close relationship to that given at pp. 177-181 of this volume, and is evidently meant to account for the care taken of the tomb of Hîr and Rânjhâ near Jhang by the grandmother of the present Siyâl Râîs (Chief) Muḥammad Ismâ'îl Khâṅ of Jhang, an act against the traditions of her tribe. The story of Hîr and Rânjhâ is explained at p. 177 *ante*, and needs no further comment here.]

[Ḥakîm Jân Muḥammad, to whom the bards attribute the story, has been found to be still living. He says that it was Ismâ'îl Khâṅ's mother, and not grandmother, to whom the stranger appeared, and that this occurred shortly before the commencement of the British rule in the Panjâb (1849 A.D.). He says also that he was present on the occasion and was then 18 years of age.]

[The family of the Siyâl Chiefs of Jhang is an old and illustrious one, but it first comes into prominence with the 13th Chief Walîdâd Khân, who consolidated its fortunes. He died in 1747 A.D. and was succeeded by his nephew 'Inâyatu'llah Khâṅ, a man as able as himself, but overshadowed by the then rising Sikh power. He died in 1787 and was succeeded successively by his two sons Sultân Maḥmûd Khâṅ and Sâḥib Khâṅ. They both came to an untimely end before 1790, when their relative Kabîr Khâṅ, who had married the widow of Sâḥib Khân, and daughter of 'Umar Khân Siyâl, succeeded. He came of the line of Jahân Khâṅ whose children had been ousted by Ghâzî Khân, grandfather of Walîdâd Khâṅ, in the 17th century. This Chief was a man of mild character, and in 1801 abdicated in favour of his son Aḥmad Khâṅ, who was succeeded successively by his sons 'Inâyat Khâṅ in 1820 and the present Muḥammad Ismâ'îl Khâṅ in 1838. After the days of 'Inâyatu'llah Khâṅ the fortunes of the family sank to a very low point, from which they have been partially recovered by the loyalty of Muḥammad Ismâ'îl Khâṅ to the British Crown.]

[The grandmother then of the present Chief was the wife of Kabîr Khâṅ and daughter of 'Umar Khâṅ, and is the heroine, so to speak, of this legend.]

TEXT.

Shahr Jhang vichh Jân Muhammad Hakîm baṛâ hai nâmî,
Is peshe de kâran us dî izzat kareṅ tamâmî.
Darveshoṅ se eh raghbat rakhtâ, haigâ sîdhâ sâdâ.
Ik riwâiat baiân kare, jo kahî sî is de dâdâ.

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Ik musâfir ethe âiâ, dasdâ nek o kâr;
Kise se bin pûchhe-gachhe pahunchâ Khân de ghâr.
Samâîl Khân dî dâdî, yâro, is wakt si jîûndî.
Dar par â âwâz karî, oh âî nîûndî nîûndî:
Bolâ: "Main hân hâjî, Mâî, haj te hun main âîâ:
Tere pâs snehâ sunke Hîr Rânjhâ dâ lâiâ.
Châr wariân dâ arsâ guzrâ main sâ haj nûn giâ.
Ik tûfân jo âîâ daḍhâ, jahâz sâḍâ phaṭ pîâ.
Aur Allâh de fazal wa karam te eh sabab ban giâ:
Ik takhtâ de utte bandâ baiṭhâ hî rah giâ.
Do roze de, Mâî, kaṇḍâ takhtâ pahunchâ.
Bâhir âke sâns le â, na âgâ pichhâ sonchâ.
Jânde jânde mainûn, Mâî, ik jhuggî nazar âî:
Jeh de vichh bâbû dekhiâ, na dekhî koî mâî.
Khair, pichhe ik buḍḍhî âî, mamtâ vichh oh mâtâ
Kahne lâgî: 'Jam jam âiâ, karam kîtâ, tûn dâtâ.'
Dûdh pilâiâ, khidmat kîtî, puchhiâ sârâ hâl.
Chir de pichhe buḍḍhâ âîâ, mahîân dâ rakhwâl;
Oh nûn sârâ hâl sunâkar, phir bolî oh nârî;
'Eh hî merâ hî khasam Rânjhiâ, main hân Hîr bichârî.'
Kuchh dinân main othe rahiâ, ârâm bahut sâ kîtâ.
Dûdh dahî dî kamî nâ, kaî main âîâ châ pîtâ.
Haj dihaṛe neṛe âe, main hoiâ udâsî:
Rânjhâ mainûn puchhan lâgâ: 'Tahil nûn hoî khâsî?'
Main kahiâ: 'Lâhaulwalâ!* kyâ zikar es dâ, wâlî?
Haj te mahrûm hân rahiâ; eh merî bur hâlî.'
Bolâ: 'Tûn vî rakh tasallî, main vi haj hai karnâ.
Donon kaṭṭhe haj karânge, âheu kyûn hai bharnâ?'
Panjvîn othon ṭurke donon jâ pahunche Arfâtân.
Haj kîtâ ikaṭṭhâ, donon phir â gae apne hâtân.
Chand roz de bâd, jo mainûn hub-i-watan dokh dînâ.
Yûsaf jehî nûn watan na bhûliâ, main hân kaun kamînâ?
Khushî nâl un donôn uthon mainûn rukhsat kariâ.
Rânjhe merâ haṭth pakaṛ, chhanâ kandhe lâ dhariâ.

* An abbreviation of '*Lâ haula wa lâ kûwata illâ b'illah*, there is no strength or power but in God:' an expression denoting horror.

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Chalte vele Hîrâ eh bolî : ' Jhang Shahr vichh jânâ :
Merâ eh snehâṅ jâke Khânâṅ ghar pahunchânâ.
Asî tuhâḍâ kî gaṅwâiâ, sâḍio bhâîo pîo ?
Roze tuhâḍî barkat paisî, sâḍî badî chhaḍ dîo.
Har Jumerât chirâgh jalâo sâḍe rozâ jâke :
Bârâṅ nidhâṅ nau sidhâṅ hosan tuhâḍe ghar din râte.'"

Buḍḍhî Mâî us hâjî nûṅ jo kuchh baniâ dînâ ;
Chirâgh jalâne us ne, yâro, zimme apne lînâ.
Thoṛe der na guzrâṅ, pâî jagîr milî bahuterî.
Ya roṭî dî nâfat se, yâ izzat hoî changerî.*

TRANSLATION.

In the City of Jhang there is a well known Physician (called) Jân Muḥammad,
Whom all respect for his profession.
He cherishes religious mendicants and is a simple and straightforward man.
He tells a tale that he heard from his grandfather.

Once a traveller came here, who seemed an honest man ;
Without asking (his way) of any one he went straight to the Khâṅ's (Chief's) house.
At that time Samâîl Khâṅ's† grandmother was alive, my friends.‡
He made a cry at the gate and she came and bowed her head.
And he said : "I am a pilgrim, Mother, and have returned from the pilgrimage (to Makkâ),

* The bard here wound up his poem with eight lines devoted to personal abuse of the present Chief Muḥammad Ismâ'îl Khâṅ of Jhang, apparently because the Chief had not treated him with the consideration he thought fitting on some occasion. The lines are therefore omitted. It is a common practice for bards to vent personal spite in this way, and it is their power of doing so that has made them so powerful a body in Indian life.

† That is, the present Chief Muḥammad Ismâ'îl Khâṅ.

‡ Addressed to the audience.

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Bringing thee a message from Hîr and Rânjhâ.
Four years ago I went on the pilgrimage (to Makkâ).
A violent storm arose and my vessel was wrecked.
By the grace and mercy of God I found this means (of escape):
I sat on a plank and was saved.
In two days, Mother, the plank reached the shore.
I came out (of the sea) and took breath and had no hope (in the world).
As I was walking along, Mother, I saw a hut:
In which I saw a good-man, but saw no good-wife (with him).
But presently an old woman came, and respectfully the good-wife
Said: 'Welcome, welcome, thou hast done us a kindness, kind sir,'
She gave me milk and did me service and asked after me.
Presently an old man came, a keeper of buffaloes,
She told him all my story, and then she said:
'This is my husband Rânjhâ and I am poor Hîr.'
Some days I spent there in great comfort.
There was no lack of milk and curds and I had my fill.
As the opportunity for the pilgrimage was passing away I became sorrowful;
Whereon Rânjhâ asked me if he lacked anything in his service.
Said I: 'God forbid! who said so, my lord?
I have missed the pilgrimage; this is my trouble.'
Said he: 'Be at ease, I too must make the pilgrimage.
We two will make the pilgrimage together, so why heave sighs?'
On the fifth day, we went thence and reached mount 'Arafât.*
Doing the pilgrimage together we two returned to our own country.

* The sacred hill near Makkâ.

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After some days I had a desire to visit my home.
Yûsaf* did not forget his home and I am but a poor mortal!
With kind courtesy they both gave me leave to depart thence,
Rânjhâ seized my hand and placed a cup beside me.
And when I was going Hîr said to me: 'Go to the City of Jhang,
And carry this message for me to the house of the Khân,† (and say):
'What harm we have done you, our brethren and parents?
Daily will your prosperity increase, if you will give up abusing us.
Do you light lamps every Thursday at our shrine,
And the twelve riches and the nine blessings‡ will be yours day and and night.'"

The old Lady§ gave the pilgrim all she could afford;
And took upon herself to light the lamps, my friends.‖
Before many days had passed (the family) obtained a great *feof*.
From a lack of bread they obtained great wealth.¶

---

* Allusion to the Biblical (which is also the Musalmân) story of Joseph.

† *i.e.*, to Kabîr Khân, grandfather of Muḥammad Ismâ'îl Khân.

‡ A *Hindû* notion.

§ *i.e.*, The Nawâb's grandmother above mentioned.

‖ See line 7 above.

¶ The reference is to the great poverty of Ismâ'îl Khân's family in the latter days of the Sikh rule and its acquisition of wealth soon after the advent of the British.

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No. XXXVII.

THE BRACELET-MAKER OF JHANG,

AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[The object of this is, like the last story, to glorify the shrine of Hîr and Rânjhâ near Jhang. The writer professes to tell the "true tale" of Hîr and Rânjhâ and passes adverse criticisms on those of his predecessors, giving a valuable, though by no means a complete, list of them. It is, however, evident that his version is not by any means the "true tale," and there are signs of his mixing up the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ with the equally famous, if not more important, Siyâl tale of Mîrzâ and Sâḥibân].

TEXT.

Qissa Hîr Rânjhâ Musannifa Ḥâfiz Aḥmad Mutawattan-i-Jhang.

Allâh Pâk dî hamd karûṅ, jo ḍhaḍḍâ hai Sattâr:
Fazal karam se apne bhijiâ Nabbî, karîm mukhtâr.
Darûd bhajûṅ phir Hazrat utte, nâle Chârâṅ Yâr.
Âl suhâbâṅ pe rahmat bhajûṅ: beṛâ ho jâe pâr.

Hamd nîyat de bâd, muhibbo, matlab wal hun âwâṅ.
Hîr Rânjhe dâ kissâ kahkar, man vichh khushî manâwâṅ.
Makbil ne ik Hîr banâî, aisâ zor lagâiâ,
Jâhil Rânjhe mûrakh Jaṭṭ nûṅ âlim âkh dikhâiâ!
Wâris Shâh dî Hîr jo vekhî, aisî pâî phâî!
Hîr Jaṭṭî dî sifat karî, îṅ jaisî ho shahjâî.
Hir Rânjhe dâ kissâ, yâro, haigâ bahut mashhûr,
Par oh de banâwan kâran log rahe mâzûr.
Roshan Shâh ne Hîr banâî, ishk hajar dâ jehṛâ:
Mâṅ beṭî dâ jhagṛâ hai, kuchh kissâ nahîṅ achherâ.
Asal hâl hai in kâ, yâro, maiṅ bayân hâṅ kardâ,
Sabhî gallâṅ chhoḍ-chhâḍ-ke, asal mutâlib phaṛdâ.

Takht Hazârioṅ Ranjhâ ṭuriâ, Khîwoṅ chalî Ḥîr.
Dariyâ Chinâ te mel ho gîâ, ban gae shakar shîr.
Ghar vichh apne sâth le âî, mâṅ nûṅ bolî: "Mâî,
Mâhîṅâṅ dâ charwâhâ le âî; is vichh shak na kâî."
Mâṅ bechârî angunhârî Chûchak nûṅ kah dîtâ:

" Eh nûṅ tusî hun kâmâṅ rakh lo, muft Rabb kamm kîtâ."
Chand dinâṅ de bâd, sahî yâro, eh phûl sâ khiliâ.
Hîr Rânjhâ dâ mel bhî, logo, bahut achhâ hai miliâ.
Roṭî de parwâ na rakhdâ, khâve dûdh malîdâ.
Dîl dîâṅ khushîâṅ mânan lagâ, khil gae haiṅ dîdâ.
Rânjhâ bhî hun chaubar hoiâ, Hîr hoî muṭiâr.
Belâ vichh oh maujâṅ karde, koî na rokanhâr.
Dîdû ne phir chughalî mârî : " Ai Chûchak dî nâr,
Rânjhe nûṅ tûṅ nafar na jâneṅ, terî dhî dâ yâr !"
Mâṅ piû bhrâwâṅ châchiâṅ sochiâ eh ilâj ;
" Hor na chârâ koî bandâ kariye eh dâ kâj.
Kheṛiâṅ vichh, jo bhâî os de, unhâṅ vichh hai Shîdâ :
Oh de nâl sagâî karke khoe rog nidî dâ."
Shîde nâl biyâhî Hîr, to Rânjhâ harân hoiâ :
Bâlâ Nâth dâ chelâ banke mundre kan paroiâ.
Shahtî de wasîle kâran Kheṛioṅ Hîr nikâlî ;
Sândal Bâr vichh lendâ phiriâ, Ganjâ Bâr vichh ḍâlî.
Uthe hî ik sher babar châ, Rânjhe par ghurâiâ :
Ranjhe ne tad jân hîlke, oh nûṅ mâr mukâiâ.
Hîr eh dî mardî vekhke hor vî sidke hoî.
Dil o jân te wârî jândî, kadhî kallî na hoî.
Chheṛwe pichhe Shîdâ lâiâ Kâbulâ mel châ hoe.
Hâkim de Darbâre jâkar Kheṛâ bahutâ roe.
" Sâḍî zâl nasâ le âiâ ; baḍâ sakhat hai zâlim.
Sâḍî nâr diwâ de sânûṅ, Allâh kîtâ Hâkim."
Hâkim ne insâf de rû se Shîde Hîr dilâî.
Rânjhe nûṅ châ kaidî kîtâ, pairâṅ beṛî pâî.
Lagî âg Kâbule tâîṅ, jal gîâ âdhâ shahr.
Lokâṅ jâ fariyâdî hoe : " Baṭâ kîtâ taiṅ kahr :
Fakîr dî aurat Jaṭṭ nûṅ dittî ; aisâ kahr machâiâ,
Jis de kâran Âdalî Shahr nûṅ khagistar karwâiâ !"
Hâkim ne fariyâd eh sunke Shîde se ran chhînî ;
Rânjhe nûṅ phir kaidoṅ chhaḍke Hîr eh nûṅ de dînî.
Hîr Rânjhe tâṅ khushîâṅ karde, des apne nûṅ ṭurde ;
Kheṛe mâre ranj gham de ho gae jaise murde.
Shîde ne is hasrat hî meṅ âpne âp gaṅwâiâ :
' Hîr Hîr' hî kahdâ, yâro, asal des nûṅ dhâiâ.

Eh donoṅ jad pahunche Jhang vichh, Siyâlâṅ matâ matâiâ :
"In donoṅ ne kul sâḍe nûṅ dâgh bahut hî lâiâ,"
Rânjhe nûṅ phir kihâ âkar : "Takdîroṅ nahîṅ chârâ.
Je tû jang le âveṅ watanoṅ nikâh paṛhâve, yârâ."
Rânjhe eh bishârat sunkar taraf Hazâra chaliâ.
Hîr nimânî dâkam Siyâlâṅ kîtâ âṭâ daliâ :
Hîr Jaṭṭî to asar zahar se jân ba Hakk ho gaî,
Rânjhe ne hatth uṭhâkar bahut bintî kî:
"Yâ eh nûṅ Tû zindâ karde, yâ mainûṅ de mâr !
Tainûṅ sab âsân hai, Rabbâ; tûṅ kâdir ghaffâr."
Kahde haiṅ ki kabar phaṭ gaî, Rânjhâ is meṅ waṛiâ ;
Jis tarâh Hazrat Yûnis shikam machhî vichh waṛiâ.

Rozâ in kâ haigâ, yâro, Maghiâne de pâs.
Mâghe de din melâ hondâ ; dekheṅ âm o khâs.
Tîn darwâze is roze de khulle hainge, yâro ;
Kheṛiâṅ wal dâ band darwâza hukum hoiâ Darbâro !
In donâṅ nûṅ walî jânke, log niâzâṅ mande.
Jumerât nûṅ jâveṅ utthe kaî log ban ban de.

Ik kissâ hai, maiṅ ne apne kanne suniâ, yâro ;
Tuhâḍe âge âkh sunâwâṅ, khalî az inkâro.
Ik shakhs sâ, bandâ Rabb dâ, Chûṛîgar mashhûr.
Maghiâne vichh rahindâ sâ, par lâ waldîoṅ ranjûr.
Har Jumerât nûṅ jândâ, rozâ kardâ bahut pukârâ :
"Allâh, mainûṅ beṭâ dîeṅ, barkat in sachiârâ !"
Châr pânch Jumerât jo us ne în bintî kî,
Hâtif ghaib ne do laṛkoṅ dî : eh bishârat dî.
"Chhoṭe dâ nâṅ Alî Muhammad, baḍe dâ Rânjhâ rakheṅ.
Âlim âmil donoṅ honge, raushanî karenge akheṅ."
Fazal karm se Allâh Kâdir donoṅ putr hoe.
Âlim fâzil lâsânî se, sattâṅ pânî dhoe.
Baṛâ bhâî to mar chukâ hai, chhoṭâ hai maujûd.
Âlim âmil pâiâ us nûṅ, khalak rakhe mahmûd.
Buḍḍhâ haigâ nawwe sâlâ ; chehrâ bahutâ chamke
Allâh dî ibâdat kâran, jaisâ kundan chamke !

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TRANSLATION.

The Story of Hîr and Rânjhá by Ḥâfiz Aḥmad of Jhang.

I praise the Holy God, the great Forgiver,
That of His mercy and compassion sent His Prophet, His gracious agent.
Next I salute the Prophet and the Four Friends.*
I pray for peace upon all his descendants; may they obtain salvation.

After praise and salutation, my friends,† I come to my story:
By reciting the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ I shall be happy in my mind.
Makbil wrote a (story of) Hîr of such a violent kind,
That he turned that ignorant and boorish Jaṭṭ Rânjhâ into a learned man!
When I saw Wâris Shâh's Hîr, such a muddle I found it!
He praised Hîr so that he made the Jaṭṭî Hîr‡ into a princess.
The story of Hîr and Rânjhâ is well known, my friends,
Yet people have been unable to write it.
Roshan Shâh has made a (song of) Hîr, full of love:
But it is a (mere) quarrel between mother and daughter and no proper tale.
Their true story is as I tell it, my friends,
Leaving out all the embellishments and sticking to the real facts.§

---

* The 'Four Friends' of Muḥammad are 'Ali, 'Abû Bakar, 'Usman, and 'Umar.

† *i.e.*, the audience.

‡ This is wrong; Hîr was a Siyâl: see p. 177 *ante*.

§ The author here enumerates the various favourite rescensions of the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ. That of Wâris Shâh, (see page 187 *ante*), I was told by a Mân Jaṭṭ gentleman of standing, is considered to be one of the purest Panjâbî works extant: or to use his words 'no one—not even a Panjâbî—can say he understands Panjâbî until he has read Wâris Shâh.'

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Rânjhâ left Takht Hazârâ and Hîr came from Khiwâ.*
They met on Chinâb's banks and mingled as sugar and milk.
She took him to her house and said to her mother:
"Mother,
It is (only) a buffalo-herd that I have brought: have no doubt of this."
Her wretched sinning mother said to Chûchak:†
"Take this man as thy servant, God hath done our work (for us) for nothing."
After some time, my good friends, he blossomed as a flower.
The meeting of Hîr and Rânjhâ, friends, was a happy meeting.
He gave up bread and took to milk and sweets.
His eyes were gladdened with the gladness of his heart.
Rânjhâ now became lusty and Hîr a ripe maiden.
They enjoyed each other in the wilds and there was none to stay them.
Then Dîdû‡ told tales (and said): "O wife of Chûchak,
Don't think that Rânjhâ is a servant, he is thy daughter's lover!"
Then mother and father and uncle thought of a remedy (and said):
"There is no other means of stopping this business.
Among the Kheṛâs,§ her brethren, there is one Shidâ:
Betroth the girl to him and her pain will go."
Hîr was married to Shidâ and Rânjhâ became troubled,
And becoming a follower of Bâlâ Nâth he put rings into his ears.‖

* Takht Hazârâ, Rânjhâ's home, is in the Gujrânwâlâ district. Khiwâ near Jhang is connected with the other Siyâl tale of Mîrzâ and Sâḥibân and is here introduced by mistake.

† Her husband and Hîr's father.

‡ Hîr's uncle according to the bard, but see p. 177 *ante*.

§ The Kheṛâs are a section of the Siyâls at Rangpûr in the Muzaffargaṛh district.

‖ *i.e.*, he became a Kanphaṭṭâ Jogî and a follower of Gorakh Nâth. See *ante*, p. 435ff.

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With the help of Shahtî* he took Hîr away from the Kheṛâs,
And wandering across the Sândal Bâr† he put her into the Ganjâ Bâr.‡
There a tiger growled savagely at Rânjhâ,
And Rânjhâ keeping his presence of mind slew him.
Hîr, seeing his prowess, became all the more enamoured of him.
She loved him heart and soul and could never be separated from him.
Shîdâ followed up the runaway and overtook him at Kâbulâ.§
The Kheṛâ (Shîdâ) went and wept in the Court of the Rulers (of Kâbulâ, saying):
"He hath come (here) with my wife, the great oppressor.
Give me back my wife, for God hath made thee a Ruler."
The Ruler did him justice and gave back Hîr to Shîdâ.
Rânjhâ he made a prisoner and put fetters on his feet.
Kâbulâ caught fire and half the city was burnt.
The people went (to the Ruler) and complained (saying): "Thou hast committed a great injustice,
In giving the *faqîr's* wife to the Jaṭṭ; || and hast committed such injustice,
That the City of Âdalî¶ is in flames!"
When the Ruler heard this complaint he took the woman from Shîdâ,
And releasing Rânjhâ from prison he gave him Hîr.
Then Hîr and Rânjhâ with gladness went to their home.
But the Kheṛâ (Shîdâ) in his grief and misery became as a corpse.

---

* Shîdâ's sister.
† This is a table-land in the Jhang district.
‡ In the Montgomery district.
§ This appears to be meant for Koṭ Kamâliâ in the Montgomery district.
|| Shîdâ was however a Siyâl.
¶ This also appears to be meant for Koṭ Kamâliâ in the Montgomery district, but may mean Koṭ Addû in the Muzaffargaṛh district. See the next story, *passim*.

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Shîdâ was (like unto) dying of his grief,
And calling out 'Hîr Hîr,' my friends, he returned to his home.

When the pair reached Jhang the Siyâls made a plan, (saying):
"These two have put a great stain on our family."
So they went again to Rânjhâ and said: "There is no remedy against Fate,
And if thou wilt bring a procession from thy house we will perform a marriage, friend."
When Rânjhâ heard this good news he went to (Takht) Hazâra.*
And the Siyâls (as it were) ground the wretched Hîr to flour:
And Hîr the Jâṭṭî† from poison gave her life to God.
Rânjhâ lifting up his hand, prayed much (to God and said):
"Either do Thou bring her to life, or slay me!
All things are easy to thee, O God, mighty and merciful."
It is said that the grave (of Hîr) opened and Rânjhâ went in,‡
As Yûnis entered into the whale's belly.§

Their shrine is near Maghiânâ, my friends.
The fair (in its honour) takes place in February; high and low attend it.
There are three doors to the shrine which are open, my friends;
But the fourth towards the Kheṛâs|| is shut by the order of the Court (of God)!

---

* His home in the Gujrânwâlâ district.
† See above, line 10.
‡ See p. 178 *ante*.
§ This is the story of Jonah in the whale's belly, common to Christians, Jews, and Musalmâns.
|| Compare p. 178 *ante*.

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Holding these two as saints the people make vows to them.
The people of many forests go there on Thursdays.

A tale have I heard with my own ears, my friends,
Which I tell to you, as it is not to be gainsaid.
There was a man, a servant of God, known as a Maker of Bracelets.
He dwelt in sorrow in Maghiânâ, as he had no offspring.
Every Thursday he went to the shrine and cried aloud:
"O God, grant me a son, by the blessing of these holy ones!"
Four or five Thursdays he had prayed thus,
When the invisible angel (within) gave him happy news of two sons (to be born to him and said):
"Call the younger 'Ali Muḥammad and the elder Rânjhâ.
They will be pure and holy and the light of thine eyes."
By the grace and mercy of Almighty God two sons were born.
Exceeding pure and holy, washed seven times with the water (of grace).
The elder brother is dead, but the younger is still alive.*
Pure and holy they find him and so the people praise him.
He is an old man of ninety years with a bright face, shining
By the grace of God, as gold doth shine!

* 'Ali Muḥammad is still living in Maghiânâ and has erected a mosque there. He has a great reputation for learning and holiness. His brother Rânjhâ is said to have lost his intellect from over-study of the *Ḥâfiz-i-Jamâl*.

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No. XXXVIII.

THE MARRIAGE OF HÎR AND RÂNJHÂ,

AS RELATED BY SOME JAṬṬS FROM THE PAṬIÂLÂ STATE.

[This song relates only half the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ, carrying us to the point where Rânjhâ gets possession of Hîr, and omitting the latter half relating to the murder of Hîr, though this is the most important part of it, and is the portion which has given it such fame.]

[There is nothing to add to the notes already given at page 177 of this volume to generally explain this story. The object throughout is to give a factitious value to Rânjhâ by making him out to be a wonder-working *faqîr* of the type of the greater saints, and rendering the record of his doings as fabulous as possible. The existence of a shrine to Hîr and Rânjhâ at Jhang probably accounts for this.]

[The story being well known to the audience the allusions in it are obscure, and the dialogues most abruptly introduced; which last characteristic has made it—without reference to the rough dialect in which it is composed—a difficult one to render without a guide.]

TEXT.

Râg Hîr Rânjhâ.

Abbal Nâûṅ Allâh dâ lenâ: dûjâ dos Muhammad Mîrâṅ:
Tîjâ nâûṅ mat pitâ dâ lenâ, unhâṅ dâ chungâ dûdh sarîrâṅ:
Chauthâ nâûṅ an pânî dâ lenâ, jis khâve man banhe dhîrâṅ:

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Hîr and Rânjhâ.

Firstly, I take the name of God; secondly, of the Great Muḥammad, the friend (of God):
Thirdly, I take the name of father and mother, on whose milk my body throve:
Fourthly, I take the name of bread and water, from eating which my heart is gladdened:

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Panjmâṅ nâûṅ Dhartî Mâtâ dâ lenâ, jis par kadam ṭakîmâṅ:
Chhewâṅ nâûṅ Khwâjâ Pîr dâ lenâ, jhul pilâve ṭhaṇḍe nîrâṅ:
Satwâṅ nâûṅ Gurû Gorakh dâ lenâ, patal pûje bhojan khîrâṅ:
Aṭhwâṅ nâûṅ Lâlâṅwâle dâ lenâ, bande bandâṅ de ṭore tabaq janjîrâṅ.

Ghar Maujû de Rânjhâ jamiâ; ghar Chûchak jamî Hîrâṅ.
Ral mil pagambarî matâ matâiâ, sâhâ joṛâ Panjâṅ Pîrâṅ.
Panj Pîr; chhewâṅ Miyâṅ Rânjhâ; satwâṅ Ḥazrat Miyâṅ Mîrâṅ.

Fifthly, I take the name of Mother Earth, on whom I place my feet:
Sixthly, I take the name of Khwâjâ (Khizar), the Saint,* that gives me cold water to drink:
Seventhly, I take the name of Gurû Gorakh (Nâth), whom I worship with a platter of milk and rice.
Eighthly, I take the name of Lâlâṅwâlâ,† that breaketh the bonds and the chains of the captives.‡

Rânjhâ was born in Maujû's house and Hîr in Chûchak's.
The prophets took counsel together and the Panj Pîr§ were rejoiced.
There are the Five (great) Saints; the sixth is Miyâṅ Rânjhâ; the seventh is the Holy Miyâṅ Mîr.‖

---

* See *ante, passim.* † A title of Sakhî Sarwar.

‡ The extraordinary mixture of Hindû and Musalmân belief in the above verses is characteristic of the poem, and is kept up throughout it.

§ See *ante*, Vol. II., p. 373.

‖ Shekh Muḥammad, better known by his titles of Shâh Mîr and Miyâṅ Mîr, flourished as a saint at Lâhor between 1550 and 1635 A.D. His fame principally arises from the fact of one of his disciples, Mullah Shâh, having been the spiritual adviser of Dârâ Shikoh, the able son of the Emperor Shâh Jahân (flourished 1615-1670). Miyâṅ Mîr has given the name to the now well-known Military Cantonment near Lâhor.

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Rânjhâ jame, te sâdî ho gaî sarse sab parwârî.
Phaṛke chhanâṅ, bhâjî pherî, khul gaî rasat bazârî.
Kam kâr Maule kujh nahîṅ likhiâ : mahî nâl bihârî.

Dhur Kashmîroṅ Mugaleṭe â gae, â gae ba rû Khudâe.
Nau hath dâ gaṭṭhâ tre hath chhubbî Miyâṅ Rânjhe jimî* khichâî.
Hornâṅ nûṅ jimîṅ naloiâṅ âîâṅ, Rânjhe nûṅ dab te kâhi.
Kahe : "Khuâṛî, dâtî, rambâ ditte, Nikkû, Lohâr de sâî;
Din chaṛhde nûṅ merâ khurpâ ghaṛ de, terî mihinat rakhdâ nâîṅ."
Kahe : "Bagâwâṅ, bûṭî mârâṅ, jimîṅ banâwâṅ niâîṅ."
"Chal, manâ, chal karîye, phakîrî sâḍâ rahan, malokân dâ nâhîṅ."

Rânjhâ was born and all the household rejoiced.
Taking the cups the presents were made with the market-full of food.
God wrote no labour (in his fate) : he was to be happy with (tending) buffaloes.

The Mughals came from far Kashmîr by the order of God.
Land was given to Miyâṅ Rânjhâ, nine links and three chains.
Others got good land, Rânjhâ got tares and weeds.
Said (Rânjhâ) : "O Nikkû, thou chief of Blacksmiths, make me an axe, a sickle and a hoe.
Let me have the hoe by daybreak and there will be no delay about thy wages."
Said he, "I will ply (the hoe), clear the weeds and make the land arable."
(Said Rânjhâ) : "Come, my heart, I will go and become a *faqîr*, I am not happy here."

---

* For *zamîn*.

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Baiṭhe Rânjhe nûṅ garmî ho gaî, Lâlî bhâbî holî mârî.
Takht Hazârâ Rânjhâ ṭuriâ, pahilî rât kukhî.
Ghar tâṅ khânde dûdh malâîâṅ, ṭuk nâ lajde beh.
Dharke sonde lef sirânâṅ, âj bâsâ âiâ bich keh.
Ḍâḍe Rabb kol ujar nâ koî, Lekh likhâî eh !

Adhî rât Pîrâṅ dâ belâ. "Tûṅ kere bakht* dâ râhî ?
Lambî dâhṛî, khuṇḍiâṅ monchâṅ, baghal heṭh bichhâî.
Bhalî châhe ithoṅ âsan chak le, dhaulâṅ khâke na jâîṅ."
"Tainûṅ, Kâjî," boliâ Rânjhâ, "Sachî âkh sunâî.
Dharmsâlâ masîlâṅ, Kâjiâ, baniâṅ dharm dâ bânâṅ ;
Âe sâdh nûṅ rahan nâ deve, kâphirâ be-imânâṅ.

As Rânjhâ sat (at his work in the field) he became hot, and Lâlî, his brother's wife, laughed at him.
Rânjhâ left Takht Hazârâ, and the first night he found trying.
At home he had cream and milk, now he could not even get stale leavings.
He had had a bed and pillows to sleep on, now he dwelt on the sand.
He could make no complaint to the Great God, for Fate had written it so !

It was midnight at the time for the Saints.† "Why art travelling at this hour of the night ?‡
Long thy beard and long thy moustaches and thy bedding under thy arm.
If thou seek thy good go hence, or be pushed out."
"O Qâzî," said Rânjhâ, "I tell thee truth.
Inns and mosques, O Qâzî, are built for religious use ;
And thou wouldst turn away a saint, thou infidel and without faith !

---

* For *waqt*. † *i.e.*, ghosts : but see above, line 9.
‡ This is a conversation between Rânjhâ and some Qâzî on his way from Takht Hazârâ.

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Rakhîṅ roje, parhîṅ namâjâṅ, ṭangdâ alaf Kurânâ ;
Âe sadh nûṅ rahan na deve, kaphirâ be-îmânâṅ !
Takht Hazârâ maiṅ bâbal dâ chhaḍiâ ; mâṅ chhaḍî sab rîtî :
Sukh vasse eh nagar, kehṛâ rain phakîrâṅ nûṅ bîtî !"
Gabrûâṅ ne ṭukre ânde, ṭhaṇḍî lassî pîtî :
" Jug jug jî, tusîṅ gabrû, ithe rain phakîrâṅ nûṅ bîtî !"

" Sajje jandiâ, khabbe ho jâ, sajje pair na pâîṅ :
Ithe kubbhe bhainke chher* mahî dâ, sajje pain balâîṅ.
Âpe khaṭṭâṅ, âpe kamâwâṅ, ghar tûṅ baheke khâîṅ.
Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî, shauk de nâl baṇḍâîṅ."

Thou keepest fasts and sayest prayers and knowest the words of the Qurân ;
And thou wouldst turn away a saint, thou infidel and without faith !
I have left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers ; I have left my mother and all my customs :
May the city prosper where stayed the *faqîr* for the night !"
The youths brought him bread and cold butter-milk :
(Said he) : " Live for ever, ye youths, with whom the *faqîr* stayed for the night !"

" O thou wanderer to the right,† go to the left, put not thy feet towards the right :
For hither to the left the lions roar and to the right are horrors.
I live upon my own earnings, do thou come in and eat with me.
My red bed and my white bedding do I gladly share with thee."

---

* For *sher*.

† This next conversation on the road to Jhang is between Rânjhâ and Lûnâṅ, the heroine of the tale of Pûran Bhagat ; for which see *ante*, Vol. II., p. 387ff. She is only introduced here as a well-known personage.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Takht Hazârâ maiṅ bâbal dâ chhaḍiâ, bîr chhaḍe kukainde.
Kisî aghete, kisî pichhete, bikhat sâre nûṅ painde."
"Ik gall âkhâṅ, âkh sunâwâṅ, sach dî âkh sunâî.
Dhîâṅ merîâṅ dhûndîṅ bhattâ, putr karan kamâî.
Do dhîâṅ ghar kuâr putrâ, dohâṅ nâl biyâh karâîṅ.
Tainûṅ kasam Kurân de, merî joṛî bhang na pâîṅ."
"Ik gall âkhâṅ, âkh sunâwâṅ, sach dî âkh sunâi.
Puttâṅ teriâṅ se khûh na liwâwâṅ, ṭobâ paṭâunâṅ nâîṅ.
Bhalî châhunâṅ, pichhâ nûṅ muṛ jâ, dhaulâ khâke na jâîṅ.
Eh to Rânjhâ Jhang Siyâl nûṅ jâûngâ, tere rakhan dâ nâîṅ."
"Jal bichh Lûnâṅ, maiṅ thal bichh Lûnâṅ, maiṅ Lûnâṅ talîâṅ sâre:
Jithe Lûnâṅ maiṅ pair dhardî, dhartî mardî bhâre.
Âj dî rain sâḍe kaṭ jâ, nagarî bas jâ sârî.

"I have left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers, and have left my weeping brethren.
Sooner or later troubles fall upon us all."
"One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.
My sons are earning well and my daughters take them their food to the fields.
I have two virgin daughters in the house and I will marry them both to thee.
I adjure thee by the Qurân not to spoil this match."
"One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.
Thy sons shall dig me nor wells nor ponds.
If thou seek thy good go back, or I will push thee away.
I am Rânjhâ and am going to Jhang Siyâl and thou shalt not stay me."
"On water I am Lûnâṅ, on land I am Lûnâṅ, I am Lûnâṅ the haughty:
Where I Lûnâṅ place my feet the earth trembles.
Spend the night with me that the city may prosper.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Tere khâtir maiṅ ithe â gaî, kadhî mandiroṅ nikaltî nâîṅ."
"Ik gall âkhâṅ, âkh sunâwâṅ, sach dî âkh sunâî.
Sawâ man kache maiṅ ḍoḍe, pîndâ bhang dâ oṛâk nâîṅ.
Sawâ ser fahîm* dâ, ikko mâwâ dârû dî pîndâ sarhâî.
Burî mahî dâ dûdh maiṅ pindâ, chûrî khândâ ghî khandwâlî."
"Gaḍîâṅ-wâlio, lad lo gaḍî, ûṭâṅ-wâlio bhâî:
Banghîâṅ-wâlio tund sharâb de mere pe jâo dhaular dî râhîṅ.
Ik lakkh lage, tâṅ maiṅ do lakkh de deâṅ; mihinat kisî dî rakhdî nâhîṅ.
Nagarî merî Rânjhâ â gîâ, â gîâ pûrâ sâîṅ."
"Takht Hazârioṅ maiṅ, Rânjhâ, ṭur piâ, Maujû Jaṭṭ dâ jâiâ.

For thy sake have I come here, that never (before) left my palace."
"One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.
I take a *man* and a quarter of poppy juice (daily) and drink an endless quantity of *bhang*.†
I take a *ser* and a quarter of opium‡ and a whole cup of wine at a draught.
I drink the milk of brown buffaloes (only) and eat cakes of sugar and butter."§
"O carters and camel-drivers, take up your loads:
O porters, take cups of wine to my palace.
If your wages be one *lákh* (of rupees) I will pay two *lákhs*: I will keep nothing back.
Rânjhâ hath come to my city: a holy saint hath come."
"I, Rânjhâ, am come from Takht Hazârâ, the son of Maujû the Jaṭṭ.

---

* For *afím*, opium.
† See Vol. II., page 290. A *man* and a quarter would be over a hundredweight; of course a fabulous amount.
‡ *i.e.*, 2½ lbs, enough to last a confirmed opium-eater six months.
§ All this is meant to show that he would be a very expensive guest.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

65 Jad maiṅ Rânjhâ, panjâṅ baras dâ hoiâ magar manjhî de lâiâ.
Bârâṅ baras manjhâṅ châriâṅ, sir bâpe de râj kamâiâ.
Mar gae pitâ, tâṅ pai gae kajîe, bhâîâṅ dagâ kamâiâ.
Maiṅ toṅ, Rânjhâ, Jhang Siyâle nûṅ jàogâ, nahîṅ haṭdâ terâ haṭâiâ.
Pichhe ranâṅ bâhîâṅ chhaḍiâṅ, Lâlî nûṅ bahut piârâ."
70 "Mârâṅ ḍângâṅ, ghaṭṭâṅ asî, turat uṭhâ deâṅ phâî.
Ik lakkh mângiâ, maiṅ do lâkkh lâiâ; mihinat kisî dî rakhî nâîṅ.
Nâl sukhan de jhûṭâ kîtâ, umar sârî chhaḍḍî nâîṅ.
Tere khâtir maiṅ ithe â gaî, mahilâṅ bâhir nikaldî nâîṅ."
"Bhajjan ḍângâṅ, ṭûṭan rassî; phakîr nahîṅ phâî charhâdî."

---

65 When I, Rânjhâ, was five years old I was put to mind buffaloes.
Tending the buffaloes for twelve years, I live upon my father like a king.
When my father died I fell into trouble and my brethren cheated me.
I, Rânjhâ, will go to Jhang Siyâl and will not be stayed by thee.
I have left many women behind me and Lâlî* loved me much."
70 "I will beat thee, I will bind thee, I will hang thee up at once.
They asked one *lâkh* (of rupees) and I gave them two *lâkhs*; the labour of none (of them) was unpaid for.
Thou hast gone back on thy word and all thy life I will not let thee go.
For thy sake did I come here, that never (before) left my palace."
"Thy sticks will break and thy ropes will snap; thou canst not hang the *fâqir*."

---

* See above, line 21.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Hâsî bahâne meṅ ṭaṭṭhâ kîtâ; tâṅ lad le âî, yârî."
"Bhajjî phirdî bichh masânîâṅ, ulṭî jhagṛe bâudî.
Pichhâṅ muṛke, vekh le; terî dhaular jaldî jândî!"

"Ik gall âkhâṅ, âkh sunâwâṅ, sach dî âkh sunâî.
Pîrâṅ bhijiâ, chalke â gîâ, â gîâ tere tâîṅ.
Panj ser dûdh dî loṛ ban gaî, maiṅ wâfar mangdâ nâîṅ."
"Panj ser dûdh bheṭ Pîrâṅ de denâ, âvîṅ gawânâ nahîṅ."
Aggioṅ Rânjhâ boldâ: "Tainûṅ âkh sunâî:
Bakrîâṅ terîâṅ pai jâ peṭhâ, bheṛ nâ rah jâe kaî.
Bichh bâṛâṅ de mar jâṅ lele, ghar mar jâ buḍḍhî mâî.
Ran mar jâe, tûṅ raṇḍâ ho jâe, nigar-sigarî âe!"

"It was in laughter and fun that I upbraided thee; so load up thy bags, my friend."
"Thou art like a mad-woman wandering in the burning-grounds and quarrelling foolishly.
Turn thy head and see: thy palace is on fire!"

"One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.*
The Saints have sent me and I have come to thee.
I want five *sers*† of milk and nothing more."
"I have to offer the five *sers* to the Saints and have no more to waste."
Then said Rânjhâ: "I tell thee:
Thy goats shall die and none of thy sheep shall escape.
Thy lambs shall die in the fields, and thy old mother at home.
Thy wife shall die and thou shalt be a widower and shalt be ruined!"

---

* This conversation is between Rânjhâ and a householder on the way to Jhang.
† In India liquids are measured by *weight*: a *ser* is about a quart.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Panj Pîr, chhewâṅ Rânjhâ, kallar goshat lâî :
Kâlî kambal mohgâṅ-wâlî Pîrâṅ heṭ bichhâî.
Baheke Rânjhâ banjalî bajâwandâ, Darge kûk sunâî.
Âp Indar ne sun lî banjalî, ḅhûrî mahî arsoṅ âî.
Sabr sabûrî de, bare ghaṭ lîe, bhûrî pasmeṅ âî.
Pahilî dhâr Rânjhe ne Dhartî Mâtâ nûṅ de, lîe dûjî kâûsî pâî.
Bhar bhar chipiâṅ dindâ Pîrâṅ nûṅ, Pîr pî pî dîṅ doâîṅ :
"Jâṅ, Rânjhâ, tainûṅ Hîr bakhshî Makke Madîne tâîṅ."
Takht Hazârâ Rânjhâ ṭuriâ, hoke ṭuriâ nit ânâ :
"Na koî ân siâṅ mere, nâ koî shahr ṭhikânâ !"

The Five Saints and the sixth Rânjhâ took counsel (together) in the wilds :
And beneath the Saints was spread a black blanket full of holes.
Rânjhâ sat and played on the flute and the sound of it reached to the Court (of God).
Indra heard the flute and sent a brown buffalo from heaven.
He had patience and took a large pitcher and the buffalo gave milk.*
The first spirt Rânjhâ gave to Mother Earth, and the second went into his cup.
He filled cups and gave to the Saints and the Saints drank and gave their blessings, (saying) :
"Go, Rânjhâ, Hîr hath been given thee from Makkâ and Madinâ."†
Rânjhâ left Takht Hazârâ in low spirits ;
(And said) : "I have no friends now, nor do I know of any (friendly) town !"

---

* Which he had failed to get from the householder.
† *i.e.*, by the Prophet Muḥammad.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Pattan rât Rânjhe nûṅ a gaî; laṛdâ ḍang nidânâ:
"Ba rê Khudâe de beṛe pâ de, Luḍanâ, maiṅ Jhang Siyâlâṅ nûṅ jânâ."
"Adhî rât, Pîrâṅ dâ velâ: tûṅ keṛe bakht dâ râhî?
Eh dâ halkî kâlî bagdî, lendî dûr himâîṅ:
Gausâṅ kutbâṅ dî akal gaṅwândî, terî tâkas laghan dî nâîṅ.
Haṭke jhâṛ muṇḍâ laṁbâ pai jâ, sawere lakhke jâîṅ."
Chhattîs bâje sur jad kîte, bichh birûn dâ bâjâ bajâiâ:
Biche turiâṅ, biche bharkâṅ, biche nâch karâiâ.
Biche uthe bolan kokṛâ, biche mor bulâiâ:
"Ba rê Khudâe de beṛe ḍho de, Luḍanâ; koî gaush kutb chaṛh âiâ."
"Gaush kutb dâ velâ eh nahîṅ, chor uchakke phirde.

Night overtook Rânjhâ at the ferry* and the sting of sorrow entered him: (said he):
"For God's sake, O (ferryman) Luḍan, give me a boat, for I have to go to Jhang Siyâl."
"It is midnight and the hour for the Saints:† why art travelling at such an hour?
This river runneth violently and runneth afar:
It frighteneth holy men and saints and thou shalt never cross it (now).
Better stay now and lie down under a bush, and cross in the morning."
(Rânjhâ) played the 36 tunes‡ and played in the wilds:
On pipes and then on drums and then he made the (creatures) dance.
And then the cock crowed and the peacock screamed:
"For God's sake, Luḍan, give him a boat; he is some holy man or saint."
(Said Luḍan): "This is no time for saints and holy men, but for thieves and pick-pockets to roam.

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* Over the Chinâb: he is now fairly started on his road.
† See above, line 26. ‡ See Vol. I., p. 176.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Biche machh, biche murgâbiân, biche nâkâ ghûrde:
Gaush kutb je hondâ Makke dâ, inhoṅ beṛe painde dhur de.
Inhân jihiân maṛoṛewâle maiṅ bâhle dekhe thaṛde."
Sube sâr fajar dâ belâ: "Tûṅ kidharoṅ â giâ naṭṭhâ?
Hatth vichh kuṇḍhî, muṇḍhe bhorâ, sir baliâ dupaṭṭhâ.
Hornân nadîân bahan changerî, Châṇdal dâ bahan ubaṭṭhâ:
Kachiân kandân nûṅ gârat kardî, pakkiân ḍeke siṭdî dhakkâ.
Machhâ kachhâ oṛak hai nahîṅ, bich sansâr dâ chhaṭṭâ.
Tere khâtir beṛî ḍho lîe; kyûṅ ḍubtâ, gâfiliâ Jaṭṭâ?"
"Ghar mâ-piân de lâṛ laḍkiân, sâḍe palle Luḍan pâiâ!
Ghar mûrakh de bâsâ ho giâ, ro ro janam gaṅwâiṅ.

Large fish and water-fowl and crocodiles roam (the river):
If he were saint or holy man of Makkâ* he would find a boat for himself.
I have seen many a vain fellow like him."
It was the hour of early morn; (said Luḍan): "Whence art come alone?
A staff is in thy hand, a blanket over thy shoulder, and a kerchief on thy head.
Other rivers flow gently, but the Châṇdal† boils along,
Sweeping away the mud walls and throwing down the brick ones.
There are endless fish and tortoises in the world.
I have a boat ready for thee; but why drown, O heedless Jaṭṭ?"
(Said Rânjhâ): "I that have been loved and petted at home have (now) Luḍan for my lord!
I am dwelling in the house of a fool and am throwing away my life in tears.

---

* *i.e.*, a real one. † The Chinâb.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mâ-piâṅ merâṅ de kus bas nahîṅ, nâîâṅ Bâhmanâṅ dagâ kamâiâ.
Khuṇḍ jâ beṛe, phaṭ jâ chappâ! Sânûṅ Khwâjâ vichhoṅ lâl pâiâ."
"Bhajâ bhajâ maiṅ, Luḍan, â gîâ, â gîâ unchî kerî.
Kahe: kisî de chharîâṅ mûngâṅ? Kahe: magre lag gîâ heṛî?
Gunnî mârke achhî le jâ, uchhal ḍheṛî terî.
Ik le jâ, ik chhaḍ jâ, dhakke de rahande Luḍan de ḍere."
"Bhajâ bhajâ â gîâ, Luḍanâṅ, â gîâ unchi kerîṅ.
Nâ kisi chharîâṅ mûngâṅ: nâ magre lag gîâ heṛî.
Je tûṅ putr mallâh dâ, Luḍanâṅ, bhajke phaṛ le beṛî.
Dovîṅ rahan mubârik tainûṅ, ehnâṅ se jân chhuṛâ le merî.

It was no fault of my parents, but the barbers and Brâhmans deceived me.*
May thy boat sink and thy oars break! I have found a ruby from Khwâjâ (Khizar)."†
"I, Luḍan, have come quickly, have come to the lofty bank.
Say: hast stolen any one's cattle? Say: is any one pursuing thee closely?
Make thy choice (of the boats) and take the good one according to thy desire.
Take one and leave one, that Luḍan's house may not be ruined."
"Quickly hast thou come, O Luḍan, hast come to the lofty bank.
Neither have I stolen any one's cattle, nor is any one close behind me.
If thou be a (true) boatman's son, Luḍan, quickly get the boat.
Mayest thou be happy in both (worlds), that savest my life in this one.

---

* *i.e.*, into hopes of a wife in Hîr. † *i.e.*, out of the river.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî;—kis umrâ dî beṛî ? -
Zarrâ ik Luḍanâṅ, mainûṅ so lain de, rah jâ jân sukhâlî merî."
Baḍḍî deke Rânjhâ so gîâ, banke dharam de bhâî.
"Unche dhaular Siyâlâṅ-wâlie koliâ Maṇḍî kheṛî:
Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî, Hîr Siyâl dî beṛî.
Dhî Chûchak dî, bahin Paṭhân dî, ran phirdî ishk dî gherî.
Chhej utte panchhî langh jâ, Jaṭṭî jân gaṅwâ de merî!"
Deke baḍḍî Rânjhâ so gîâ, Luḍan nûṅ bhang piyâ lî.

Suttî paî nûṅ supnâ â gîâ, kinne pândî ne chhej luṭâve.
"Âkhâṅ sachî, âkh sunâiâ, eh gall nâ mere man bhâve.

The bed is red, the bedding white;—what noble's boat is this ?
Let me rest a moment here, O Luḍan, that I may be at ease."
Rânjhâ gave him a bribe, and, becoming his sworn brother, went to sleep (on the bed).
(Said Luḍan): "There is a lofty palace of the Siyâl's near the Kherâ's* Quarter.
The red bed and the white bedding and the boat are Hîr's, the Siyâl (lady).
Daughter (she) of Chûchak, sister of Paṭhân, a very maiden of love.
If a bird fly over her bed (Hîr) the Jaṭṭ woman will take away my life!"
But Rânjhâ gave a bribe and went to sleep, and made Luḍan drunken with *bhang*.

As (Hîr) lay asleep she had a dream that some one had ruined (lain down on) her bed (in the boat).
(Said she): "I tell thee truth, I tell thee that this will not leave my mind.

---

* A division of the Siyâl Tribe.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râtîṅ mainûṅ supnâ â gîâ, kâlâ nâg ḍarâve."
Âkhe tâṅ: "Mainûṅ Rânjhâ milâṅ; nahîṅ, tâṅ kabar chatârî.
Kholke patrî das de, Tulsîâ, jo terî patrî bich likhiâ âve."
"Patrî kholâṅ, khol sunâwâṅ, sach ḍî âkh sunâwâṅ:
Chhejî terî sahû terâ son gîâ; jhûṭh kadhî na lâwâṅ."
Ral mil saîâṅ mattâ matâiâ, Phattî ṭâlî chaṛhâî.
"Soṅ Bîrân de; kasam Kurân de; jhûṭh boldî nâîṅ.
Chhejî terî sahû terâ so gîâ; maiṅ sach dî âkh sunâî.
Tûṅ chalke phaṛ lo Luḍan mallâh nûṅ; waḍḍî leke, chhej luṭâî."
Dil dariyâ samundaroṅ ḍûngâ: kaun dilâṅ dî jâne?

I had a dream in the night; a black snake* came and frightened me."
Then said she: "I must meet Rânjhâ, or I shall go into the grave.
Open thy books, O Tulsî,† and see what is written in thy books."
"I open my books and I tell thee truth:
Thy lover hath slept on thy bed; I will tell thee no lies."
The maids met together and consulted, and sent Fattî‡ up a tree.
(Said she): "I swear by the Saints;§ I swear by the Qurân; I tell no lies.
Thy lover hath slept on thy bed; I tell thee truth.
Go and seize thou Luḍan the boatman, that hath taken a bribe and destroyed (the honour of) thy bed."
The heart is deeper than seas and rivers: who knoweth the heart?

---

* *i.e.*, something evil.
† The family Brâhman of these Muhammadans! It is not uncommon however for Panjâbî Muhammadan tribes to consult Brâhmans in this manner.
‡ One of themselves. § See Vol. II., p. 377.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Biche beṛî, biche chappâ, biche banjh muhâne!
Chaudâṅ Tabak bande bich bas gae, tambû wângo tâne!
Je koî ṭhâṭh dilâṅ dî bujhe, har dam khushîâṅ mâne!

"Nange piṇḍe choṭâṅ mârîâṅ, merî hundî nain nimânî.
Jihîâṅ choṭâṅ tan mere lâîâṅ, tere ik lage tâṅ jâne!
Laṇḍiâṅ, lamiâṅ, chhail jawâṇâṅ, soṅ gae chhej chambelî.
Suttâ hî, tâṅ jâg pio, chugalâṅ phal chamelî."
Âiâ Sâwan, Hîr de dil parchâwan, pannî chhaḍiâṅ sîkhâṅ.
Kannâṅ maṇḍâ balohe sondhe, jholî ântî bakîkâṅ.
"Kî ho gîâ jhaṭ maiṅ chhej so gîâṅ? Kî lag gaî lâj sarîkâṅ?

It hath boats and oars and boatmen within it!
The Fourteen Quarters* (of the World) are in it, stretched like a canopy!
Who knoweth the dictates of the heart will be happy every moment!

"Thou strikest a naked† body and my eyes are weary.
If one such blow as thou givest me were to reach thee thou wouldst understand!
O wicked, tall and handsome youth, thou hast lain on a jasmine bed.
As thou hast lain, awake now and pluck the jasmine flower."
Sâwan had come and Hîr's heart inclined (to love) and the herbs began to spring.‡
Beautiful were the rings in her ears and bracelets on her arms.
(Said Rânjhâ): "What if I lay on thy bed awhile? Dost fear shame from thy family?

---

* Muhammadan notion.

† *i.e.*, a defenceless body: this conversation is between Hîr and Rânjhâ.

‡ The rainy month of July-August and the season of love to Northern Indian ideas.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Terî sâḍî mundâṅ dî yârî, dastâṅ sandiâ lîkâṅ."
Jhang Siyâle âṛû pakke, bâgîṅ miṭṭhiâṅ dâkhâṅ.
160 Hîr kahindî: "Rânjhâ, tûṅ sach âkh: kî sâk lagdiâṅ âpâṅ?"
"Jadoṅ, Rânjhâ, maiṅ ghar Indar de sîgâ, tûṅ pâtar banke âî.
Jadoṅ maiṅ, Rânjhâ, Nâmânand ban gîâ, tâṅ maiṅ Gorkhâṅ parnâî.
Jadoṅ maiṅ, Rânjhâ, Radhe Kishn sîgâ, tû Brikhbhâṅ dî jâî.
Phir tâṅ, Rânjhâ, maiṅ Takht Hazârâ jamiâ, tû Chûchak Mihar dî jâî."

Like the lines on the palm (of the hands) thou and I have been lovers from the beginning."
The peaches were ripe in Jhang Siyâl and the sweet grapes in the gardens.
160 Said Hîr: "Rânjhâ, tell me truly: what is the relationship between us?"
(Said he): "When I, Rânjhâ, was in the house of Indar, thou wast a maiden there.
When I, Rânjhâ, was Nâmânand,* thou wast my wife Gorkhâṅ.
When I, Rânjhâ, was Râdhâ Kishn,† thou wast Brikhbâṅ's daughter.
And then when I, Rânjhâ, was born in Takht Hazârâ, thou wast born to Mihar Chûchak."‡

---

* *i.e.*, Râmânand, the mediæval reformer of the 15th century, and the founder of the Bhagats or Hindû freethinkers.

† Râdhâ was the wife or mistress of Kṛishṇa, and Vṛishâbhânu was her father. Râdhâ Kishn joined together as in the text is a common modern synonym for Kṛishṇa, as Gaurî Śankar is for Śiva. This pairing of the deities, male and female, is carried to a climax in the Hari-hara or half-male and female god sometimes depicted in Vaishṇava temples.

‡ All these are allusions to their respective former births under the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Dâhṛî â gaî, paṭṭe rakhâ lîe, kis bidh rahâ kawârâ ?
Ike nânak hînâṅ, ike tûṅ dâdak terâ hînâṅ, ike tûṅ bhâîâṅ nûṅ nahîṅ piârâ :
Ike tû mâṅ kujhajjî ne janiâ ; nahîṅ, tûṅ lâl kharîdanwâlâ.
Inhîṅ gallâṅ bichoṅ augun tainûṅ, tûṅ tâîoṅ rah gîâ kawârâ."
"Muṅh dahṛî, sir paṭṭe rakhâ lîe, nahîṅ maiṅ phirdâ kawârâ.
Nânak unchâ, merâ dâdak unchâ, unchâ Takht Hazârâ.
Nâ mâṅ kuchajjî ne janiâ, bhâîâṅ nûṅ bahut piârâ.
Sat bharjâîâṅ, ghar kaṭak ranâṅ dâ ; maiṅ lâl kharîdanwâlâ.
Ghar Chûchak dî Hîr sun lî, maiṅ oh dâ baran-wâlâ.
Mandî changî dâ lâgû nahîṅ, Lâlî nûṅ bahut piârâ."

"Thou hast a beard and thy hair is grown, how art thou still a bachelor ?
Either thy mother's or father's relatives are low people or thy brethren love thee not.
Either thou art born of an inferior mother, or thou art a dealer in rubies.*
In some way there must be a fault in thee that thou art a bachelor."
"There is a beard on my face and hair on my head, but I am no bachelor.
My mother was well born and my father well born and lordly is Takht Hazârâ.
I am not born of an inferior mother and am much loved of my brethren.
I have seven sisters-in-law and many women at home ; I am a dealer in rubies.
I have heard of Hîr in Chûchak's house and her will I marry.
I set not my heart on good or bad (women) and am much loved by Lâlî."†

---

* *i.e.*, a rich man. † His sister-in-law : see above.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chand sûrij charhoṅ rah gae, lû târâṅ dî âî.
Chhaparâṅ bichoṅ pânî sûkh gae, bele sûkh gae ghâî.
Âp Muhammad janj charhiâ, Brahmâ bedî gaḍâî.
Ralke hûrâṅ mangal gâvîâṅ, parîâṅ mehndî lâî.
Panjâṅ Pîrâṅ ne kalime parh lîe, Khâjâ bhare ogâhî.
Hîr Rânjhâ dâ melâ ho gîâ, phiriâṅ Rabb rajâî.

"Ik, Bâbal, maiṅ mâhî ândâ, Jaṭṭ manjhî châr le âve.
Jis manjhî nûṅ khoṇḍâ lândâ, kaṭṭâ mûl na jâve.
Agge mâhî ikkî charhde, eh kallâ châr le âve.
Sûrat mâhî dî chandar bargî, us dî tâb jhallî na jâve.

The sun and moon ceased to rise and the stars to shine forth.
The water dried in the ponds and the grass dried up in the wilds.
Muḥammad formed the marriage procession and Brahmâ (!) set up the posts (of the marriage canopy).
The maids of heaven sang songs of rejoicing and fairies brought the henna.* -
The Panj Pîr performed the ceremony and Khwâjâ (Khizar) was witness.†
Hîr and Rânjhâ met together and God was favorable to them.

(Said Hîr): "Father, I have brought a neatherd, a Jaṭṭ, to graze the buffaloes.
Whichever of them he touches with his staff will surely bear a (cow-) calf.
Hitherto thou hast sent out 21 neatherds; this one will graze them alone.
The beauty of the neatherd is like the moon and his habits shall not depart.

---

* For staining the bride's hands.
† These lines are meant merely to convey a general idea of magnificence.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ik mâhî dî tâb burî hai, bhaṭṭâ Hîr se ḍhuwave.
Âpe chûve, âpe riṛke, âpe dûdh jamâve."
"Jehṛâ, Hîre, taiṅ mâhî ândâ; majjî keṛe sahre dî châre?
Aḍḍî Rânjhe dî râj karaindî, khûṇḍe dî maṭak bharî.
Tîn pâû ghî paṭṭhiâṅ nûṅ maldâ, choke jimîṅ nûṅ jâve.
Dand Rânjhâ dî sone dî mekhâṅ: kîdîâṅ majjî châre?
Jinnî ghariâṅ phir gîâ laṛ, dû basde bûhe ujâṛe.
Ehâṅ de paṭṭe kadhî nâ basde, phirde dwâre dwâre.
Adhî râtoṅ merâ mûngâ chaṛhdâ, inhoṅ sote nûṅ rain bhâve.
Bhalî châhe laṛ chhoṛ de châk dâ: sânûṅ agle mâhî piâre."

The neatherd hath one bad habit, that Hîr must take him his food (to the fields).
He will himself draw, curdle and set the milk."
"O Hîr, the neatherd thou hast brought: will he graze any one's buffaloes?*
Rânjhâ's heel hath the signs of royalty† (on it) and he hath a mighty staff.
Three-fourths of a *ser* of *ghî* he puts on his locks, which fall to the ground.
Rânjhâ's teeth are pegs of gold: whose buffaloes shall he graze?
The houses that this youth shall visit will be ruined.
His work shall never prosper, but he shall wander (begging) from door to door.
My cattle graze at midnight, but he passes the night in sleep.
If thou wishest thy good let the youthful servant go: I am pleased with my former neatherds."

---

* Being too noble for such work.
† This is the "lotus mark" mentioned at p. 336, Vol. II.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Ghar baiṭhe sardârî kariye, ṭurke banne nakâre.
Kukhoṅ haule kînî, Hîre, parbat jeḍe bhârî.
Râthoṅ de put châk sadâ le; châk honde kaun bichâre?
Bîr Paṭhân tainûṅ ghusse honde, tere piû ne mihine mâre.
Chhaḍ de pallâ, muṛ jâe ghar nûṅ, asî uṛîye hans bichârî.
Râjî hoke mainûṅ ṭor de, jâke ralîye bhâîchâre."
"Ik gall tainûṅ âkhâṅ, Rânjhe, sachî âkh sunâî.
Je tû rahe, tâṅ rahûngî; nâ, jâûṅ tere tâîṅ."

Chûchak kahindâ âkhdâ, sachî akh sunâî:
"Sûn le, Rânjhe bhâî, is bâṛoṅ merî mahîâṅ hank le, dûjî hank le gâîṅ."
Sattar Khâṅ, bahattar umre, Hîr Chûchak ne Rânjhe nûṅ phaṛâî.

(Said Rânjhâ): "At home I was a nobleman, but going abroad I am become of no account.
O Hîr, thou hast made me lighter than a straw, that was as heavy as a mountain.
The son of noblemen is called a servant; and how helpless is a servant.
Thy brother Paṭhân is wroth with thee, and thy father doth reproach thee.
Let go my robes that I may go back home, and let me, the helpless swan, fly away.
Let me go of thy own free will, that I may mingle with my brethren."
"I tell thee one thing, Rânjhâ, and I tell thee truth.
If thou remain I will remain, or I will go with thee."

Saith Chûchak and he speaketh truth:
"Hear, friend Rânjhâ, drive the buffaloes from this paddock and the cows from the other."
Before 70 Khâṅs* and 72 nobles Chûchak betrothed Hîr to Rânjhâ (saying):

---

* *i. e.*, leaders of the Siyâls.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Jab lag jîve, mâl hai mâhî dâ; taiṅ te mar gae nâbar nâiṅ.
Je te te koî Hîr khoî toṛe, bich Dargâh deâṅ ogâhî."*
Jadoṅ Rânjhe nûṅ eh gall âkhî, hak lîâṅ majjî te gâiṅ.

"Bâbal tere, Hîre, oh dhan dindâ, jeṛâ chariâ loṛdâ râtî.
Paṭ diâṅ kîlî, toṛâ dîâṅ rassî; majjî hai baḍî kamzâtî.
Sappâṅ nâl hai majlis merî, sherâṅ nâl jamâtî.
Tûṅ toṅ soî rang mahil bich, sânûṅ nibaṛ deâṅ nahîṅ râtî."
"Hatth baṅhke karâṅ bintî, tainûṅ sachî âkh sunâî.
Ik pâse merâ Chûchak bâbal, ik pâse Tullî mâî.

"As long as thou shalt live she is thine, and when thou art dead she will not deny it.
If any one tear Hîr from thee I will bear witness (against him) in the Court (of God)."
When Rânjhâ was told this he drove off the buffaloes and the cows.

(Said Rânjhâ): "Thy father hath given me, O Hîr, cattle that will only graze at night.
They pull out their pegs and they break their ropes; these buffaloes are very vicious.
My company is with the serpents and my friendship with the lions.
Thou sleepest in the painted palace and I cannot pass the night."
"With joined hands I beseech thee and I tell thee truth.
On one side of me (sleepeth) my father Chûchak and on the other side my mother Tullî.

---

* For *gwâhî*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ik pâse bîr Paṭhân sondâ, kol sondî Koḍî bharjâî.
Chheṛ majjî chal bele nûṅ, maiṅ din chaṛhde nûṅ âî."

"Manjhî âîâṅ, merâ châk nahîṅ âiâ, kehṛe rangâṅ bich rattâ?
Nâ maiṅ katiâ, nâ kaḍḍhâ kasîdâ, deke â gaî Rânjhe nûṅ bhâṭṭâ.
Muṭhân bharke jad dekhâ sî, mere Rânjhe dâ piṇḍâ tattâ.
Nau mahîâṅ sukh Sultân dî deâṅ, daswâṅ chhaḍâṅ kaṭṭâ:
Teṛoṅ lâke lungî deâṅ, sir dâ dewâṅ sâf dupaṭṭâ:
Innî baksâṅ* us nûṅ, jeṛâ koî Rânjhe nûṅ kar de achhâ.
Jeṛâ koî Rânjhe nûṅ râje kar de, asîṅ hâjî o Makkâ.
Hîr Siyâl, maiṅ toheṅ ḍub gaî, jadoṅ de lîâ beṛî nûṅ dhakkâ.

On one side sleepeth my brother Paṭhân and near him his wife Koḍî.
Drive the buffaloes to the forests, I will join thee at day-break."

"The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come; in what pleasures is he joying?†
Neither have I spun, nor have I plied the needle, but I am come with food for Rânjhâ.
When I shampooed my Rânjhâ I found his body hot.
Nine buffaloes do I vow to (Sakhî Sarwar) Sultân, and the tenth shall be a (cow-) calf.
I will give him my skirt and the kerchief from my head:
To him will I present them that shall make my Rânjhâ well.
For him that shall make my Rânjhâ happy, will I be a pilgrim to Makkâ.
I, Hîr of the Siyâls, was ruined for thee, when thou (Rânjhâ) didst push off thy boat.

---

* For *bakhshâṅ*.
† From here to line 264 is a lament by Hîr.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Manjhî âiâṅ, châk nahîṅ âiâ, bele bich khaṛî palammâṅ.
Talîâṅ jhassoṅ, dast maṛoṛâṅ, merâ nij bhâîâṅ kammâṅ.
Jândî joban, bahinde pânî kinnî nahiṅ ghatiâ bannâṅ.
Bâhar jâveṅ bâbal Chûchak jhiṛke, ghar âveṅ Tullî ammâṅ.
Jâveṅ masîte Phattû Kâjî jhiṛke, dar bich châchâ Kaidû, langâṅ.
Tanjan bich kuṛîâṅ jhiṛakdîâṅ, bich vî galî de ranâṅ.
Ḍhulke merâ joban bich râhîṅ pai gîâ, mainûṅ disdâ obhâ kammâṅ.
Je jânâṅ mainûṅ kajiâ painge, to nij Siyâle jammâṅ!
Manjhî âiâṅ, châk nahîṅ âiâ, manjhî nûṅ kis bidh talle?
Âj Rânjhe ghar Hîr de nahîṅ âiâ, khabar nahîṅ bich bele.

The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come, and I search for him in the forests.
I will rub his feet and knead his hands, that is my favorite.
My youth is fleeting and none can stay the flowing waters.
When I go abroad my father Chûchak scoldeth, when I return home my mother Jullî.
When I go the mosque Fattû the Qâzî scoldeth and at home my uncle Kaidû, the cripple.
The maids jeer at me in the spinning place and the women even in the lanes.
My youth declining hath gone far away and seemeth afar off.
Had I known that I would fall into such trouble I would never have been born among the Siyâls!
The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come: how have the buffaloes come?
To-day Rânjhâ hath not come to Hîr's house and there is no news of him in the forests.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dûdhâṅ-wâle dûdh sambhâle, Gurûṅ ne sambhâle chele.
Hîr hathnî, muhâwat Miyâṅ Rânjhâ; mainûṅ jûṅ bhâve tûṅ palle.
Yâr yâroṅ koloṅ bidhiâ mangde, jûṅ Gurûṅ se chele.
Châroṅ nain kaṭṭâ-baddâ ho gae, ḍhâloṅ soṅ sele.
Bele bich phirdî dî lungî pâṭ gaî, bhaj gaî sûhî tele.
Ab de bichhṛe kadî milenge, hovenge sababoṅ de mele!
Suniye, Khwâjiâ Bâbâ, jandiâ merâ châk tere sâmbhe.
Sap na laṛe, sher nâ bhenke, chor nâ chaṛhe lâmbe!
Âiâ Sâwan, dil parchâwan, Dhartî chhaḍîâṅ sîrâṅ.
Nadhiâṅ nûṅ bar mâpe de lîe, tainûṅ Hîr nûṅ Panjâṅ Pîrâṅ.

Milkmen watch their milk and Gurûs watch their disciples.
(I) Hîr am an elephant, and Miyâṅ Rânjhâ is my driver: thou canst use me as thou wilt.
Friends take leave of friends, as Gurûs do of their disciples.
Our four eyes met, as spear against shield.
Wandering in the forests my kerchief is torn, and ripped up is my red scarf.
If the separated meet again, happy will be the meeting!
Hear, O saintly Khwâjâ,* my errant servant is under thy care.
Let no snake bite him, no lion frighten him, no thief trouble him!
The rains† have come and my heart rejoices and the Earth brings forth.
Parents shall find husbands for their maids and the Panj Pîr for Hîr.

---

* Shekh Farîdu'ddîn Shakarganj, the great saint of Pâk Paṭṭan and patron saint of the Siyâls; commonly also called Bâbâ Farîd.
† The season of rejoicing to Indian women.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Sunîye, we nâlîâṅ, ḍaṭhiâ bhâliâ: kyûṅ bûṭe paṭdâ kâhîṅ?
Shahr dariyâwân dî rîsâṅ kardâ, tûṅ tul chhapṛe de nâîṅ?
Aisî pattan manjî langîâṅ, aisî pattan gâîṅ.
Aisî pattan Miyâṅ Rânjhâ langh gîâ, merâ Hîr nadhî dâ sâîṅ.
Je phakaroṅ dî doâ lag jâe, tainûṅ phir bagegâ nâhîṅ.
Sarpar Hîr ne Rânjhe nûṅ milnâ, bhâveṅ jân jâve ajâîṅ.
Rain andherî; galîâṅ chîkar; bijlî lasak ḍarâve.
Dhartî Mâtâ mainûṅ bel nahîṅ ḍindî; maithoṅ ambar chaṛhâ nahîṅ jâe.
Khabbe jâveṅ sher bahakdâ, sajje basîr khâve:
Sarpar Hîr ne Rânjhe nûṅ milnâ, jûṅ Kâjir* nûṅ bhâve.
Mulk Rabbânâ paike so gîâ, mainûṅ lâiâṅ tattî nûṅ sânghâṅ.

Hear, O thou stream, I know thee well: why dost thou throw down the trees?
Dost rival the great rivers, that art not even equal to the ponds?
Such a ford can buffaloes cross, such a passage can cows.
Such a ford can Miyâṅ Rânjhâ cross, the lord of Hir, the maid.
If a *faqîr* curse thee thou shalt no longer flow.
Hîr shall surely meet Rânjhâ, though she lose her life.
The night is dark and the lanes muddy and the lightning frighteneth me.
Mother Earth giveth me no cover and I cannot climb to the heavens.
If I go to the left lions frighten me, if I go to the right serpents bite me:
But Hîr shall surely meet Rânjhâ, if God be favourable.
God's earth doth sleep, but I the wretched am pierced with the arrows (of grief).

---

* For *Qâdir*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dûdhoṅwâla dûdh sambhâle, Shahreṅ miliâṅ bângâṅ.
Milnâ hai tû mil paṛ, Rânjhiâ; nahîṅ, merî jân nikal chaliâṅ châṅgûṅ.
Sap shî mainûṅ khân nûṅ âwande, pânî diâṅ chaṛh gîâṅ kânghâṅ.
Manjhî manjhî sab koî âdhâ, manjhî han hûrâṅ parîâṅ.
Sing manjhî deṛ balbal khûṇḍe, paṭ par sawândiâṅ thaliâṅ.
Dûdh manjhî de sharbat miṭhe, ghiû misrî dî ḍalîâṅ.
Bâhir jân jî sahâwan, ghar âwan to galîâṅ.
Â, Miyâṅ Rânjhâ, chaupaṭ khele, khasmoṅ nûṅ khâdîâṅ kheṛîâṅ.
Âshak te mâshûkâṅ dîâṅ gallâṅ bich jag de ṭurîâṅ."

The milkmen have collected the milk and the cry (to prayer) resounds through the city.*
If thou wilt meet me, Rânjhâ, meet me, or my life will depart in tears.
Serpents and lions come to destroy me and the waters have risen on high.
All call them buffaloes, but the buffaloes are spirits and fairies.
The buffaloes' horns are beautifully curved and their buttocks fat.
The buffaloes' milk is sweet as sugar and the butter as sugar-candy.
Going out they beautify the fields, coming home the lanes.
Come, my Lord Rânjhâ, let us play at *chaupaṛ*,† and let the buffaloes go home.
The story of lover and beloved is known throughout the world."

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* *i.e.*, it is morning.
† See Vol. I., p. 243; and Vol. II., p. 282.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

265 "Mâṛî jon zât châkâṅ dî, bad boî mandî âve.
Kî tûṅ kisî dî gândhî lûṭî, âkhe tûṅ Hîre kulâve ?
Bukal kholke dikhâ, Rânjhiâ, tainûṅ mushk chandan dâ âve."
Bukal Rânjhe de bich Hîr sî, je Rabb parḍâ pâve.
"Mâṛî jât sâḍî banâudâ, tainûṅ sharam na âve !
270 Nâ maiṅ kisî dî gândhî lûṭî, nâ hai merî Hîr kulâve.
Chandan rukh Kashmîroṅ ḍub piâ, bahan piâ harâve :
Kheke manjhî chandan nâl, langhdiâṅ mushk manjhî te âve."
Jad bukal kholke dîkhâ lî Rânjhâ, pichoṅ Hîr nazar na âve !
Rânjhâ jatî Maujû dâ beṭâ, Rabb oh dî sharam rakhâve !

---

265 Said Paṭhân: "A low set are servants and bad to the smell.*
Hast thou stolen some sweet perfume, or is Hîr embracing thee ?
Raise up thy arm, Rânjhâ, for thou dost smell of sandal-wood."†
Hîr was under Rânjhâ's arm, but God hid her.
(Said Rânjhâ): "Thou dost call me a low man and hast no shame !
270 I have stolen no sweet perfume, nor is Hîr embracing me.
A sandal-tree had been cut in Kashmîr and floated down the river :
The buffaloes (in crossing it) ran against the sandal-tree and the scent stuck to the buffaloes."
Then Rânjhâ raised up his arms and there was no sign of Hîr !
And God preserved the virtuous Rânjhâ, the son of Maujû, from shame !

---

* The story progresses, and Paṭhân, Hîr's brother, tries to catch Rânjhâ with Hîr and fails.
† *i.e.*, sweetly.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Akhâṅ sachî, âkh sunâwâṅ, tainûṅ sachî âkh sunâî :
Eh le apnâ bhugal bhûrâ, eh kharîâṅ han manjhî dî gâîṅ.
Tuhâ nûṅ daulatmandâṅ nûṅ châk bahutere, sânûṅ châkarâṅ nûṅ bahutere thâîṅ.
Uḍe hans, uḍe nahîṅ bhande, uḍke jân surgâṅ de tâîṅ.
Pânâṅ dî bâṛî nûṅ râkhe bahutere, bhawarâṅ de phûlâṅ de tâîṅ.
Bîr Paṭhân mainûṅ mihine mârenṅ, merâ rahinâ mubârik nâîṅ.
Hîr, oh dî yârî lâwan, sher jagâwan, nâg jagâwan kâlî.
Siroṅ dharoṅ dî bâjî lag gaî, tûṅ chal nahîṅ jândâ châlî."
Paṭ paṭ siṭdî nûṇḍîâṅ, kes makhan dî pâlî.
"Iko lag gaî, tû chhoḍî jândâṅ, kache mâhî, bâbal Chûchak bâlî!"

(Said Rânjhâ to Hîr): "I speak the truth and I tell thee truth :
Take thy brown blanket and the cow-buffaloes that are standing (waiting).
Ye rich can find many servants, and we servants many a place.
The flying swans cannot be stayed, and fly to the heavens.
The betel-fields have many a keeper and flowers many a bee.
Thy brother Paṭhân doth threaten me and it is not well that I remain.
O Hîr, to fall in love with thee is to awaken lions and black snakes.
It is a stake of heads and bodies and thou dost not know how to play."
She tore the hair of her head and her locks nurtured on butter (and Hîr said):
"Thou wretched neatherd, thou wouldst desert the daughter of Chûchak at the first reproach!"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Kaidû eh dâ âkhâṅ, sachî âkh sunâwâṅ, tainûṅ âkh sunâî.
Makkoṅ ṭurke hâjî â gîâ; â gîâ, Rânjhe, tere tâîṅ.
Tîn din mainûṅ bhûke nûṅ ho gae, kite roṭî hath na âî.
Wâste Rabb de roṭî mainûṅ châk de, tûṅ jîve jagâṅ tâîṅ.
Makkioṅ ṭurke hâjî, Kaidû, â gîâ Rânjheṅ tâîṅ."
"Bich ujâṛ de langaṛ bhâldâ? Ithe kin ne deg charhâî?
Aṭṭhoṅ pahroṅ mainûṅ roṭî âwandi, hâṅ Chûchak Mihar dâ mâhî.
Je tûṅ bhuṭṭa bhûkâ, pai jâ Siyâlâṅ dî râhî."
"Adhî nâloṅ chappâ de de, pinnî nâloṅ bhorâ.
Awal pun sârî dâ kar de, agle jug dâ dohrâ."
Jad Rânjhe sawâl Kaidû dâ suniâ, palle Kaidû de chûrî pâî.

Saith Kaidû,* "I speak truth and speak it to thee.
I am come a pilgrim from Makkâ, O Rânjhâ, to thee.
Three days have I been hungry and had no bread at all.
Give me bread for God's sake, thou servant, and mayest thou live for ever.
I, Kaidû, am come a pilgrim from Makkâ to Rânjhâ."
"Who can light a hearth in the wilds? Who can put a cauldron (on the fire) here?
I am the neatherd of Mihar Chûchak and get my bread once in the eight watches.
If thou art very hungry take thy way to the Siyâls."
"Give me half of half a piece or a quarter of a piece (of sweetmeat).
Give me first all the bread, that thou mayest win double in the next world."
When Rânjhâ heard Kaidû's speech, he put some cakes into Kaidû's wallet.

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* Hîr's uncle.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Leke chûrî Kaidû ṭur piâ, âke Siyâle vich dinde dhâî:
"Hîr tâṅ Rânjhâ maiṅ bich bele de dekhâ, jhûṭ boldâ nâhîṅ.
Hîr leke Rânjhâ chalâ jâo, lâj Siyâlâṅ nûṅ lâîṅ."

Eh gall jadoṅ Siyâle ne sun lî, Hîr Kâjî de parhne pâî.
"Eh karam bich Siyâlâṅ de nâhîṅ; tû pai jâ mâpiâṅ de râhîṅ.
Samajh siyânâ ban jâ, Hîre, pai jâ Kheṛoṅ de râhîṅ.
Kheṛe tainûṅ biyâhke le jâwango, rassî pâwange bâhîṅ.
Jeṛe Rânjhe dâ mân kârdî hai, oh châk nahîṅ kisî tâhîṅ."
Phattû Kâjî Hîr nûṅ samjhâutâ: "Bich tû Bahishtoṅ Dozakh nûṅ na jâîṅ."
"Sun, we Kâjî pâk namâjî; tainûṅ kahinde haiṅ, 'Miyâṅ! Miyâṅ!'

Taking the cakes Kaidû went and cried out amid the Siyâls:
"I have seen Hîr and Rânjhâ in the forests, and I tell no lies.
Rânjhâ will take away Hîr, and there will be shame to the Siyâls."

When the Siyâls heard this, they sent Hîr to be taught by the Qâzî.
(Said the Qâzî to Hîr): "This is not like the Siyâls: follow thou the way of thy parents.
Be wise, O Hîr, and go the way of the Kheṛâs.
The Kheṛâs will take thee away in marriage and will bind thine arms with a rope.
The Rânjhâ on whom thine heart is set is but a worthless neatherd."
Said Fattû, the Qâzî, to Hîr: "Go not from Heaven to Hell."
(Said Hîr): "Hear, O holy Qâzî; men call thee, 'Lord, Lord!'

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

'Miyâṅ' khalkat Rabb Sache nûṅ kahindî, jeṛâ rizak dindâ sab jiyâṅ !
Hîr, maiṅ Dhartî; merâ hal Miyâṅ Rânjhâ, nit uṭh mârdâ sîmâṅ.
Post hoke, merî haḍḍî rawan gîâ, oh de pîte bâj na jîwâṅ.
Khoke Rânjhe te Kheṛiâṅ nûṅ dindâ terâ kyûṅkar bagdâ hîâṅ ?
Je tainûṅ Kheṛe bahut piâre, Kâjiâ, dolî bich pâ de apnî dhîâṅ !"
"Samajh siyânî chhaḍ de takabbar, pakaṛ halemî ban jâ Kheṛiôṅ dî bândî.
Sombî rûpâ nâl lâviṅ jarânâ, Kheṛe chhaḍḍî korî chândî.
Sir toṅ nangî, paironṅ se nangî, hâl fakîrâṅ de jândî.
Terî ṭûṭî jûtî, pâṭî lungî, pairâṅ dî gard sir nûṅ jândî.
Unche dhaular Sîde de sunharî chhajjî, uthe pawan hulârî khândî.

And men call the True God 'Lord', that giveth sustenance to all !
I, Hîr, am the Earth, and Miyâṅ Rânjhâ is my plough that ever plougheth.
Like opium he hath entered my bones, and I cannot live without drinking (him).
How can thy heart brook that thou take me from Rânjha and give me to the Kheṛâs ?
O Qâzî, if thou so lovest the Kheṛâs, give them thy own daughter in marriage !"
"Be wise and give up thy pride, and be humble, and be the maid of the Kheṛâs.
Thou dost attach thyself to false silver and leavest the true silver of the Kheṛâs.
Thou wilṭ become as a *faqîr* with bare head and naked feet.
Thy shoes will be worn out and thy skirt tattered and the dust of thy feet will fly to thy head.
In the lattices of the lofty palace of Sîdâ the cool air plays.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chhaḍke Kheṛâṅ nûṅ pallâ Rânjhe dâ phaṛdî haiṅ, Bahishtoṅ Dozakh nûṅ jândî."
"Sun, we Kâjî pâk namâjî, kâgaj likhdâ bagge:
Ag lag jâe terâ ghar, jal jâe balan kitâbâṅ sabbhe!
Put mar jâe, nûh raṇḍî bah jâe, tere âve jâîâṅ de agge!
Hakk Rânjhe dâ Kheṛoṅ dindâ; tere bhâ kabarâṅ nûṅ lagge!"

"Âkhâṅ sachî, akh sunâwâṅ, maiṅ dewâṅ, Kâjî, dohâî.
Hîr mere te paṛhdî nâhîṅ, oh mere paṛhândî nâhîṅ."
Panje Kheṛe kaṭṭhe ho gae, takiâ majlis lâî.
Ik kahinde haiṇ: "Hîr dâ sâkhâ Mabbû Sunâre nûṅ de do; oh dî daulat kammî nâ kâî."
Ik kahiṅde haiṅ: "Hîr dâ sâkhâ Adalî Râjâ nûṅ de do; oh dî hai baḍi bâdshâhî."

To leave the Kheṛâs and to seize the skirt of Rânjhâ is to go from Heaven to Hell."
"Hear, O holy Qâzî, that writest on the white papers:
Fire seize thy house and burn all thy books!
May thy son die and his wife be a widow and thy daughter suffer!
Thou givest Rânjhâ's right to the Kheṛâs: fire burn thy grave!"

(Said the Qâzî to the Siyâls): "I tell you truth, and I, the Qâzî, claim your protection.
Hîr listeneth not to me, nor can be made to listen."
The heads of the Kheṛâs gathered together and held a meeting.
Said one: "Give Hîr in marriage to Mabbû, the Goldsmith, that hath no lack of wealth."
Said another: "Give Hîr in marriage to Râjâ Adalî,* that hath a great empire."

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* See below in this poem line 607 ff.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Chûchak kahindâ: "Hîr dâ sâkhâ Rânjhe nûn de do, jeṛâ ghar sâḍe dâ mâhî."
Kaidû kahindâ: "Hîr Kheṛioṅ de do; maiṅ sachî âkh sunâî."
Itnî gall majlis bich ho gaî, Hîr dî kîtî Sîde Kheṛe nûṅ kuṛmâhî.

"Chaṛhdîâṅ nadîâṅ paiudîâṅ lashkâṅ, meṛîâṅ ankhîâṅ Rânjhe dîâṅ dukhâîâṅ.
Jûṅ jûṅ manjhî de magaroṅ phirdâ, dukhdî dûn sawâîâṅ.
Pardesîâṅ de dukh kaun bande, bâz apnî mâîâṅ?
Nâ maiṅ lîâṅ rok rupae, na ginke liâṅ chhamâîâṅ.
Siyâlâṅ vichh âke kî dhan kaṭṭhiâṅ? Lakh badîâṅ sarûîâṅ!
Tainûṅ biyâhke le jâo Sîdâ, maiṅ kyûṅkar ralâṅ bhâîâṅ?
Kin tere hatth gânâ bandhâ? Kin terî mehndî lâî?

Said Chûchak: "Give Hîr in marriage to Rânjhâ, the neatherd of my house."
Said Kaidû: "Give Hîr to the Kheṛûs; it is truth that I say."
When this had been said at the meeting, Hîr was betrothed to Sîdâ, the Kheṛâ.

(Said Rânjhâ): "The strong currents of the rivers have risen and the eyes of me, Rânjhâ, are troubled.
They are greatly troubled, as I wander after the buffaloes.
Who shall know the trouble of a stranger, but his own mother?
Neither did I take any money, nor did I receive any pay.
Have I gathered any wealth by coming to the Siyâls? But I have endured a thousand reproaches!
When Sîdâ takes thee away as a bride, how shall I meet my brethren?"
(Said Hîr) "Who shall bind on the marriage bracelets? Who shall stain thee with henna?

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kîde ghar tainûṅ biyâhan jânâ? Kîdâ banwangâ jamâî?"
"Mohanâ Bâhman mere gânâ bândhâ: Phattî Nâin ne mehndî lâî.
Ralke kuṛîâṅ ne buṭnâ lâiâ, heṭ Rânjhe de chaukî dhâî.
Ghar Chûchak de biyâhan jânâ; maiṅ banâṅ Siyâlâṅ dâ jamâî.
Bârâṅ baras unhâṅ dî manjhî châṛîâṅ, maiṅ ginke nahîṅ lî chhamâî.
Lagî sî kachahrî Chûchak Mihar dî, jad mainûṅ Hîr phaṛâî.
Hun koî Hîr khoe luṛe, tâṅ bich Dargâh de dîeṅ dohâî."
Sâṭh suhelîâṅ kaṭṭhîâṅ hoîâṅ, janj dekhan Sîde dâ âî.
Tîn tîn tangalî kanne Sîdâ, sir lungî balî malâhî.
Ankhoṅ kânâ, sir te ganjâ, joṛî bandî nâhîṅ.
"Maiṅ tâṅ mâl Rânjhe dâ, jeṛâ sâḍe ghar dâ mâhî."

Into whose house shalt thou marry? Who shall make thee a son-in-law?"
"Mohan, the Brâhman, shall bind on the bracelet; Fattî, the Barber's wife, shall bring the henna.
The maidens shall anoint me with oil and place the (marriage) throne beneath Rânjhâ.
I will marry into the house of Chûchak; I will be the son-in-law of the Siyâls.
Twelve years have I grazed their buffaloes and have taken no pay.
It was in the assembly of Mihar Chûchak that Hîr was given me.
If any one take her away now I will complain to the Court (of God).
Sixty maidens collected to see the marriage procession of Sîdâ.
Sîdâ had three rings in his ears and a large turban like a boatman.
He was one-eyed and bald-headed and no match for (Hîr)."
(Said Hîr): "I belong to Ranjhâ, the neatherd of our house!"

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Sir par ṭamak paṭâr Kheṛiâṅ rakh lîâ terî prît de mâre.
Takht Hazârâ bâbal dâ chhoṛâ, chhoḍe bîr piâre.
Lâlî bhâbhî rondî chhaḍî, jin uṛde panchhî mâre.
Us Lâlî nûṅ parbaṯ rondî, asî mânas kaun bichâre?
Putr paṭhâṅ de asî châk sadâle, châk honde kaun bichâre?
De jawâb, mûṛ jâ gharoṅ nûṅ, jâke ralîye bhâîchâre."
"Pairâṅ bâj nâ sonde ṭhamâṅ, hathâṅ wâj nahîṅ kaṛiâṅ.
Putrâṅ wâj mâwâṅ nahîṅ sondiâṅ, daulat dîâṅ bharîâṅ.
Bhâîâṅ bâj bahinâṅ nahîṅ sondîâṅ, paṇḍ uḍekeṅ kharîâṅ.
Kanthâṅ bâj nârâṅ nahîṅ sondîâṅ, bhâwâṅ hondîâṅ hûrâṅ parîâṅ.
Rânjhe bâj maiṅ Hîr nahîṅ sondî, bhâwâṅ lakh Kheṛiâṅ dî faujâṅ chaṛhîâṅ.

(Said Rânjhâ): "For thy sake I put the drum and the goods of the Kheṛâs on my head.
I left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers, and my beloved brethren.
I left my brother's wife Lâlî, that kills the flying birds (with her glances).
The (stony) hills would weep for Lâlî, and what am I that am a man?
I, the son of nobles, am called a servant, and who careth for a servant?
Dismiss me that I may go home and mingle with my brethren."
(Said Hîr): "Without feet anklets are useless, and bracelets without arms.
Mothers are useless without sons, though covered with wealth.
Sisters are useless without brothers, that wait beside the roads.
Women are useless without husbands, be they spirits or fairies.
I, Hîr, am useless without Rânjhâ, though thousands of Kheṛâs surround me.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Je mukh mûṛâ Rânjhe yâr, ton hâliâ Dozakh bich saṛîân."

"Reṛû rukh bich gun nâ koî, phirde bhawar piâse.

Barân baras tain manjhî charâîân, hun deke dher dilâse!

Takht Hazârâ bâp dâ chhoṛâ, ronde chhaḍe mâpe.

Bhâî bîr piâre chhaḍe, chhaḍe tâi châche.

Rânjhâ, hans Allah dâ, galiân bich ruldâ, Sîdâ kâg nûn bahâvegî pâse.

Jin hatten ghio khaṇḍ khilâ, kinne chhâb nahin denî bich kânsî?

Oh din chete kar, jis din bele bich âwandî sî âpe.

Tû charh gaî Sîde Kheṛe dî ḍolî: asî jinâ kede parwâr se?"

Hîr âkhdî Rânjhe nûn: "Tûn sâḍe sir dâ sâîn.

If Rânjhâ turn away his face I suffer as in the midst of Hell."

(Said Rânjhâ): "There is no good thing in the *reṛû** tree, and the bees roam about it thirsty.

For twelve years thou madest me graze buffaloes and now thou givest promises!

I left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers and my weeping parents.

I left my dear brethren and my uncles.

Rânjhâ, the swan of God, is wandering in the lanes, while Sîdâ, the crow, is called to thy side.

The days were when thou didst feed me with sugar and *ghî* and put no curds into my cup;

Remember, too, the day when thou didst come of thyself into the forests.

When thou goest in marriage to Sîdâ, the Kheṛâ, with whom shall I dwell in solace?"

Said Hîr to Rânjhâ: "Thou art the lord of my head.

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* The *acacia leucophlœa*.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ohî jâke manjhîâṅ châre ; ohî châre gâîṅ.
Bârâ mahîne Kheṛe kaṭ lain de, tervîṅ mahîne tere khol âî.
Mainûṅ kasam Kurân de ; maiṅ dharam dolândî nahîṅ."

Hîr nûṅ toṛke Rânjhâ muṛ piâ, Siyâlâṅ vich murlî bajâî.
Jadoṅ Rânjhe de bajî murlî, kaṭṭhî ho gaî kul lukâî.
"Agge taiṅ bajâî Hîr kamlî bhûl gaî, hun bhûlnâ kisî ne nâîṅ.
Khâlî kyûṅ pûr bajâwandâ, bâlakiâ ? Takht Hazâre nûṅ jâîṅ !"

Siyâlâṅ toṅ ṭur piâ Rânjhâ, lagâ Takht Hazârâ dî râhîṅ.
Lâlî kahindî, "Chalo, suhelio, ral dekheṅ chalîye sâḍe debar ne bahuṭṭî ândî.
Khûh de utte lîâ utârâ, piṇḍ na baṛî sarmândî.

Go and graze the same buffaloes ; go and graze the same cows.
Let me spend twelve months with the Kheṛâs and in the thirteenth month I will come to thee.
Let me take an oath on the Qurân : I go not back on my word."

Leaving Hîr Rânjhâ returned and played his flute among the Siyâls.
When Rânjhâ played his flute all the people collected, (And said) : "Before, when thou didst play (on thy flute) thou didst deceive the foolish Hîr, now thou dost deceive no one.
Why dost play the flute, boy ? Better go back to Takht Hazârâ !"

Rânjhâ left the Siyâls and took the road to Takht Hazârâ.
Said Lâlî : "Come, my maids, let us go together to see the bride my brother-in-law hath brought.
She must have stayed at the well, too shy to enter the village :

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Kânî jaisî patlî, nau nau jhoṭî khândî!
Akkâṅ vichh mewe bhâldî, ṭor ṭor phale khândî.
Dhî Chûchak dî, bahin Paṭhân dî, Jaṭṭî kawârî ṭorke ândî."
"Hîr khusî te kajjî pai gaî; Lâlo; taiṅ kyûṅ bolî lâî?
Sîne sâng lagî phalâdoṅ* hatheṅ âp dî lâî.
Chhaḍke Hîr nûṅ muṛke âiâ tere tâîṅ.
Chelâ ho jâwâṅ Gorakh Nâth dâ, Takht Hazâre muṛke âwâṅ nâhîṅ."
"Nain nigârâ lâlâṅ bich rang mahil de bharde.
Hoṭh chhâre, dand badânâ, riwâre jabâ de phirde.
Atiâṅ-jatiâṅ maṛoṛâṅ-wâle maiṅ bahle dekh le tharde.
Je ṭerâ chit kardâ Takht Hazâre, â jâ; nahîṅ, moṛe muṛde."
"Pattâ mâr, phakîrî karîye, Allâh de log sadâe.

One-eyed and so slender, that she bends down nine times!
She finds fruit in the *ak*† plant and plucks and eats it.
The daughter of Chûchak and sister of Paṭhân, the Jaṭṭ maiden is brought here."
(Said Rânjhâ): "Lâlo, Hîr hath been torn from me, why dost thou tease me?
Thou dost thrust a spear of steel into my breast.
Leaving Hîr I am come back to thee.
I will become a follower of Gorakh Nâth and come back to Takht Hazârâ no more."
"The glory of thine eyes hath entered the palace.
Thy lips are dates, and thy teeth pomegranate seeds, and thy speech sweetmeats.
I have seen many proud men like thee brought to ruin.
If thou dost regard Takht Hazârâ come or go back."
"We should slay our pride and become saints and be called the people of God.

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* For *faulâd*.
† The *ak* is a poisonous plant, *asclepias gigantea*: these two lines are ironical.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Utte dhîraj de âsan karke kis nûṅ hâl sunâe ?
Lâlṛî wandî lâl nahîṅ bandî, bhâveṅ sattar âb chaṛhâe.
Lâlâṅ dî lâlî kadhî nahîṅ jândî, bhâwâṅ sattar bhasham ralâe.
Be-aslâṅ de asal nahîṅ bande, bhâṅweṅ sattar ilam paṛhâe.
Hansâṅ de bache kâg nahîṅ bande, bhawâṅ ṛûṛî lâ bahâe.
Tâzî dî aswârî karke, terâ ṭaṭû dâ kî sarâhî ?
Be-kadaroṅ dî yârî koloṅ je ṭuṭ jâe, tâṅ lakh pâe."

Sûbeh sâr phajar dâ velâ Rânjhe Ṭille dâ râh pachhâiâ.
Jûṅ jûṅ Ṭillâ neṛe âwandâ dîdâ don sawâiâ !
Bhenkan sher, chaniṅ na oh nûṅ dehdâ ; Rânjhâ boldâ nahîṅ bulâiâ.

Sitting on the seat of patience we should not complain ?
Carats* will never be rubies, though washed in 70 waters :
The redness of the ruby will never depart, though rubbed in 70 ashes.
The base will never be noble, though thou try 70 plans.
The cygnet will never be a crow, though it stands upon a dunghill.
He that rides an Arab horse, will he admire thy pony ?
When unrequitted love is gone a *lâkh* (of rupees) is gained."

It was the hour of early morn when Rânjhâ found the road to (Gorakh Nâth's) Ṭillâ.†
As he approached the Ṭillâ its glory increased !
The lions roared and he could not see the hill, nor spake Rânjhâ when called.‡

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* The *lâlṛî* is a small red seed used in weighing precious stones.
† In the Gujrânwâlâ District.
‡ As he was so frightened.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Aukhî ghâṭî, bakṛâ paindâ; Rânjhe sambhâlke pair ṭakâiâ.
Astâ Mastâ Jogî baiṭhe; Rânjhe ne dohâṅ nûṅ sîs niwâiâ.
Panj rupae, tâṅ pânâṅ dâ beṛâ, pahilî bhaiṇṭ chaṛhâiâ.
"Maujû dâ put, maiṅ Matte dâ potâ, jog lain nûṅ chalke âiâ.
Kan phâṛke mundrâṅ pâ deo, mainûṅ chaṛh jâ rûp sawâiâ."
"Mâpiâṅ jhiṛkî kî? Tûṅ rizak bhonâ, Jogîâṅ dî kolî lag khaṛoveṅ?
Chaubî hazâr sâṅs hî tainûṅ hâsil koî nâ hoveṅ.
Jis banjâre nûṅ ghâṭâ â gîâ, so banjârâ roveṅ.
Chelâ ban chalâṅ Gorakh Nâth dâ, Chaudhar Takht Hazâre dî khoveṅ."
Ṭille utte Gorakh baiṭhâ, Gorakh baḍâ asânî.*

The way was difficult and the road was steep and Rânjhâ walked with care.
Astâ and Mastâ, the Jogîs,† were sitting there, and Rânjhâ bowed his head to them.
He offered them five rupees and betel leaves‡ (and said):
"I, the son of Maujû and grandson of Mattâ, am come to take the saintship.
Bore my ears and put in the rings, that my beauty may increase."
(Said they): "Have thy parents scolded? Is thy living hard, that thou art standing by the Jogîs?
Of 24,000 (departed) breaths thou canst not recall one.
If a merchant suffer loss that merchant weeps.
If thou become a disciple of Gorakh Nâth thou wilt lose the Chiefship of Takht Hazârâ."
Gorakh sitting at his Ṭillâ was very gracious.

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* For *ahsânî*.
† Followers of Gorakh Nâth.
‡ A customary present.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

" Kan phâṛke mere mundrâṅ pâ de, sîlî de mîrgânî.
Nagarî sârî chîtke le âwâṅ, ghat dewâṅ dhûâṅ te pânî.
Hor chele sab urle parle, maiṅ, Rânjhâ, châk madâmî."
" Kanak bhaṛolî, ghio ghar, ghar mânî duniyâ dî bhog.
Dekh bagânîâṅ tarîmtâṅ, haḍ bihâ jadâṅ rog.
Jadâṅ, bâlakîâ, karegâ phakîrî, ab mukhṛâ nâ hog.
Âkh Gorakh dâ mân le, aukhâ kaṭhân hai jog."
" Takht Hazâroṅ maiṅ chalke â gîâ, sun le, Gorakh Sâîṅ.
Maujû dâ put, maiṅ Matte dâ potâ, mainûṅ ruliâ hoîâ bhale nâhiṅ.
Jog dâ khilat gal mere pâ de, sir munke soṛ banâîṅ.
Hatth baṅhke kardâ bintî, mainûṅ charnâṅ apne lâîṅ."

(Said Rânjhâ): "Bore my ears and put in the rings and give me the deer-skin cloak.
I will beg through the whole city for thee and tend thy fire and water.
Thy other followers are here and there, I, Rânjhâ, will ever be thy servant."
(Said Gorakh): "There is gold and *ghî* in thy house, and thou dost enjoy at home the pleasures of the world.
Gazing on strange women thou art bringing misery on thyself.
My son, when thou hast become a *faqîr*, thy face will not be as now.
Hear the words of Gorakh, the saintship is a difficult thing."
"Hear, my Lord Gorakh, I am come from Takht Hazârâ:
I am the son of Maujû and the grandson of Mattâ, think me no wanderer.
Put the garment of the saintship round my neck and shave my head.
With joined hands I pray and place my head at thy feet."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Ajmat* nâoṅ kahar dâ dhakkâ, aukhî hai ghâṭ phakîrî.
Roṛâṅ tekṛiâṅ bich bâsâ sâḍâ; sâ te kehe mangdâṅ Gurpîrî?
Kan phâṛke mundrâṅ pâ deâṅ lahû dî bag jâe tatîrî.
Kâliâṅ keshâṅ bich bhasham ralâ deâṅ, terî chhaḍungâ nâ garmîrî.
425 Mâmâ ne pakiâṅ, putâṅ ne khâḍiâṅ; koî nahîṅ shahr jagîrî.
Bhûṅîṅ sonâ te dhûṅîṅ tapnâ; nahiṅ koî palang palghanîrî."

Ṭille uttoṅ Rânjhâ utarîâ, Gorakh dâ nâdh churâiâ.
Nawâṅ Nâthâṅ de akkh bachâe, Rânjhâ Naî Chandal nûṅ dhâiâ.
Bich baretî de nâdh ḍabiâ, oh de utte âsan bichhâiâ.

"The name of greatness bringeth blows, and the saintship is a difficult path.
I live among the stones and potsherds:—is this the Saintship thou dost want from me?
If I bore thy ears and put in the rings, the drops of blood will fall.
If I rub ashes into thy black locks, I shall destroy the pride.
425 Mothers cook and sons eat, but I have no cities and lands (to give thee).
I sleep on the ground and warm myself at the fire: I have no bed and covering."

Rânjhâ descended the Ṭillâ and stole Gorakh Nâth's conch.
Escaping the eyes of the Nine Nâths Rânjhâ went to the Chândal (Chinâb) River.
He buried the conch in the sand and made his seat above it.

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* For *'azmat.*

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Dhartî Mâtâ dî sompâ kîtî, Khwâjâ Pîr dhyâiâ.
"Eh tâṅ nâdh tusîṅ kisî nûṅ denâ nâhîṅ, je koî Jogî âiâ."
Nâdh ḍubke Rânjhâ muṛiâ Gorakh dî dhûṅî nûṅ âiâ.
Gorakh âkhdâ: "Bachâ, yârâṅ chorâṅ dî mat na jândî, bhawâṅ satar hoî siânâ.
Pakkâ dhâm merâ ṭhaṇḍâ ho gîâ, bîte bakhat biâhnâ.
Nau sai chappî paî kharke, bhûkâṅ Jogî mar gîâ kamlânâ.
Ithoṅ nâdh phaṛâîṅ, bâlakiâ, je koî ṭukrâ khânâ."
"Choriâṅ te badnâmiâṅ dindâ! Tere akhal thikâne nâîṅ.
Takht Hazâre dâ Chaudharî, koî mainûṅ evîṅ kamîn jâne nâîṅ."
Kânîpâ chelâ âkhdâ: "Suneṅ, Gorakh Sâîṅ,
Nâdh terâ Rânjhe Jaṭṭ ne churâiâ, kinî sadh ne churâiâ nâîṅ.

He gave it into the care of Mother Earth and meditated on the Saint Khwâjâ (Khizar and said):
"Give not up this conch to any one, if a Jogî come for it."
Burying the conch Rânjhâ returned to Gorakh's fire.
Said Gorakh: "My son, the plans of libertines and thiefs withstand not, however wise they be.
The cooked food is becoming cold and the time for eating is passing away.
Waiting with 900 bowls the helpless Jogîs will die of hunger.
Bring the conch* here, my son, that they may eat their food."
"Calling me a thief and bad names! Thou hast lost thy senses!
I am the Head of Takht Hazârâ, think me no low man."
Said Kânîpâ, the follower:† "Hear, my Lord Gorakh,
Rânjhâ, the Jaṭṭ, hath stolen thy conch: no one else hath stolen it.

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* By which to call them. † But see Vol. II., p. 16 ff.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Nâdh tere nûṅ baretî khândî, bahindî manjhîṅ gâîṅ.
Dhartî Mâtâ dî sompâ rakhdî, kol Khwâjâ Pîr kîtâ ogâhî.
Hun tâṅ nâdh tainûṅ kadhî nahîṅ thiâunâ, Jaṭṭ ne kaṛaṛî dhâr bagâî.
Eh Jaṭṭ hai barkat-wâliâ, inhâṅ nâdh tainûṅ kadhî vî denâ nâîṅ."
445 "Ṭille utte maiṅ Goṛakh baiṭhâ; Goṛakh hâṅ baḍâ khiḍârî.
Bârâṅ chhakke de nard pheṛâṅ, tere Rânjhâ bâjî jit lewâṅ sârî.
Je bal karâṅ sattar pîr dâ, bhâj jânge ithe, rahnâṅ kisî nûṅ nâhîṅ.
Mârâṅ pawwâ Dhartî nûṅ, gârat kar deâṅ, Khwâjâ dâ sukhâ deâṅ pânî.
Bhalî châhe tâṅnâdh phaṛâ; nahîṅ, kar deâṅ Lankâ Wâlî.

The sand hath eaten thy conch, and cows and buffaloes rest upon it.
He gave it to the care of Mother Earth and made the Saint Khwâjâ (Khizar) witness.
Thou shalt never recover thy conch, for the Jaṭṭ hath buried it deep.
This Jaṭṭ is a wizard and will never give thee thy conch."
445 "I, Goṛakh, am sitting on my Ṭillâ; I, Goṛakh, am a great magician.
I can throw the twelve and move the men (accordingly)* and will win the game from thee, Rânjhâ.
If I use my strength against the 70 Saints they will all fly hence and none will remain.
I will strike the Earth with my shoe and make her sink, and will dry up the waters of Khwâjâ (Khizar†).
If thou desire thy good, then give up the conch, or I will use thee as the Lord of Lankâ.‡

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* See Vol. I., p. 244, &c. † As Lord of the Flood.
‡ Allusion to the tale in the *Râmâyana*. Râvana, Lord of Lankâ, carried off Sîtâ, wife of Râma Chandra, and was slain in revenge,

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Eh gall merî mân le, Rânjhiâ, tainûn sachî âkh sunâî."
Rânjhâ aggioṅ âkhdâ: "Gorakh, mainûn jhûṭîâṅ tohmatâṅ na lâîṅ.
Put maiṅ Maujû dâ, Matte dâ potâ, lakkhâṅ pagâṅ dâ sâîṅ.
Je gîdar-wâlî chungrâhî mârâṅ, tâṅ mere sab âwange bhâî:
Ehnâṅ Jogîâṅ ne bhaj jânâ, ethe rahnâ kisî ne nâîṅ!
Bhalî châhe Gorakh âsan chak le; nahîṅ, dholâṅ khâke jâîṅ.
Hon bhûîṅ zor sârâ lâ le, nâdh bajâî bin dindâ nâîṅ,"

Sajje Rânjhâ nâdh bajâiâ, kabhe murlî bâhî.
Biche ṭuriâṅ bhîrkâṅ, kus bâjî dâ orakh nâîṅ.
Sunke bâjî Devî Mâtâ bhajî, karke sherâṅ dî aswârî.

Listen to my words, Rânjhâ, for I tell thee truth."
Then said Rânjhâ: "Gorakh, bring no false charges against me.
I am the son of Maujû, the grandson of Mattâ, and lord of 100 heads.
If I make a call as a jackal* then all my brethren will come:
And all thy Jogîs will fly hence and none remain!
If thou seek thy good, Gorakh, go hence, or thou wilt be thrust away.
Bring the whole force of the world, and yet I will not give up the conch until I have sounded it."†

On the right Ranjhâ sounded the conch, on the left he played the flute.
There was no end to the music in the conch.
Hearing the music came the Mother Goddess riding on her lion.‡

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* The tribal cry of the Rânjhâ Jaṭṭs to collect the tribe in time of danger. This custom still exists in the Panjâb.
† *i.e.*, made himself as great as Gorakh. ‡ *i.e.*, Durgâ!

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Paune sai chappe Machhandar Nâth de sabhî chaṛhke âe.
Sunke bâji Adalî Râjâ bhajâ âke, bahindâ Kachahrî lâîṅ.
Sunke bâjî chele Gorakh Nâth de khush hoe, sabhnâṅ ne bhalî manâî.
Sunke bâjî Gorakh khush hoiâ, kan phâṛe dî sartî dhâî.
Sajje Rânjhe de pakkî mundrâ, kabhe kachî pâî.
"Chhoṭî nûṅ kahnâ 'bîbî,' bhanâṅ, badî nûṅ kahnâ 'mâî.'
Nagarî sârî chîtke lâîṅ, mere bhikh nûṅ lâj na lâîṅ."
"Rosiâṅ bhajân de kan phâṛdâṅ, terî akal ṭhikâne nâhîṅ.
Kan banânde mundrâ le le, maiṅ Jogî banâṅ nâîṅ.
Jede khâtir maiṅ Jogî ban gîâ, oh nûṅ kyûṅkar âkhâṅ 'mâî'?

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460 Three quarters of a hundred followers of Machhandar Nâth* came together.
Hearing the music came Râjâ Adalî† with his Court.
Hearing the music the followers of Gorakh Nâth were happy and the saints were happy.
Hearing the music Gorakh Nâth was pleased and made ready to bore (Rânjhâ's) ears.
Into Rânjhâ's right ear he put a *pakkâ* ring, and into his left ear a *kachâ* one.‡
465 (Said Gorakh Nâth to Rânjhâ): "My Saint, call the young women 'sister' and the old women 'mother.'
Beg throughout the whole city and bring no shame to my (profession of) begging."
(Said Rânjhâ): "Hast lost thy senses that thou borest the ears of runaways and fugitives.
Make whole my ears and take thy rings, I will be no Jogî.
How shall I call her 'mother,' for whose sake I would be a Jogî?

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* See Legend of Gopî Chand, *ante, passim.* † See below line 607.
‡ *Kachâ* and *pakkâ* mean respectively unbaked and baked pottery, of which material the rings were made.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jogî banâṅ, mihinâṅ lâj sâḍî kul nûṅ lâî."
"Sun, Rânjhiâ, maiṅ tainûṅ âkhdâ, Gorakh Sâîṅ:
Jeṛîâṅ gallâṅ tusâṅ te bakhshâunâ, eh sâḍe karam phakîrâṅ de nâîṅ.
Jâ, Rânjhiâ, tainûṅ Hîr bakhshî Makke Maḍîne tâîṅ.
Hîr terî, tûṅ Hîr dâ, kitte hor pâse jhânke nâîṅ."

Jog Rânjhâ ne le lîâ, Hîr bhûldî us nûṅ nâîṅ.
"Gurûjî, bhajke kâlâ kâg Hîr dî khabar de mangâîṅ."
Gorakh kâg nûṅ âkhdâ, "Tûṅ Kheṛiâṅ nûṅ uḍ jâîṅ:
Uthe Hîr hai Rânjhe dî, oh dî jâke khabar le âîṅ."
Ṭillioṅ kâg uṛ gîâ, Kheṛe barḍâ jâe.
Ghar ghar phirdâ bhâldâ, unhoṅ Hîr thiâwandî nâîṅ.
Ghar Sîde de jâke kâg leṅdâ Rânjhe dâ nâṅ.

If I become a Jogî my family will be disgraced."
"Hear, Ranjhâ, I, the Lord Gorakh, speak to thee:
The thing thou dost desire cannot be granted by a *faqîr*.
Go, Rânjhâ, Hîr is granted thee from Makkâ and Madînâ.*
Hîr is thine and thou Hîr's, and look thou not on another."

Rânjhâ took on the Saintship, but forgot not Hîr.
(Said he): "Sir Gurû (Gorakh Nâth), send thy black crow to bring news of Hîr."
Said Gorakh to his crow: "Fly thou to the Kheṛâs,
Where is Rânjhâ's Hîr, and bring news of her."
The crow flew from the Ṭillâ and entered Kheṛâ.
He looked into every house, but found not Hîr.
The crow went to the house of Sîdâ, and called out Rânjhâ's name, (and said):

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i.e., by Muḥammad, the highest Mussalmân authority.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Rânjhe mainûṅ bhajiâ, Hîre, â gîâ tere pâs,
Je dharam terâ kâim hai, tâṅ ṭur pio sâḍe nâl.
Oh tâṅ Jogî ho gîâ, nit lendâ hai terâ nâṅ."
"Âvîṅ, kâg rasîliâ, âvîṅ mere pâs.
Sau sau salâm tainûṅ maiṅ karâṅ, tûṅ Rânjhe de dâs.
Chûrî kûṭâṅ phul khaṇḍ dî, bhattâ ghî ralâî,
Je Rânjhâ mainûṅ mil pawe, tûṅ eh khâne khâe."
"Akhâṅ sachî, âkh sunâwâṅ, maiṅ jhûṭh boldâ nâîṅ.
Rânjhe mûe nûṅ tin din ho gae, utte Ṭille de kabar banâî.
Maiṅ tâṅ Rânjhâ chele ban ikke Nâth de, donoṅ ban gur-bhâî.
Oh dî tûṅ aurat lagdî, merî lagdî bhujâî,"
Jad eh gall sunî Hîr ne sabar dî mârdî dhân: "Ithoṅ uṛ jâ tûṅ, kâliâ kâwâṅ!
Je Rânjhâ mar gîâ, tâṅ main kaṭârâṅ khâwâṅ."

"Rânjhâ hath sent me, O Hîr, and I am come to thee.
If thou art still faithful, then come with me.
He hath become a Jogî and is ever calling on thy name."
"Come, friendly crow, come to me, (said Hîr):
I make thee a hundred salutations, thou servant of Rânjhâ.
I will make thee cakes of fine sugar and mix butter with thy food.
If thou bring Rânjhâ to me this shall be thy food."
"I say to thee truth and I tell no lies.
Rânjhâ hath been dead there three days and his grave is on (Gorakh Nâth's) Ṭillâ.
I and Rânjhâ were disciples together, the brother-followers of one Nâth.
Thou art his wife and my sister-in-law."
When Hîr heard these words she could keep no patience (and said): "Fly hence, thou black crow!
For if Rânjhâ be dead, then will I stab myself with a dagger."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

"Eh gall hai jhûṭhî, Hîre, maiṅ tainûṅ evîṅ sunâî.
Rânjhâ ho gîâ Jogî, ang babhût charhâe.
Gorakh hoiâ khush utte Rânjhe, oh ne tûṅ bakhshâî.
Maiṅ uḍnâ ithoṅ; de snehâ Rânjhe tâîṅ."
"Uḍîṅ, kâwâṅ kâg rasîliâ, uḍ jâ, kâliâ kâwâṅ.
Ik snehâ maiṅ Tulî ammâṅ nûṅ denâ, oh dî maiṅ kokh vichh samâwâṅ.
Dûjâ snehâ mere Chûchak bâp nûṅ kahnâ, oh de maiṅ mastak charhke âwâṅ.
Ṭîjâ snehâ piṇḍ de panchâṅ nûṅ kahnâ, jinheṅ ditîâṅ Rânjhe nâl lâwâṅ.
Chauthâ snehâ Fatti Nâin nûṅ kahnâ, jis te maiṅ sohnâ sîs gudhâwâṅ.
Panjwâṅ snehâ Fattû Kâjî nûṅ kahnâ, jih dî mahjit* parhne jâwâṅ.

"It was not truth, O Hîr, that I said to thee just now.
Rânjhâ hath become a Jogî and rubbed ashes on his body.
Gorakh hath been pleased with Rânjhâ and given thee to him.
Let me fly hence with a message for Rânjhâ."
"Fly, O friendly crow, fly, O black crow.
My first message is for my mother Tulî, that bore me in her womb.
My second message is for my father Chûchak, from whose head I was born.†
My third message is for the village elders, that gave me in marriage to Rânjhâ.
My fourth message is for Fattî, the Barber's wife, that used to dress my hair so well.
My fifth message is for Fattû, the Qâzî, that taught me in the mosque.

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* For *masjid*.
† Natives believe that the seat of procreation is the forehead.

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Ik snehâ merâ chhatrî ṭâlî nûṅ kahnâ, jithe taiṅ baiṭhke lâwâṅ.
Ik snehâ khandî pîpal nûṅ denâ, jit Sâwan dî pîgîâṅ pâwâṅ.
Ik snehâ merâ Luḍan mallâh nûṅ kahnâ, oh dî beṛî bich chhej bichâwâṅ.
Sârâ snehâ Rânjhe yâr nûṅ denâ, maiṅ jis dî Hîr sadâwâṅ."
Kheṛîâṅ te kâg uṛ piâ Ṭille Gorakh de âiâ.
Pâs Rânjhe de bahke, sârâ Hîr dâ hâl sunâiâ.
"Hîr tûṅ sukh kî kânâ ho gaî, maiṅ âkheṅ vekhke âiâ.
Chhetî, Rânjhiâ, jâîṅ kheṛîâṅ nûṅ": kâg ne Rânjhe nûṅ âkh sunâiâ.

Ṭilloṅ Rânjhâ utariâ, utariâ nâdh bajâe.
Majiloṅ majiloṅ â gîâ, bâg Kheṛiâṅ de lathâ âe.

A message from me is for the spreading tree, beneath which I was married.
A message from me is for the sweet *pîpal* tree, where I used to swing in the rains.*
A message from me is for Luḍan the boatman, that spread my bed in his boat.
Give all my message to my lover Rânjhâ, whose Hîr I call myself."
The crow flew away from Kheṛâ and came to Gorakh's Ṭillâ.
It sat down beside Rânjhâ and told him all the story of Hîr (saying):
"Hîr hath become as a dry reed, I have seen her with my own eyes.
Go quickly, Rânjhâ, to Kheṛâ:" said the crow to Rânjhâ.

Rânjhâ came down from the Ṭillâ sounding his conch.
Stage by stage he came and entered the Kheṛâ's garden.

* Swinging under *pîpal* tree in the month of Sâwan for luck is a universal custom in Northern India among the young.

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Subeh sâr fajar dâ belâ, Rânjhâ Kheṛeṅ baṛiâ bichhâ nûṅ jâe.
Koṭiâ Rânjhe chûrmâṅ, lîâ jholî bich pâe:
Jad piṇḍ de yâne kaṭṭhe ho gae, tâṅ sabhnâṅ nûṅ bartâiâ.
Rânjhe 'âlakh' jagâ dittâ bûhe Bhûge Jaṭṭ Kheṛe de jâe:
Rânjhe bichhâ mangdâ dar Bhûge de nâdh bajâiâ.
Bachiâṅ yâne ne rassî toṛâ lîe, tâṅ gâiâṅ ne ârâ pâiâ.
Phuṭiâṅ dudh dîâṅ kûriâṅ, sârâ dudh saṛâiâ.
Kheṛe kahde: "Eh kî raulâ ho gîâ? Eh sabhrathâ Jogî kidharoṅ âiâ?"
Rânjhâ Hîr dî saunrî jâ baṛâ, bhukke bâj mângoṅ pichhoṅ tâwandâ.
Agge rangale palang utte Hîr baiṭhî, jholî siṭṭke ho gîâ bâwarâ.

It was early morn when Rânjhâ went to the Kheṛâs to beg alms.
Rânjhâ made cakes and put them into his wallet,
And when the village children collected, he distributed them amongst them.
Rânjhâ called '*âlakh*'* before the door of Bhûgâ the Kheṛâ Jaṭṭ:†
And sounding his conch he demanded alms of Bhûgâ.
The young calves tore at their ropes and the cows lowed.‡
They overset the milk-pails and spoilt all the milk.
Said the Kheṛâs: "What is this disturbance? Whence hath come this wizard Jogî?"
Rânjhâ entered the home of Hîr's father-in-law, sorrowing like a hungry falcon.
Hîr was sitting before him on a painted couch, and throwing down his wallet he became frantic.

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* See Vol. I., p 32, etc.
† Should be Siyâl: the father-in-law of Hîr.
‡ *i. e.*, on hearing the conch.

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Jad Rânjhe nâdh bajâî Sîtî khair chîne dâ pâiâ.
"Kidharoṅ â gîâ, Jogîâ? Taiṅ kîshâ makar banâiâ?
Leke bichhâ muṛ jâ; tâṅ kihâ jhagṛâ pâiâ?
Eh ghar hai Sîde Kheṛe dâ: tûṅ ithe kâs nûṅ âiâ?"
"Gorakh Ṭille te Jogî utarâ, Jogî baḍâ nakînâ!
Âke Kheṛeṅ 'âlakh' jagâî, milke baiṭhâ Sîde dâ basî mâṅ.
Âṭe dî bichhâ mainûṅ koî nahîṅ pâwandî, jo koî pâune Nâth nûṅ chînâ!
Âṭe hove sâdh madhû-garî pakâve; terâ bhaṭh nahîṅ bhujdâ, Sîtî, chînâṅ."
"Jamiâ mar jâ, ghaṛiâ bhaj jâ; eh bandâ hai utalî Parbatgâr* dâ.
Sâhûkârâṅ de mâl khizâne luṭ gae; phaṭṭe kâise nûṅ kâh nûṅ chatârdâ?

When Rânjhâ sounded his conch Sîtî brought him some millet as alms (and said):
"Whence comest thou, Jogî? and what is thy story?
Take thy alms and go; why create a disturbance?
This is Sîdâ's house: why hast thou come?"
(Said Rânjhâ): "A Jogî comes from Gorakh's Ṭillâ, and a comely Jogî too!
Coming to Kheṛâ he calls out *'âlakh'* and sits at Sîdâ's threshold.
No (wheaten) flour is given him in alms, but what is given to the Nâth is millet!
Were it (wheaten) flour the saint could cook it: thy millet, Sîtî, will not even parch in an oven."
"What is born will die,† what is made will be broken: man is a creature of God.
Merchants are robbed of their wealth and goods: why art thou grieving over a broken bowl?

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* For *Parwardigâr*. See *ante*, p. 407.
† Sîtî says this: something seems to have been omitted before this speech.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Je taiṅ kâṅsâ maṭṭî dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain kisî kumhâr dâ,
Je taiṅ kâṅsâ lakṛî dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain kisî tarkhân dâ.
Je kâṅsâ chândî sone dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain baṛe sâhûkâr dâ.
Kâṅsâ nâloṅ tainûṅ gaṛwâ le deâṅ, bharke de deâṅ, Nâth, kanak te jawâr dâ.
Mâṛe—mûṭe dâ eh ghar nahiṅ, eh ghar hai Sîde Sardâr dâ.
Â jâe Sîdâ, tere akal gaṅwâve, phir phireṅgâ Hîr nûṅ bhâldâ ?"

Jadoṅ Rânjhe wal Hîr ne dekhâ, uṭhke bah gaî bichârî :
Jad âshikâṅ nûṅ mâshûk mil pie, sukhî harî hoî tarkarî.
Wâste Rânjhe de milan nûṅ Hîr tâṅ Sîti ne banat baṇâî.
Sajje hatth dî ungalî baḍḍî, sar sarap dî lâî.

If thou dost want an earthen bowl, go to some potter's house.
If thou dost want a wooden bowl, go to some carpenter.
If thou dost want a bowl of silver or gold, go to some great merchant.
I will get thee a bowl made and fill it, Nâth, with wheat and millet.
This house belongs to no low man, but to the Lord Sîdâ.
When Sîdâ comes thou wilt be frightened and then where shalt thou find Hîr ?"

When Hîr looked towards Rânjhâ she got up and sat down, and was restless :
When lover meets beloved the flesh grows moist and (then) dry.*
Then Hîr and Sîtî made a plan for (Hîr's) meeting with Rânjhâ.
(Hîr) cut a finger of her right hand (and said) a snake had bitten it.

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* *i.e.*, they become restless.

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" Bhâbû nî, ik Jogî vekhiâ, Jogî anj khiâlî.
Sûkhâṅ banâṅ nûṅ Jogî hare kardâ, pat pat lâwandâ ḍâlî.
Âke Kheṛeṅ 'âlakh' jagâ gîâ; taiṅ kyûṅ kaḍhiâ khâlî?
Akhe tûṅ Jogî nûṅ Kheṛeṅ basâo; nahîṅ, maiṅ, Sîtî, chalnewâlî."
" Kheṛio, Hîr nag ne ḍâṅgî, ḍâṅgî nâg ne yânî.
Ghaṭak lammâṅ, rang dâ sunehrî, kar gîâ mandî bhânî.
Sajje hath dî chîchî par laṛiâ, bis chaṛhdî hai zor dhagânî.
Utteṅ ḍhâb de ik Jogî sunî dâ; oh sar sappâṅ dî jânî."
Sîdâ chalke kol Jogî de â gîâ, hor Sîtî bhî nâl âî.
Hatth baṅhke Sîdâ kardâ arjân: " Sun le, Jogîâ Sâîṅ,
Ikkî Kheṛe bich Chaudharî kahâwâṅ; ghar daulat dî kammî nâîṅ.

(Said Hîr to Sîtî): " O sister, I have seen a Jogî, a Jogî beyond belief.
A Jogî that can make green the dried forest and bring leaves on every branch.
He hath come to the Kheṛâ's and called '*âlakh*'; why dost send him away empty?
Do thou make the Jogî a dweller in Kheṛâ, or, Sîtî, I shall run away."
(Said Sîtî): " O Kheṛâs, a snake hath bitten Hîr, a young snake hath bitten her.
A finger long it was and of golden hue, and it hath put her in sore trouble.
It hath bitten the little finger of her right hand and the poison is strong.
There is a wise Jogî on the hill that knoweth about serpents."
Sîdâ went to the Jogî and Sitî went with him.
Said Sîdâ with joined hands: " Hear, my Lord Jogî,
Thoy call me Chief of the 21 Kheṛâ (clans) and there is no lack of wealth in my house.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Râtîṅ Hîr nûṅ sap laṛ gîâ, bachdî dikhdî nâîṅ."
"Âkhâṅ sachî, âkh sunâwâṅ, merâ jânâ bandâ nâîṅ.
Sânûṅ âsan chhaḍṇâ charaj hai, sâḍî satiâ rahindî nâîṅ.
Je tuhâ nûṅ dard badherî hai, tâṅ lâo sâḍe pâs.
Je shap dâ mârâ mar jâve, maiṅ âpe pâ dewâṅ sâṅs."
Sîtî te Rânjhâ mil gae, ikko kîtî salâh.
Sîdâ muṇḍâ baiṭhâ rah gîâ, unhâṅ kus khabar na sâr.
Dhûîṅ te râkh chakke, dindâ Sîtî de hatth phaṛâî.
"Unhâṅ dhûnî gûgal dî de deo, râjî kare Khudâe."
Muṛke Sîdâ â gîâ, â bahindâ Hîr de pâs:
Jo kus Jogî ne dasiâ, oh kîtâ ilâj:
Hîr aggoṅ vî aukhî ho gaî, bhattî kardî kûk pukâr:
"Nâ ik ghaṛî nûṅ mar jâwângî, le chalo Jogî de pâs."
Ḍolî vichh Hîr pâ lîe, leke ṭure kahâr.

In the night a snake bit (my wife) Hîr and she will not be saved."
"I tell thee truth I cannot go there.
I cannot leave my seat without losing my virtue.
If thou art in great trouble bring her to me.
Even if she be dead of the snake-bite I myself will give her breath."
Sîtî and Rânjhâ together made a plan.
Sîdâ sitting beside them had no knowledge of it.
(Rânjhâ) took some ashes from his fire and gave them into Sîtî's hand (and said):
"Give her incense of my smoke and God will make her well."
Sîdâ went back and sat beside Hîr,
And did all that the Jogî had said.
Hîr then became in great trouble and cried out with a loud voice:
"If thou wouldst not that I die in an hour take me to the Jogî."
They put her into a litter and bearers carried her.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Nâl chimtî de Jogî jhâṛdâ, dittî bis utâr.
Mele bichhṛâṅ de ho gae, yârâṅ nûṅ mildî yâr.
Yârâṅ chorâṅ âshikâṅ dî pat rakhe Kartâr!
Ḍhâb uttoṅ Jogî ṭur piâ, ṭuriâ Sîde de nâl.
Ghar Sîde dâ âke âsan dittâ, chaubâre bich lâe.
Dindâ khalkat nûṅ bûṭṭâṅ te golîâṅ, kardâ jinn bhût de ilâj.

Jad ḅahle din rahinde nûṅ ho gae, tad Hîr de kâḍhan dî kîtî salâh.
Aggioṅ Sîtî boldî: "Tainûṅ sachîâṅ deâṅ sunâe:
Jaisî hai tuhâḍî dohâṅ dî dostî, aisî hai merî Murâd de nâl.
Je tûṅ kalî Hîr nûṅ le giâ, maiṅ dewâṅ dohâî pâe.
Dohâî tainûṅ Gorakh Nâth dî merâ yâr milâe."
Rânjhâ nâdh bajâiâ, Gorakh nûṅ lendâ dhyâe.

The Jogî charmed her with his (fire) tongs and took out the poison.
The separated met and the lover met his lass.
(For) God preserves the honour of lovers and thieves!
The Jogî came down from the hill and went with Sîdâ.
And going to Sîdâ's house took up his abode in the upper story.
Giving the people herbs and medicines he cured (those possessed of) goblins and sprites.

When many days had passed (Rânjhâ) made a plan to carry off Hîr.
Then said Sîtî: "I tell thee truth:
As ye two love, so do I love Murâd.
If thou take off Hîr alone, I will demand redress.
I adjure thee by Gorakh Nâth to bring me to my love."
Rânjhâ sounded his conch and meditated on Gorakh.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Nâdh bich Makke de sun piâ, Murâd Baloch nûṅ âiâ khwâb.
"Tere âshik yâd kardî chhetî mile Sîtî nûṅ jâe."
Jaisâ Sassî nûṅ Punnûṅ mil piâ, aisâ Sîtî nûṅ mile Murâd.
Jeṭhî rât Itwâr dî, Rânjhe lîe Hîr nûṅ churâe.
Leke Hîr nûṅ jhal vichh baṛ gîâ, Kheṛiâṅ nûṅ khabar na sâr.
Sîtî ajân bhî, nahiṅ pîchhâ chhaḍḍî, bâṭî ghar dî jâe.
"Tainûṅ kasam hai Gorakh Nâth de, mainûṅ chhaḍ jâ Murâd de pâs."
Rânjhâ Murâd sadiâ, chhin mâtar bich gîâ âe.
Sitî utte dâchî de châṛh lîe, hoiâ Chinâûṅ pâr.

The sound of the conch reached to Makkâ* and Murâd, the Baloch, had a dream:
(That) his love remembered him and that he should go quickly to Sîtî.
As Punnûṅ went to Sassî,† so Murâd went to Sîtî.
It was on a Sunday night in June that Rânjhâ carried off Hîr.
He took Hîr off into the wilds and the Kheṛâs knew nothing of it.
Nor Sîtî knew, but she followed them and caught them up on the road home (and said):
"I adjure you by Gorakh Nâth leave me with Murâd."
Rânjhâ called Murâd, who came in the twinkling of an eye.
He mounted Sîtî on a camel and was across the Chinâb.

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* *i.e.*, a very long way.
† The hero and heroine of a very old and famous Baloch love tale, found all over the Panjâb in many a form.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Magar khabar Kheṛâṅ nûṅ ho gaî, dittî das Chhattî ne pâe.
"Tuhâḍi Hîr nûṅ Rânjhâ le gîâ, Sîtî nûṅ le gîâ Murâd."
Jadoṅ mahileṅ waṛke Hîr nûṅ na dekhde, ghoṛî lende phakaṛâṅ pâe.
"Chalo Jogî nûṅ chalke maṛîye, dâg gîâ kul nûṅ lâe"—
595 "Sun, be châkâ, chhâ piâkâ, tainûṅ mat na kâî.
Ṭukre khândâ beh subeh, phirdâṅ jû phirâîṅ.
Kaṭṭî bachî châranwâliâ, pâ lîâ taiṅ Kheṛiâṅ dî Hîr churâe.
Jinhâṅ Siyâlâṅ dîâṅ majjî châdâṅ, magare dhâṛ Siyâlâṅ dî âî.
Panj sai ghoṛî Sîde dî gaṛaṛî chambî ghatte uṛdî Kheṛîâṅ dî râhîṅ!"
600 "Nâ maiṅ chaṛh gaî kâlî parbat, nâ Châṅdan Nahâ ṭapâî:

Afterwards Chhattî* gave news to the Kheṛâs, (saying):
"Rânjhâ hath carried off thy Hîr and Murâd hath taken Sîtî."
When they entered the palace and found not Hîr, they saddled their mares,
(And said): "Come, let us slay the Jogî that hath disgraced the family."
595 (Said they): "Hear, O servant, drinker of skimmed milk, thou hast no sense.
Thou dost wander about eating stale bread, wandering in the wilds.
Thou herdsman of young buffaloes, thou hast stolen Hîr of the Kheṛâs.
The Siyâls whose buffaloes thou dost graze are after thee."
"The five hundred bay and grey mares of Sîdâ raise the dust along the path of the Kheṛâs!"
600 (Said Hîr to Rânjhâ): "I have not ascended the dark mountain, nor crossed the Châṅdan (Chinâb) River:

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* One of Hîr's maids.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Nâ dekhiâ Ṭillâ Gorakh Nâth dâ, nâ Takht Hazârâ âî.
Nâ dekhiâ Adalî Shahr suhânâ, jithe bahindâ Kachahrî nâl lâî.
Deke baḍî Aḍalî Râje nûṅ mil pawo, apnî dohâṅ dî jân bachâîṅ.
Tainûṅ mârange, mainûṅ baṅhke le jânge: sâḍî maut ikaṭṭhâṅ dî âî."

Chaṛhke Kheṛiâṅ ne Rânjhâ phaṛ lîâ; kalle dî bâh na chaldî kâî.
Ik kahinde: "Hîr te Rânjhe nûṅ chhaḍ deo; Hîr sâḍe kamm dî nâîṅ."
Ik kahinde: "Adalî Râje kol chalo; inhâṅ use chhaḍo nâîṅ."
Baṅhke Rânjhe nûṅ Râje Adalî de le gae; unheṅ surat Gorakh wal takâî.

Nor have I seen Gorakh Nâth's Ṭillâ, nor reached Takht Hazârâ:
Nor have I seen the beautiful City of Râjâ Adalî, where he sitteth in his Court.
Let us give Râjâ Adalî a bribe and save both our lives.
They will slay thee and take me away bound, and we shall both die together."

The Kheṛâs came up and caught Rânjhâ, for one man's power availeth naught.
Said one: "Let Hîr and Rânjhâ go; Hîr is of no use to us."
Said another: "Let us go to Râjâ Adalî*: release them not here."
They bound Rânjhâ and took him to Râjâ Adalî, while he meditated on Gorakh (Nâth).

* This worthy seems to have been ruling at the time in the neighbourhood of the Kheṛâs' holdings, (?) at Koṭ Addû in the Muzaffargarh District.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Adalî Râjâ Kheṛiâṅ nûṅ âkhdâ: "Eh kaisâ jhagṛâ pâiâ?
Kî tuhâḍiâṅ ghoṛiâṅ kaḍhîâṅ? Kî khizânâ churâiâ?"
"Ãkhâṅ sachîâṅ, âkh sunâwâṅ, Adalî nûṅ, sachî âkh sunâî:
Kalûâ te Tulsîâ Chhiyâlâṅ* te ṭur pie, kar gae Rangpûr Kheṛiâṅ nûṅ dhâî.
Bharî kachahrî vichh Sîdâ Kheṛâ bahe gîâ: oh de mûṅh nûṅ guṛ dî reoṛî lâi.
Baṅhke jan† Sîdâ Siyâlâṅ vichh dhank piâ; agge ghar hai Rânjhâ Chûchak de mâhî.
Fattû Kâjî kahine paṛh lîe, Hîr sharâh de nâl biyâhîṅ.
Lakh rupae vichh Siyâlâṅ de baṇḍiâ, daulat banâṅ de vichh khaḍâî.
Sir Rânjhe de ṭamak de lîâ, âwandâ piṇḍe piṇḍ bajâîṅ.

Said Râjâ Adalî to the Kheṛâs: "What is this quarrel?
Hath he stolen your mares, or money?"
"We say to thee truth, O Adalî:
Kalûâ and Tulsîâ‡ set out from the Siyâls and came to Rangpûr of the Kheṛâs.
Before the whole assembly they sat Sîdâ the Kheṛâ and put the sweets into his mouth.§
Making a marriage procession Sîdâ went to the Siyâls and there found that Rânjhâ was Chûchak's neat-herd.
Fattû, the Qâzî, performed the ceremony and Hîr was married according to the law.
A *lâkh* of rupees was given to the Siyâls and money was scattered in the forests.
The drum was placed on Rânjhâ's head and he played it in every village.

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* For *Siyâlâṅ*. † For *janj*.
‡ The Brâhman messengers to arrange a marriage. This settles the position of the Kheṛâs at Rangpûr in the Muzaffargaṛh District.
§ *i.e.*, betrothed him to Hîr.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jadoṅ Rânjhâ Rangpûr Kheṛiâṅ vichh â gîâ, sohanî mohanî banjalî bajâî.
Sunke banjalî shahr ikaṭṭhâ ho gîâ, inhâṅ parjâ vekheṅ âe.
Biyahîâṅ kuṛîâṅ muṛke sohre nahîṅ jândîâṅ, kawârî koî biyâh karwâ deṅ nâhîṅ.
Mârke dhakke Rânjhe nûṅ bâhar kaḍḍhiâ, kar gîâ Gorakh de Ṭille nûṅ dhâî.
Jâke sidhâṅ dâ nâdh choriâ, inhâṅ kan vichh mundarâṅ pâî.
Ḍhâke Bangâle Jogî paṛhke â gîâ, sikhiâ dî lai bâl gudâî.
Uthoṅ ṭurke Rangpûr Kheṛeṅ â gîâ, âke bâg vichh ḍhûnî lâî.
Sûkhâ bâg hariâ kîtâ, pat pat ḍâlî nûṅ lâî.

When Rânjhâ reached Rangpûr of the Kheṛâs beautifully and ravishingly he played the flute.
Hearing the flute the city collected and all the people came to see.
The married girls would go not to their husbands and maidens would not wed.
So we thrust Rânjhâ away and he went to Gorakh (Nâth's) Ṭillâ.
There he stole the saint's conch and (obliged him to) put the ring in his ears.*
The (new) Jogî went to Ḍhâkâ and Bangâl† and studied and learnt the ways of holiness.
Returning thence he came to Rangpûr Kheṛâ and made his (Jogî's) fire in the garden.
He made the dried up garden green and brought leaves on every branch.

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* *i. e.*, to make him a follower.
† Vague terms, meaning a long way off.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Âṭhoṅ vele Jaṭṭ gaje nûṅ chaṛhdâ, jâke Kheṛiâṅ vichh 'âlakh' jagâî.
Dah ghar choṛhdâ, do ghar mangdâ, phirdâ chorâṅ mang ṭakâî.
Luhṛâ mârâ Sîtî kamlî ne Rânjhe nûṅ khair chîne dâ lâî.
Hitoṅ chhaḍke kâṅsâ bhaniâ, bah gîâ beṛe bich bheûnâ pâî:
Nâl nihâṅ de chîne nûṅ chugdâ, maidâ sabar dî dohâîṅ:
'Ḍâlâ ann meṅ chhaḍke na jânâ; eh sikkhâ mainûṅ Gorakh ne samjhâî.'
Sappâṅ ṭhoîâṅ dî phendî bandhdâ, Hîr Sîtî koloṅ bâg vich mangâî.
Leke Hîr nûṅ râwal Jogî uṭh gîâ, Sîtî khabar nahîṅ keṛe khâte pâe.
Bhale châhunâ, Adalîâ, inhâṅ phâî châk le, eh lâik chhaḍan de nâîṅ."

During the 8 watches the Jaṭṭ went a-begging and called out '*álakh*' at the Kheṛâ's houses.
Passing over ten houses he begged at two, wandering and begging like a thief.
The simple Sîtî did wrong in giving millet as alms to Rânjhâ.
So that he let drop his begging bowl and took a firm seat in the courtyard:
And picked up the millet with his nails, praising (the virtues of) patience, (saying):
'Never leave the scattered corn; thus did Gorakh teach me.'
He could take the stings from snakes and scorpions, and called Hîr to Sîtî in the garden.
The wily Jogî carried off Hîr and none knoweth what hath happened to Sitî.
If thou dost desire thy good, O Adalî, thou shouldst hang him up, as he ought not to live."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Bich Kachahrî de Adalî âkhdâ Rânjhe nûṅ, âkhke sunâî :
"Naukarî lenî, roz dâ rupâe le le ; oṛak nûṅ do likhâîṅ.
Ḍolâ lenâ, tâṅ golî bândî dâ le le ; tainûṅ Hîr thiâwandî nâhîṅ.
Mahîṅâṅ lenâṅ, tûṅ adhî band le ; tainûṅ sârîâṅ thiâwandîâṅ nâhîṅ.
Naukar lenâ, tâṅ merâ ṭahilwâ le jâ ; jâke apnî ghar dîâṅ mahîṅ charâîṅ.
Bhalî châhe, tâṅ Kachahrîâṅ nikal jâ ; nahîṅ dhaulâṅ khâke jâîṅ."
Itne chir nûṅ Rânjhâ boliâ, boliâ Adalî de tâîṅ :
"Maujû dâ put, maiṅ Matte dâ potâ, lakkhâṅ pagâṅ dâ Sâîṅ.
Tere nâloṅ mere kol râj badherî ; mainûṅ ruliâ bhâle nâhîṅ.
Naukarî denî, sattâṅ bâdshâhîâṅ dâ lâl de de ; itne kâm rupâe de nâhîṅ.

In the midst of the Court said Adalî to Rânjhâ :
"If thou wouldst have service take a rupee a day ; take as far as two (rupees).
If thou wouldst marry take slaves and maîds ; thou canst not keep Hîr.
If thou wouldst buffaloes, take half (nine) ; thou canst not take all.
If thou wouldst servants, take mine to tend the buffaloes of thy house.
If thou wouldst thy good, leave the Court, lest thou be thrust out."
Then spake Rânjhâ and said to Adalî :
"I am son of Maujû and grandson of Mattâ and Lord of a *lákh* of heads.
I have a greater empire than thou ; think me no (mere) wanderer.
If thou wouldst give me service pay me with the ruby of seven kings ; I have no need for rupees.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Mahîṅâṅ dene, sâre de de; kujh chhaḍke jàndâ nahîṅ.
Golî bândî kisî garîb nûṅ de de; sâḍe kâm piṇḍâwâliâṅ de nâhîṅ.
Je sâk Kheṛiâṅ dâ le denâ, tûṅ Chhattî Sîtî dâ sâk diwâîṅ.
Abbal tûṅ apnî dhî Niwâzâṅ de de, merî châk dî jholî bich pâîṅ.
Wâste Allah de, wâste Nabbî de, Hîr de de mainûṅ bhaglî-wâle nûṅ; merî joṛî vichh bhang na pâîṅ.
Je Hîr tûṅ mere se khoî lorîṅ, tainûṅ, Dargeh milângî sazâîṅ."
Vichh kachahrî de Kaidû kûkdâ: "Sachî âkh sunâî.
Bâp de ghar asî tin beṭe, tinnî sage bhâî.
Chûchak de lekh Chaudhar likhî: Mihrû dî Padchhâhî.*
Merî Kaidû dî lekh likhî Fakirî: Dâḍe ne kalam bagûî.

If thou wouldst give buffaloes give all and leave none.
Give slave-girls and maids to some poor man; slave-girls are of no use to me.
If thou wouldst wed me amongst the Kheṛâs, give me Sîtî and Chhattî.
First of all give me thy own daughter Niwâzân, to put into my wallet.†
For the sake of God and (Muḥammad) the Prophet give Hîr to me, the wearer of the blanket;‡ spoil not the match between us.
If thou wilt take Hîr from me, thou shalt be ruined and disgraced."
Kaidû§ called out in the Court: "I say truth.
We were three brothers in our father's house: three own brothers.
Chiefship was written in Chûchak's fate, and Lordship in Mihrû's:
In my, Kaidû's, fate was written Saintship: it was the writing of God.

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* For *bâdshâhat*.
† *i.e.*, as charity.
‡ *i.e.*, a *faqîr*.
§ Hîr's uncle.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Jis dîn dâ châk Chhiyâlâṅ vichh baṛiâ, tin sai kuṛî biyâhwan ditti nâîṅ.
Bhalî châhunâ, inhâṅ phâe de de; lâik chhaḍan de nâhîṅ."
Adalî Râjâ Chûchak nûṅ âkhdâ: "Tûṅ sachî sach sunâîṅ.
Jeh nûṅ Hîr dittî hai, oh nûṅ das de; evîṅ jhûṭh na lâîṅ."
Vichh Kachahrî de Chûchak âkhdâ: "Maiṅ jhûṭh boldâ nâîṅ.
Sattar Khâṅ, bahattar umre, Hîr maiṅ Rânjhe de hatth phaṛâî.
Bârâṅ barsâṅ Rânjhe meriâṅ manjhî châriâṅ, maithe kauḍî nahîṅ lî chhamâî.
Bhâîchâre ne dhakkâ kitâ, Hîr chakke Kheṛiâṅ ḍolî bich pâî.
Ehdhoṅ jhûṭh hai, tâṅ Hîr nûṅ pûchh le: terî vichh Kachahrî de Hîr âî.
Ehdhoṅ galloṅ jo jhûṭh nikale, tâṅ bich Dargeh maiṅ bharâṅ sazâî."

Since this servant (Rânjhâ) came to the Siyâls 360 maidens have refused to marry.
If thou wouldst thy good, (O Adalî,) hang him; he is not fit to live."
Said Râjâ Adalî to Chûchak, "Tell me the truth.
Show me to whom thou hast given Hîr: tell me no lie in this."
In the Court said Chûchak: "I tell no lies.
Before 70 Khâns* and 72 nobles I gave Hîr to Rânjhâ.
Rânjhâ grazed my buffaloes for 12 years and took no pay at all from me.
My brethren thrust him away, and seizing Hîr married her to the Kheṛâs.
If there be a lie in this ask Hîr: she is in thy Court.
If there be a lie in this may I be punished in the Court (of God)."

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* Chiefs of the Siyâls.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Ûbî tanî Hîr pair piâde chalke Kachahrî vichh âî.
"Bikhat painde râjâ rânîâṅ; maiṅ bhî bikhat paî te âî.
Pahilâṅ bikhat piâ Râm Chand nûṅ, oh dî Sîtâ dah-sir ne churâî.
Phir bikhat utte dah-sir nûṅ pai gîâ, us de sone dî Lankâ luṭâî.
Phir bikhat piâ utte Mansûr de, jeh de khâtir Ḍâḍe ne sûlî gaḍâî...
Phir bikhat piâ Samâsmarez nûṅ, jo pûṭhî khâl le âî.
Hun bikhat mainûṅ Hîr nûṅ pai gîâ, Adaliâ, bich Kachahrî de maiṅ âî.
Leke baḍî gall Kheṛiâṅ kardâ; merâ dûr-andeshâṅ dâ kallâ mâhî!

Without a veil and on foot came Hîr into the Court.
(Said she): "Kings and queens have suffered ill: I too am fallen into trouble.
First trouble fell upon Râm Chandar, whose Sîtâ the ten-headed (Râvana) stole.
Then the ten-headed came to trouble, whose golden Lankâ was stolen.*
Afterwards trouble fell upon Mansûr, for whom God allowed gallows to be erected.
And then trouble fell upon Shams Tabrez, whose skin was flayed.†
Now hath trouble come upon Hîr, O Adalî, that she should come into thy Court.
Taking bribes thou dost side with the Kheṛâs, and my uncared-for neatherd is all alone!

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* See above *passim*.

† Shekh Hussain Ḥallâj Baizî, more commonly and wrongly called Mansûr Ḥallâj, or shortly Mansûr, and Maulânâ Shamsu'ddîn Muḥammad Tabrezî, better known as Shams Tabrez, are two of the great martyrs of the Sûfî sect of the Muhammadans. Mansûr was put to death at Baghdâd by Al-Muqtâdir B'illah, the 18th Abbaside Khalîfa of Baghdâd, about 919-922 A.D. Shams Tabrez was murdered at Qunia (Iconium) in 1274 A.D.—the flaying alive is a legend—by an opposition party of Sûfîs, headed by 'Alâu'ddîn Maḥmûd, nephew of his own celebrated pupil Maulânâ Jalâlu'ddîn Rûmî, better known as the Maulavî Rûmî, founder of the Sûfî *durveshes* of Qunia. See *ante*, p. 404.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Daulat leke Sîde nûṅ muḍh bahâwanâ; kauḍî joṛke khizâne vichh pâî!
Uṛdâ chhâpâ mainûṅ Sîdâ lag gîâ, korî kâghaz nûṅ lagî siâhî.
Rânjhâ merâ phul gulâbî; maiṅ hâṅ us de jal dî murgâbî.
Gîlîṅ khambîṅ maite uṛdâ na jândâ; mainûṅ lâj ishk ne lâî!
Jaisî terî ghar dhî Niwâzâṅ, Adaliâ, aisî maiṅ Chûchak Mihar dî jâî.
Hakk hâṅ maiṅ Rânjhe dâ, oh nûṅ de de: merî joṛî bich bhang na pâî."
Itnî gall jad Adalî ne sunî, Hîr sadke pâs biṭhâî.
Jad muṅh Hîr dâ Adalî ne dekhiâ, tâṅ sudh budh rah na kâî.
Hîr mahileṅ apnî chaṛhâ lîe, bahîr Kheṛiâṅ de uṭhâe.
Rânjhe nûṅ kahindâ Adalî: "Tûṅ bhî jhûṭâṅ hai; pahilâṅ kîtî thî Hîr dî *merî* kuṛmâî!"

For wealth thou dost side with Sîdâ; to collect pence to put into thy treasury!
Sîdâ clings to me like a stray thorn, like ink to clean paper.
Rânjhâ is a rose flower to me: I am to him as a water-fowl on the water.
My wings are wet and I cannot fly: I am not ashamed of my love!
As Niwâzâṅ is a daughter to thee, O Adalî, so am I daughter of Mihar Chûchak.
I am Rânjhâ's by right, give me to him, and spoil not the match."
When Adalî heard these words he called Hîr and sat her beside him.
When Adalî saw Hîr's face he lost his wits and wisdom.
He sent Hîr to his own palace and put away the Kheṛâs.
Said Adalî to Rânjhâ: "Thou too art a liar: Hîr was first of all betrothed to *me!*"

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Dhakkâ kîtâ Adalî Râje, Hîr dâ palang chaubâre bich ḍhâiâ.
Jad hoiâ sânj da belâ Adalî palang Hîr de nûṅ âiâ.
"Adalî Râjiâ, taiṅ adal nâ kamâiâ, damâṅ de muṅhtâje!
Kalar terî khandî lag jâ, Adaliâ, bhâ lage darwâje.
Mar jâîṅ, Adaliâ, tainûṅ roîṅ ranîâṅ, tere Kâjî parheṅ janâje.
Shahr tere iṭ iṭ ho jâ, utte lohe dî phiran sohâgî.
Pakke haud pânî de bhar le, kâm âwange tuhâḍe.
Gorakh muniâṅ mainûṅ tâhîâṅ jânîṅ, bachan birthe nahîṅ jânîṅ sâḍe."
Âthoṅ bakhat dhadholiâ, Adalî kol Hîr de âiâ.
Adalî Râjâ adal nâ kîtâ: pair Hîr de palang utte pâiâ.
Jadoṅ Adalî pair dhariâ, Hîr ne Rabb dhyâiâ.
Âtish agg Adalî dî deh nûṅ lagî, utte pânî chhiṛkâiâ.

Râjâ Adalî committed sin and had Hîr's bed placed on the upper-story.
When it was evening, Adalî came to Hîr's bed.
(Said she): "O Râjâ Adalî, thou didst not justice, and turned astray thy face for money!
May rot destroy thy walls, O Adalî, and fire thy gates.
Mayest thou die, O Adalî, and thy queens bewail thee, and the Qâzî perform thy funeral service.
May thy City become a heap of bricks and may iron harrows be dragged over it.
Better fill thy brick reservoirs, for they will be of service to thee.
Know me for a (true) disciple of Gorakh, when my words fail not."
It was the hour of dusk when Adalî came to Hîr.
Râjâ Adalî did not justice and put his foot on Hîr's bed.
When Adalî lifted his foot Hîr thought on God.
Fire seized Adalî's body and he threw water over it.

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695 Ghoṛâ ṭaṭṭû mardâṅ jândâ; partoṅ Hîr Rânjhe ne lâiâ!
Jad Hîr ne bintî kîtî, Gorakh ne phorâ pâiâ.

Dagâ kamâiâ Adalî Râje, khoke Hîr chaubâre châṛhî.
Mârke dhakkâ Rânjhe nûṅ kaḍḍhiâ Kachahrî; rondâ jândâ albelâ mâhî.
Jâke bâg de vichh dhûnî lâ lîe, sohanî mohanî banjalî bajâî.
700 Bajâîâṅ banjalîâṅ bich Makke de sunîâṅ, sattarâṅ pîrâṅ dî porî chaṛhke âî.
Bajâîâṅ banjalîâṅ bich suniâṅ Multân de, Panjâṅ Pîrâṅ ne azmat lâî.
Bajâîâṅ banjalîâṅ sunîâṅ Devî Mâtâ ne, sherâṅ par chaṛhke Rânjhe kol âî.
Bajâîâṅ banjalîâṅ sunîâṅ Sarwar Jodhe, utte Kakkî de pâkhar pâe.

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695 Horses and ponies began to die; Hîr and Rânjhâ performed this miracle!
When Hîr besought him, Gorakh came (to help).

Râjâ Adalî committed sin and seizing Hîr took her into the upper-chamber.
He thrust Rânjhâ from the Court: the beautiful neat-herd went away weeping.
He lighted a (sacred) fire in the garden and played on his beautiful and ravishing flute.
700 The sound of the flute reached to Makkâ and a company of 70 saints came up.
The sound of the flute reached to Multân and the Five Saints came in majesty.
The sound of the flute brought the Mother, the Goddess (Durgâ), on her lion to Rânjhâ.*
At the sound of the flute came (Sakhî) Sarwar the Warrior, caracoling on (his mare) Kakki.†

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* See *ante*, p. 373. † See Vol. I., p. 96.

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Bajâîâṅ banjalîâṅ sunîâṅ Hanumân ne, senâ-wâlî phauj chaṛhâî.
Bâgâṅ Adalî de pat sût le, senâ ne koî bûṭâ chhaḍâ nâîṅ.
Sabhî auliâ kaṭṭhe ho gae, puchhde Rânjhe tâîṅ:
"Sach kah, bâliâ, tainûṅ bhîr kâh dî pai gaî? Sanûṅ sachî âkh sunâîṅ."
Ḅoliâ Rânjhâ: "Tuhâḍe hondiâṅ Hîr kho lîe Adalî ne, châkke chaubâre chaṛhâî."
Phaṛe muâte âg de shahr Adalî nûṅ âg lâî.
Jaldâ baldâ Adalî haudâṅ vichh ḍigiâ, jândâ logâṅ koloṅ pânî chhiṛkâe.
Jûṅ jûṅ aggoṅ utte pânî paindâ, agg bhaṛkdî dûn sawâî!

Kahe Wazîr Râje Adalî nûṅ: "Eh Rânjhe neṅ ḍhâr bagâîṅ.

At the sound of the flute came Hanumân,* the leader, with his army.
The army cut down the garden of Adalî and left not a tree remaining.
All the saints collected asked of Rânjhâ:
"Say truly, thou youth, what evil hath befallen thee? Tell us the truth."
Said Rânjhâ: "Before you all Adalî hath seized Hîr and taken her to the upper-chamber."
They took burning logs and set fire to Adali's city.
Burning went Adalî into the reservoirs and water was thrown over the people.
And when the water reached the fire it blazed forth twofold!

Said his Minister to Râjâ Adalî: "Rânjhâ hath used his power.

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* The monkey God, Hanumân, was one of Râma Chandra's chief Generals and is constantly called in to help in legends.

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Je taiṅ bachnâ, Hir nûṅ chhaḍ de laṛ Rânjhe de lâîṅ."
Eh gall sunî Adalî ne Hîr muḍh mangâî.
715 Juṅ jûṅ Hîr muḍh Adalî de âwandî, Maule ne ṭhaṇḍâ âp bartâe.
Bhaje chobdâr bhâlan Rânjhâ; kitte thiâwandâ nâhîṅ.
Bhâldîâṅ bhâldîâṅ nûṅ bâg vichh thiâ gîâ, baithâ sohanîâṅ dhûnîâṅ lâî.
"Chalo, Nâthjî, tainûṅ Adalî yâd kardâ, kol baiṭhî hai Siyâlâṅ di jâî."
Rânjhâ âkhdâ: "Bhan marâwandâ tuhâdâ Adalî Râjâ! Maiṅ kî jandâ Siyâlâṅ dî jâî?"

720 "Oh nahîṅ âwandâ, baḍîkhwâriâ Adalî, tûṅ âp jâke lâîṅ."
Nangî pairîṅ Adalî â gîâ, â giâ Rânjhe de ṭâîṅ.
"Jaisî, Rânjhiâ, eḍî karâmât tere vichh, taiṅ mainûṅ zâhirî karâmât dikhâîṅ.

If thou wouldest be saved give up Hîr to the youth Rânjhâ."
When he heard this Adalî called Hîr to him.
715 When Hîr approached Adalî God himself cooled him.
Messengers ran to search out Rânjhâ, but nowhere could they find him.
Searching they found him in the garden beside a beautiful fire.
(Said they): "Come, Sir Nâth, Adalî calls thee and by him sitteth the daughter of the Siyâls."
Said Rânjhâ: "A curse upon your Raja Adalî! What know I of the daughter of the Siyâls?"

720 (Said the messenger): "He cometh not, O bribe-taking Adalî, thou shouldst go to him."
On his bare feet went Adalî to Rânjhâ, (and said):
"O Rânjhâ, thou hast shown me the miraculous power that is in thee.

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Jaisî eḍî kârâmât tere vichh, kyûṅ chhaḍî Takht Hazâre dî badchhâhî ?*
Jaisî eḍi karâmât tere vichh, kyûṅ Gorakhwâlî dhûnî tapâî ?
Jaisî eḍî karâmât tere vichh, kyûṅ lagâ Chûchak dâ mâhî ?
Hîr dâ tere nâl nikâh paṛhâvîṅ" ! Eh gall Adalî ne âkh sunâî :
"Je tere man bharam hai, Rânjhiâ, tûṅ Hîr maiṅ ne banâî hai dharam dî jâî."
Jadoṅ Adalî eh gall âkhe Rânjhe nûṅ, Rânjhe ne karî Kachahrî nûṅ dhâî.
"Jug jug jîvîṅ, Adalî Râjâ, taiṅ merî adâlat hakk pahunchâî !"
Jadoṅ Rânjhâ nâdh bajâiâ Indar ne barkhâ pâî ;
Shahr Adalî dâ sukh bas giâ kul lukâî.
Rânjhe dâ Hîr dâ melâ ho gîâ ; phariâṅ Rabb rajhâîṅ.
Adalî Râjê ne adal kamâîâ, dammâṅ de muṅhtâje.

With such miraculous power in thee, why gavest thou up the rule of Takht Hazârâ ?
With such miraculous power in thee, why didst tend the fire of Gorakh ?
With such miraculous power in thee, why wast thou Chûchak's neatherd ?
I will marry thee to Hîr !" Then thus spake Adalî :
"If thou doubt this in thy mind, O Rânjhâ, I make Hîr my daughter by the law."
When Adalî spake thus to Rânjhâ, Rânjhâ went to the Court, (and said) :
"Live for ever, O Râjâ Adalî, thou hast preserved my honour and my rights !"
When Rânjhâ sounded his conch, Indra caused rain ;
And all the people in Adalî's city lived in happiness.
Rânjhâ and Hîr came together, for God favoured them.
Râjâ Adalî did justice and turned away his face from bribes.

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* For *bâdshâhat.*

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"Kandhe tere channan lage, mushk lage darwâje!"
Adalî Râje Adâlat kîtî: Hîr de biyâh dî kitî tayyârî.
Shahr sârâ kaṭṭhâ ho gîâ, râîat kaṭṭhi kar lî sârî.
"Rânjhe nûṅ Hîr maiṅ dene lagâṅ: eh potrî lagdî mahârî!
Dekho, je koî Hîr nûṅ mandâ bole, nagarî garak jâe sârî!"

Agge Hîr ditte Chûchak ne Rânjhe nûṅ; hun asal Adalî ne biyûhî.
Leke Hîr nûṅ ṭur piâ Rânjhe, leke Makke dî râhîṅ.
Rânjhâ Takht Hazâre dâ, Jhang Siyâlâṅ dî Hîr,
Unhâṅ dohâṅ dî dostî madad Panj Pîr.
Kaṭṭhiâ Luḍan Mallâh ne karke baḍî tadbîr.
Jaṭṭ gâwande nâl ḍhaḍhâṅ sârangîâṅ de, dar dar ṭukre mangeṅ fakîr.

(Said the people): "May sandal-wood cleave to thy walls and a sweet scent to thy gates!"
Râjâ Adalî hel[l] his Court and prepared for Hîr's marriage.
All the city and the dependants collected together.
(Said Adalî): "I give Hîr to Rânjhâ; she is now my granddaughter!
Behold, if any speak evil of Hîr, his whole city shall be buried!"

First Chûchak gave Hîr to Rânjhâ and now Adalî properly married her (to him).
Rânjhâ took Hîr and took the road to Makkâ.
Rânjhâ of Takht Hazârâ and Hîr of Jhang Siyâl
Were helped in their loves by the Five Saints.
Luḍan, the boatman, made this lay with much ability.
The Jaṭṭ sings it to the drum and the fiddle, and the *faqîr** begs from door to door.

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* *i.e.*, the bard who actually sings it.

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